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STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS:

OR,

THE LIFE OF

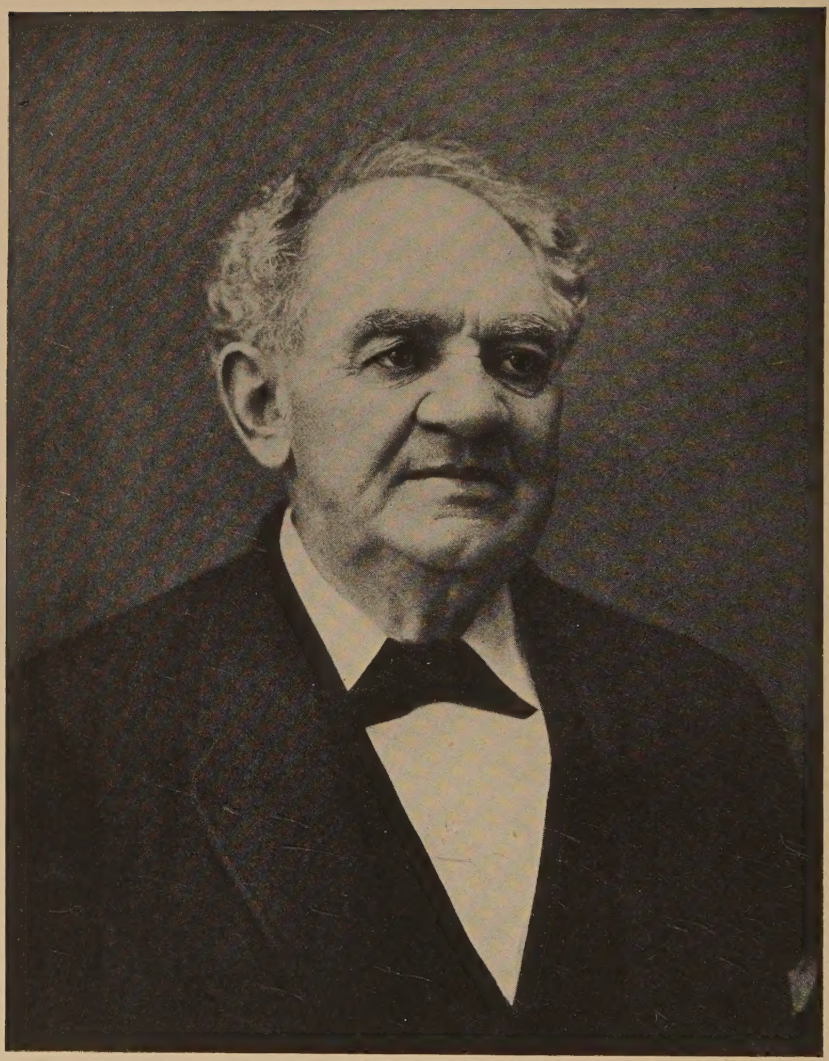
P. T. BARNUM

THE' was a cirkis billed to show down here in Homeville, an' ev'ry barn an' shed fer miles around had pictures stuck on to 'em of el'phants, an' rhinoceroses, an' ev'ry animul that went into the ark; an' girls ridin' bareback an' jumpin' through hoops, an' fellers ridin' bareback an' turnin' summersets, an' doin' turnovers on swings; an' clowns gettin' hosswhipped, an' ev'ry kind of a thing that could be pictered out: an' how the' was to be a grand percession at ten o'clock, 'ith golden chariots, an' scripteral allegories, an' the hull bus'nis; an' the gran' performance at two o'clock; admission twenty-five cents, children under twelve, et cetery, an' so forth. Wa'al, I hadn't no more idee o' goin' to that cirkis 'n I had o' flyin' to the moon, but the night before the show somethin' waked me 'bout twelve o'clock. . . . I went an' looked out the windo', an' there was the hull thing goin' by the house. The' was more or less moon, an' I see the el'phant, an' the big wagins — the drivers kind o' noddin' over the dashboards — an' the chariots with canvas covers. . . .

But the' was so many things to see an' hear — all the side-show pictures of Fat Women, an' Livin' Skelitons; an' Wild Women of Madygasker, an' Wild Men of Borneo; an' snakes windin' round women's necks; hand-orgins; fellers that played the 'cordion, an' mouth-pipes, an' drum an' cymbals all to once, an' such like — that I fergot all about the time an' the ten-acre lot, an' the stun fence, an' fust I knowed the folks was makin' fer the ticket wagin, an' the band begun to play inside the tent. . . .

I got over the lickin' in course of time, but I've ben enjoyin' that cirkis fer forty year. . . .

(*E. N. Westcott, in "David Harum."*)



P T Barnum

From a photogravure after a photograph made in his last years.

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS:

OR,

THE LIFE OF

P. T. BARNUM,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY

GEORGE S. BRYAN.

ILLUSTRATED FROM CONTEMPORARY PRINTS.

VOLUME II

ST. JOSEPH'S UNIVERSITY STX
GV1811.B3A3 v.2
Struggles and triumphs:
3 9353 00075 4356

NEW YORK & LONDON
ALFRED·A·KNOPF
1927

115847

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STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS:

OR,

THE LIFE OF

P. T. BARNUM

CHAPTER XXV

THE JEROME CLOCK COMPANY ENTANGLEMENT

The East Bridgeport Enterprise — W. H. Noble — Plans for a New City — Dr. Timothy Dwight's Testimony — Investing a Fortune — Selling City Lots — Money-Making a Secondary Consideration — Clock Company in Litchfield — The "Terry and Barnum Manufacturing Company" — The Jerome Clock Company — Baiting for Bites — False Representations — How I Was Deluded — What I Agreed to Do — The Counter Agreement — Notes with Blank Dates — The Limit of My Responsibility — How It Was Exceeded — Startling Discoveries — A Ruined Man — Paying My Own Honest Debts — Barnum Duped — My Failure — The Barnum and Jerome Clock Bubble — Moralists Making Use of My Misfortunes — What Preachers, Papers, and People Said about Me — Down in the Depths.

I NOW come to a series of events which, all things considered, constitute one of the most remarkable experiences of my life — an experience which brought me much pain and many trials; which humbled my pride and threatened me with hopeless financial ruin; and yet, nevertheless, put new blood in my veins, fresh vigor in my action, warding off all temptation to rust in the repose which affluence induces, and developed, I trust, new and better elements of manliness in my character. This trial carried me through a severe and costly discipline, and now that I have passed through it and have triumphed over it, I can thank God for sending it upon me, though I feel no special obligations to the human instruments employed in the severe chastening.

When the blow fell upon me, I thought that I could never recover; the event has shown, however, that I have gained both in character and fortune, and what threatened, for years, to be my ruin, has proved one of the most fortunate happenings of my career. The "Bull Run" of my life's battle was a crushing defeat, which, unknown to me at the time, only presaged the victories which were to follow.

In my general plan of presenting the facts and incidents of my life in chronological order, I shall necessarily introduce in the history of the next seven years an account of my entanglement in the "Jerome Clock Company" — how I was drawn into it, how I got out of it, and what it did to me and for me. The great notoriety given to my connection with this concern — the fact that the journals throughout the country made it the subject of news, gossip, sympathy, abuse, and advice to and about me, my friends, my persecutors, and the public generally — seems to demand that the story should be briefly but plainly told. The event itself has passed away and with it the passions and excitements that were born of it; and I certainly have no desire now to deal in personalities or to go into the question of the motives which influenced those who were interested, any farther than may be strictly essential to a fair and candid statement of the case.

It is vital to the narrative that I should give some account of the new city, East Bridgeport, and my interests therein, which led directly to my subsequent complications with the Jerome Clock Company.

In 1851, I purchased from Mr. William H. Noble, of Bridgeport, the undivided half of his late father's homestead, consisting of fifty acres of land, lying on the east side of the river, opposite the city of Bridgeport. We intended this as the nucleus of a new city, which we concluded could soon be built up, in consequence of many natural advantages that it possesses.

Before giving publicity to our plans, however, we purchased one hundred and seventy-four acres contiguous to that which we already owned, and laid out the entire property in regular streets, and lined them with trees, reserving a beautiful grove of six or eight acres, which we inclosed and converted into a public park.* We then commenced selling alternate lots, at the same price which the land cost us by the acre. Our sales were always made on the condition that a suitable dwelling-house,

* We named this "Washington Park" and subsequently presented it to the city.

store, or manufactory should be erected upon the land, within one year from the date of purchase; that every building should be placed at a certain distance from the street, in a style of architecture approved by us; that the grounds should be inclosed with acceptable fences, and kept clean and neat, with other conditions which would render the locality a desirable one for respectable residents, and operate for the mutual benefit of all persons who should become settlers in the new city.

This entire property consists of a beautiful plateau of ground, lying within less than half a mile of the centre of Bridgeport city. Considering the superiority of the situation, it is a wonder that the city of Bridgeport was not originally founded upon that side of the river. The late Dr. Timothy Dwight, for a long time President of Yale College, in his "Travels in New England in 1815,"[1] says of the locality:

"There is not in the State a prettier village than the borough of Bridgeport. In the year 1783, there were scarcely half a dozen houses in this place. It now contains probably more than one hundred, built on both sides of Pughquonnuck [Pequonnock] river, a beautiful mill-stream, forming at its mouth the harbor of Bridgeport. The situation of this village is very handsome, particularly on the eastern side of the river. A more cheerful and elegant piece of ground can scarcely be imagined than the point which stretches between the Pughquonnuck and the old mill-brook; and the prospects presented by the harbors at the mouths of these streams, the Sound, and the surrounding country, are, in a fine season, gay and brilliant, perhaps without a parallel."

This "cheerful and elegant piece of ground," as Dr. Dwight so truly describes it, had only been kept from market by the want of means of access. A new foot-bridge was built, connecting this place with the city of Bridgeport, and a public toll-bridge which belonged to us was thrown open to the public free. We also obtained from the State Legislature a charter for erecting a toll-bridge between the two bridges already existing,

1 "Travels in New England and New York" (4 vols.). [Ed.]

and under that charter we put up a fine covered draw-bridge at a cost of $16,000 which also we made free to the public for several years. We built and leased to a union company of young coach makers a large and elegant coach manufactory, which was one of the first buildings erected there, and which went into operation on the first of January, 1852, and was the beginning of the extensive manufactories which were subsequently built in East Bridgeport.

Besides the inducement which we held out to purchasers to obtain their lots at a merely nominal price, we advanced one-half, two-thirds, and frequently all the funds necessary to erect their buildings, permitting them to repay us in sums as small as five dollars, at their own convenience. This arrangement enabled many persons to secure and ultimately pay for homes which they could not otherwise have obtained. We looked for our profits solely to the rise in the value of the reserved lots, which we were confident must ensue. Of course, these extraordinary inducements led many persons to build in the new city, and it began to develop and increase with a rapidity rarely witnessed in this section of the country. Indeed, our speculation, which might be termed a profitable philanthropy, soon promised to be so remunerative that I offered Mr. Noble for his interest in the estate $60,000 more than the prime cost, which offer he declined.

It will thus be seen that, in 1851, my pet scheme was to build up a city in East Bridgeport. I had made a large fortune and was anxious to be released from the harassing cares of active business. But I could not be idle, and if I could be instrumental in giving value to land comparatively worthless; if I could by the judicious investment of a portion of my capital open the way for new industries and new homes, I should be of service to my fellow men and find grateful employment for my energies and time. I saw that in case of success there was profit in my project, and I was enough like mankind in general to look upon the enlargement of my means as a consummation devoutly and legitimately to be wished.

Yet, I can truly say that mere money-making was a secondary consideration in my scheme. I wanted to build a city on the beautiful plateau across the river; in the expressive phrase of the day, I "had East Bridgeport on the brain." Whoever approached me with a project which looked to the advancement of my new city, touched my weak side and found me an eager listener. The serpent that beguiled me was any plausible proposition that promised prosperity to East Bridgeport, and it was in this way that the coming city connected me with that source of so many annoyances and woes, the Jerome Clock Company.

There was a small clock manufactory in the town of Litchfield, Connecticut, in which I became a stockholder to the amount of six or seven thousand dollars, and my duties as a director in the company called me occasionally to Litchfield and made me somewhat acquainted with the clock business. Thinking of plans to forward my pet East Bridgeport enterprise, it occurred to me that if the Litchfield clock concern could be transferred to my prospective new city, it would necessarily bring many families, thus increasing the growth of the place and the value of the property. Negotiations were at once commenced and the desired transfer of the business was the result. A new stock company was formed under the name of the "Terry[2] & Barnum Manufacturing Company," and in 1852 a factory was built in East Bridgeport.

In 1855, I received a suggestion from a citizen of New Haven, that the Jerome Clock Company, then reputed to be a wealthy concern, should be removed to East Bridgeport, and shortly afterwards I was visited at Iranistan by Mr. Chauncey Jerome, the president of that company. The result of this visit was a proposition from the agent of the company, who also held power of attorney for the president, that I should lend my name as security for $110,000 in aid of the Jerome Clock Company, and the proffered compensation was the trans-

[2] Theodore Terry. [Ed.]

fer of this great manufacturing concern, with its seven hundred to one thousand operatives, to my beloved East Bridgeport. It was just the bait for the fish; I was all attention; yet I must do my judgment the justice to say that I called for proofs, strong and ample, that the great company deserved its reputation as a substantial enterprise that might safely be trusted.

Accordingly, I was shown an official report of the directors of the company, exhibiting a capital of $400,000, and a surplus of $187,000, in all, $587,000. The need for $110,000 more, was on account of a dull season, and the market glutted with the goods, and immediate money demands which must be met. I was also impressed with the pathetic tale that the company was exceedingly loth to dismiss any of the operatives, who would suffer greatly if their only dependence for their daily food was taken away.

The official statement seemed satisfactory, and I cordially sympathized with the philanthropic purpose of keeping the workmen employed, even in the dull season. The company was reputed to be rich; the president, Mr. Chauncey Jerome, had built a church in New Haven,[3] at a cost of $40,000, and proposed to present it to a congregation; he had given a clock to a church in Bridgeport, and these things showed that he, at least, thought he was wealthy. The Jerome clocks were for sale all over the world, even in China, where the Celestials were said to take out the "movements," and use the cases for little temples for their idols, thus proving that faith was possible without "works." So wealthy and so widely known a company would surely be a grand acquisition to my city.

Further testimony came in the form of a letter from the cashier of one of the New Haven banks, expressing the highest confidence in the financial strength of the concern, and much satisfaction that I contemplated giving temporary aid which would keep so many workmen and their families from suffering, and perhaps starvation. I had not, at the time, the

[3] Known as the Wooster Place Church. [Ed.]

slightest suspicion that my voluntary correspondent had any interest in the transfer of the Jerome Company from New Haven to East Bridgeport, though I was subsequently informed that the bank of which my correspondent was the cashier was almost the largest, if not the largest, creditor of the clock company.

Under all the circumstances, and influenced by the rose-colored representations made to me, not less than by my mania to push the growth of my new city, I finally accepted the proposition and consented to an agreement that I would lend the clock company my notes for a sum not to exceed $50,000, and accept drafts to an amount not to exceed $60,000. It was thoroughly understood that I was in no case to be responsible for one cent in excess of $110,000. I also received the written guaranty of Chauncey Jerome that in no event should I lose by the loan, as he would become personally responsible for the repayment. I was willing that my notes, when taken up, should be renewed, I cared not how often, provided the stipulated maximum of $110,000 should never be exceeded. I was weak enough, however, under the representation that it was impossible to say exactly when it would be necessary to use the notes, to put my name to several notes for $3,000, $5,000, and $10,000, leaving the date of payment blank; but it was agreed that the blanks should be filled to make the notes payable in five, ten, or even sixty days from date, according to the exigencies of the case, and I was careful to keep a memorandum of the several amounts of the notes.

On the other side it was agreed that the Jerome Company should exchange its stock with the Terry & Barnum stockholders and thus absorb that company and unite the entire business in East Bridgeport. It was scarcely a month before the secretary wrote me that the company would soon be in condition to "snap its fingers at the banks."

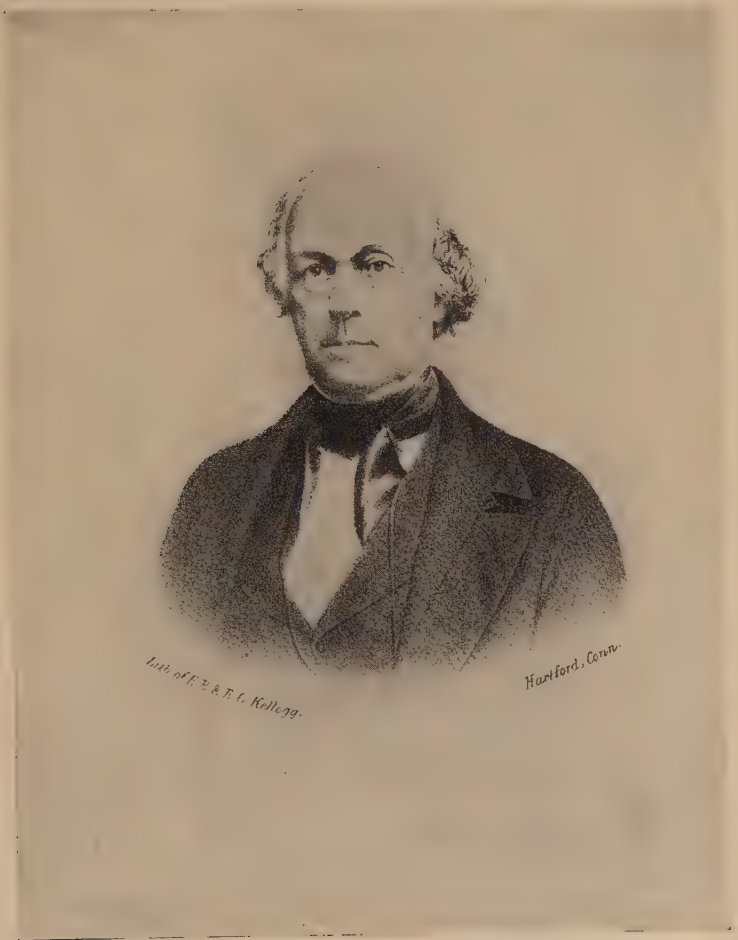
Nevertheless, three months after the consolidation of the companies, a reference to my memoranda showed that I had already become responsible for the stipulated sum of $110,-

000. I was then called upon in New York by the agent who wanted five notes of $5,000 each and I declined to furnish them, unless I should receive in return an equal amount in my own cancelled notes, since he assured me they were cancelling these " every week." The cancelled notes were brought to me next day and I renewed them. This I did frequently, always receiving cancelled notes, till finally my confidence in the company became so established that I did not ask to see the notes that had been taken up, but furnished new accommodation paper as it was called for.

By and by I heard that the banks began to hesitate about discounting my paper, and knowing that I was good for $100,000 several times over, I wondered what was the matter, till the discovery came at last that my notes had not been taken up as was represented, and that some of the blank date notes had been made payable in twelve, eighteen, and twenty-four months. Further investigation revealed the frightful fact that I had endorsed for the clock company to the extent of more than half a million dollars, and most of the notes had been exchanged for old Jerome Company notes due to the banks and other creditors. My agent who made these startling discoveries came back to me with the refreshing intelligence that I was a ruined man!

Not quite; I had the mountain of Jerome debts on my back, but I found means to pay every claim against me at my bank, all my store and shop debts, notes to the amount of $40,000, which banks in my neighborhood, relying upon my personal integrity, had discounted for the Clock Company, and then I — failed!

What a dupe had I been! Here was a great company pretending to be worth $587,000, asking temporary assistance to the amount of $110,000, coming down with a crash, so soon as my helping hand was removed, and sweeping me down with it. It failed; and even after absorbing my fortune, it paid but from twelve to fifteen per cent. of its obligations, while, to cap the climax, it never removed to East Bridgeport at all, notwith-



Courtesy of the Conn. Historical Society.

CHAUNCEY JEROME

From the lithograph frontispiece to Jerome's book, "History of the American Clock Business, etc."

standing this was the only condition which ever prompted me to advance one dollar to the rotten concern!

If at any time my vanity had been chilled by the fear that after my retirement from the Jenny Lind enterprise the world would forget me, this affair speedily reassured me; I had notice enough to satisfy the most inordinate craving for notoriety. All over the country, and even across the ocean, "Barnum and the Jerome Clock Bubble" was the great newspaper theme. I was taken to pieces, analyzed, put together again, kicked, "pitched into," tumbled about, preached to, preached about, and made to serve every purpose to which a sensation-loving world could put me. Well! I was now in training, in a new school, and was learning new and strange lessons.

Yet, these new lessons conveyed the old, old story. There were those who had fawned upon me in my prosperity, who now jeered at my adversity; people whom I had specially favored, made special efforts to show their ingratitude; papers which, when I had the means to make it an object for them to be on good terms with me, overloaded me with adulation, now attempted to overwhelm me with abuse; and then the immense amount of moralizing over the "instability of human fortunes," and especially the retributive justice that is sure to follow "ill-gotten gains," which my censors assumed to be the sum and substance of my honorably acquired and industriously worked for property. I have no doubt that much of this kind of twaddle was believed by the twaddlers to be sincere; and thus my case was actual capital to certain preachers and religious editors who were in want of fresh illustrations wherewith to point their morals.

As for myself, I was in the depths, but I did not despond. I was confident that with energetic purpose and divine assistance I should, if my health and life were spared, get on my feet again; and events have since fully justified and verified the expectation and the effort.[4]

[4] Chauncey Jerome gives a different and not wholly intelligible version of the case in his "History of the American Clock Business for the Past Sixty Years,

and Life of Chauncey Jerome, Written by Himself" (New Haven, 1860). The transaction was "made and closed," he says, without his knowledge; he had "retired from active duty"; the firm's financial affairs were managed not by him but by its secretary (his son), Lyman Squires (a large stockholder), and "a man by the name of Bissell." "*I wish to have it understood,*" he declares, "*that I never saw P. T. Barnum,* while he was connected with the company of which I was a member. I have never seen him but once since, and that was in February after the failure." At that time "he told me that the Museum was his just as much as it ever was, and that he received the profits, which had never been less than twenty-five thousand and were sometimes thirty thousand dollars per annum." . . . According to Jerome, the arrangement between the secretary of the company and Barnum was that the company should assume the liabilities of Barnum and Terry and that Barnum should "endorse to any extent" for the company. The Barnum and Terry liabilities (so Jerome says) were placed by Barnum at $20,000 but actually amounted to about $72,000. "It has been publicly stated that Mr. Barnum endorsed largely on blank notes and drafts and that he was thus rendered responsible to a far greater extent than he was aware of; such, however, was not the case." Somehow, three months after Barnum's entrance, the company's stock was not worth half of what it had been. "I love truth, honesty and religion," protests Jerome — "I do not mean, however, the religion that Barnum believes in: (I believe that the wicked are punished in another world.)" See chapter x of Jerome's book, pp. 106–116. [Ed.]

CHAPTER XXVI

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE

Friends to the Rescue — Money Offers Refused — Benefits Declined — Magnificent Offer of Prominent New York Citizens — William E. Burton — Laura Keene — William Niblo — General Tom Thumb — Editorial Sympathy — "A Word for Barnum" in Boston — Letter from "Mrs. Partington" — Citizens' Meeting in Bridgeport — Resolutions of Respect and Condolence — My Letter on the Situation — Tender of Fifty Thousand Dollars — Magnitude of the Deception Practised upon Me — Proposition of Compromise with My Creditors — A Trap Laid for Me in Philadelphia — The Silver Lining to the Cloud — The Blow a Benefit to My Family — The Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin — My Daughter Helen — A Letter Worth Ten Thousand Dollars — Our New Home in New York.

HAPPILY, there is always more wheat than there is chaff. While my enemies and a few envious persons and misguided moralists were abusing and traducing me, my very misfortunes revealed to me hosts of hitherto unknown friends who tendered to me something more than mere sympathy. Funds were offered to me in unbounded quantity for the support of my family and to re-establish me in business. I declined these tenders because, on principle, I never accepted a money favor, unless I except the single receipt of a small sum which came to me by mail at this time and anonymously so that I could not return it. Even this small sum I at once devoted to charity towards one who needed the money far more than I did.

The generosity of my friends urged me to accept "benefits" by the score, the returns of which would have made me quite independent. There was a proposition among leading citizens in New York to give a series of benefits which I felt obliged to decline though the movement in my favor deeply touched me. To show the class of men who sympathized with me in my misfortunes and also the ground which I took in the

matter, I venture to copy the following correspondence which appeared in the New York papers of the day:

New York, June 2, 1856.

Mr. P. T. Barnum:

Dear Sir, — The financial ruin of a man of acknowledged energy and enterprise is a public calamity. The sudden blow, therefore, that has swept away, from a man like yourself, the accumulated wealth of years, justifies we think, the public sympathy. The better to manifest our sincere respect for your liberal example in prosperity, as well as exhibit our honest admiration of your fortitude under overwhelming reverses, we propose to give that sympathy a tangible expression by soliciting your acceptance of a series of benefits for your family, the result of which may possibly secure for your wife and children a future home, or at least rescue them from the more immediate consequences of your misfortune.

[*Here follows a list of names selected from those of the more than one thousand signers.* — Ed.]

To this gratifying communication I replied as follows:

Long Island, Tuesday, June 3, 1856.

Gentlemen, — I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for your very kind proposition. The popular sympathy is to me far more precious than gold, and that sympathy seems in my case to extend from my immediate neighbors, in Bridgeport, to all parts of our Union.

Proffers of pecuniary assistance have reached me from every quarter, not only from friends, but from entire strangers. Mr. Wm. E. Burton, Miss Laura Keene, and Mr. Wm. Niblo have in the kindest manner tendered me the receipts of their theatres for one evening. Mr. Gough volunteered the proceeds of one of his attractive lectures; Mr. James Phelon generously offered me the free use of the Academy of Music; many professional ladies and gentlemen have urged me to accept their gratuitous services. I have, on principle, respectfully declined them all, as I beg, with the most grateful acknowledgments (at

least for the present), to decline yours — not because a benefit, in itself, is an objectionable thing, but because I have ever made it a point to ask nothing of the public on personal grounds, and should prefer, while I can possibly avoid that contingency, to accept nothing from it without the honest conviction that I had individually given it in return a full equivalent.

While favored with health, I feel competent to earn an honest livelihood for myself and family. More than this I shall certainly never attempt with such a load of debt suspended *in terrorem* over me. While I earnestly thank you, therefore, for your generous consideration, gentlemen, I trust you will appreciate my desire to live unhumiliated by a sense of dependence; and believe me, sincerely yours,

P. T. Barnum.

To Messrs. Freeman Hunt, E. K. Collins, and others.

And with other offers of assistance from far and near, came the following from a little gentleman who did not forget his old friend and benefactor in the time of trial:

Jones' Hotel, Philadelphia, May 12, 1856.

My Dear Mr. Barnum, — I understand your friends (and that means "all creation") intend to get up some benefits for your family. Now, my dear sir, just be good enough to remember that I belong to that mighty crowd, and I must have a finger (or at least a "thumb") in that pie. I am bound to appear on all such occasions in some shape, from "Jack the Giant Killer," up stairs, to the doorkeeper down, whichever may serve you best; and there are some feats that I can perform as well as any other man of my inches. I have just started out on my western tour, and have my carriage, ponies and assistants all here, but I am ready to go on to New York, bag and baggage, and remain at Mrs. Barnum's service as long as I, in my small way, can be useful. Put me into any "heavy" work, if you like. Perhaps I cannot lift as much as some other folks, but just take your pencil in hand and you will see I can draw a tremendous load. I drew two hundred tons at a single pull to-day, embracing two thousand persons, whom I hauled up safely and

satisfactorily to all parties, at one exhibition. Hoping that you will be able to fix up a lot of magnets that will attract all New York, and volunteering to sit on any part of the loadstone, I am, as ever, your little but sympathizing friend,

GEN. TOM THUMB.

Even this generous offer from my little friend I felt compelled to refuse. But kind words were written and spoken which I could not prevent, nor did I desire to do so, and which were worth more to me than money. I should fail to find space, if I wished it, to copy one-tenth part of the cordial and kind articles and paragraphs that appeared about me in newspapers throughout the country. The following sentence from an editorial article in a prominent New York journal was the keynote to many similar kind notices in all parts of the Union: "It is a fact beyond dispute that Mr. Barnum's financial difficulties have accumulated from the goodness of his nature; kind-hearted and generous to a fault, it has ever been his custom to lend a helping hand to the struggling; and honest industry and enterprise have found his friendship prompt and faithful." The Boston "Journal" dwelt especially upon the use I had made of my money in my days of prosperity in assisting deserving laboring men and in giving an impulse to business in the town where I resided. It seems only just that I should make this very brief allusion to these things, if only as an offset to the unbounded abuse of those who believed in kicking me merely because I was down; nor can I refrain from copying the following from the Boston "Saturday Evening Gazette," of May 3, 1856:

BARNUM REDIVIVUS

A WORD FOR BARNUM

BARNUM, your hand! Though you are "down,"
And see full many a frigid shoulder,
Be brave, my brick, and though they frown,
Prove that misfortune makes you bolder.

"LONG MAY YOU WAVE"

There's many a man that sneers, my hero,
And former praise converts to scorning,
Would worship — when he fears — a Nero,
And bend "where thrift may follow fawning."

You humbugged us — that we have seen,
We got our money's worth, old fellow,
And though you thought our *minds* were *green*,
We never thought your *heart* was *yellow*.
We knew you liberal, generous, warm,
Quick to assist a falling brother,
And, with such virtues, what's the harm
All memories of your faults to smother?

We had not heard the peerless Lind,
But for your spirit enterprising,
You were the man to raise the wind,
And make a *coup* confessed surprising.
You're reckoned in your native town
A friend in need, a friend in danger,
You ever keep the latchstring down,
And greet with open hand the stranger.

Stiffen your upper lip. You know
Who are your friends and who your foes now;
We pay for knowledge as we go;
And though you get some sturdy blows now,
You've a fair field — no favors crave —
The storm once passed will find you braver —
In virtue's cause long may you wave,
And on the right side, never waver.

Desirous of knowing who was the author of this kindly effusion, I wrote, while preparing this autobiography, to Mr. B. P. Shillaber, one of the editors of the journal, and well known to the public as "Mrs. Partington."[1] In reply, I received the following letter in which it will be seen that he makes sympathetic allusion to the burning of my last Museum, only a few weeks before the date of his letter:

[1] Editor of the "Gazette" in 1856–1866, Benjamin P. Shillaber (1814–1890), a humorist from New Hampshire, had already published his "Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington" (1854), which seized the fancy of American readers and established the lady for years as a familiar character. [Ed.]

CHELSEA, April 25, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. BARNUM: — The poem in question was written by A. Wallace Thaxter, associate editor with Mr. Clapp and myself, on the "Gazette" — since deceased, a glorious fellow — who wrote the poem from a sincere feeling of admiration for yourself. Mr. Clapp (Hon. W. W. Clapp) published it with his full approbation. I heard of your new trouble, in my sick chamber, where I have been all winter, with regret, and wish you as ready a release from attending difficulty as your genius has hitherto achieved under like circumstances.

Yours, very truly,

B. P. SHILLABER.

But the manifestations of sympathy which came to me from Bridgeport, where my home had been for more than ten years, were the most gratifying of all, because they showed unmistakably that my best friends, those who were most constant in their friendship and most emphatic in their esteem, were my neighbors and associates, who, of all people, knew me best. With such support I could easily endure the attacks of traducers elsewhere. The "New York Times," April 25, 1856, under the head of "Sympathy for Barnum," published a full report of the meeting of my fellow-citizens of Bridgeport, the previous evening, to take my case into consideration.

In response to a call headed by the mayor of the city, and signed by several hundred citizens, this meeting was held in Washington Hall "for the purpose of sympathizing with P. T. Barnum, Esq., in his recent pecuniary embarrassments, and of giving some public expression to their views in reference to his financial misfortunes." It was the largest public meeting which, up to that time, had ever been held in Bridgeport. Several prominent citizens made addresses, and resolutions were adopted declaring "that respect and sympathy were due to P. T. Barnum in return for his many acts of liberality, philanthropy, and public spirit," expressing unshaken confidence in his integrity, admiration for the "fortitude and composure with which he has met reverses into which he has been dragged

through no fault of his own except a too generous confidence in pretended friends," and hoping that he would "yet return to that wealth which he has so nobly employed, and to the community he has so signally benefited." During the evening the following letter was read:

NEW YORK, Thursday, April 24, 1856.

WM. H. NOBLE, Esq.,

Dear Sir: — I have just received a slip containing a call for a public meeting of the citizens of Bridgeport to sympathize with me in my troubles. It is headed by His Honor the Mayor, and is signed by most of your prominent citizens, as well as by many men who by hard labor earn their daily bread, and who appreciate a calamity which at a single blow strips a man of his fortune, his dear home, and all the worldly comforts which years of diligent labor had acquired. It is due to truth to say that I knew nothing of this movement until your letter informed me of it.

In misfortune the true sympathy of neighbors is more consoling and precious than anything which money can purchase. This voluntary offering of my fellow-citizens, though it thrills me with painful emotions and causes tears of gratitude, yet imparts to me renewed strength and fills my heart with thankfulness to Providence for raising up to my sight, above all this wreck, kind hearts which soar above the sordid atmosphere of "dirty dollars." I can never forget this unexpected kindness from my old friends and neighbors.

I trust I am not blind to my many faults and shortcomings. I, however, do feel great consolation in believing that I never used money or position to oppress the poor or wrong my fellow-men, and that I never turned empty away those whom I had the power to assist.

My poor sick wife, who needs the bracing air which our own dear home (made beautiful by her willing hands) would now have afforded her, is driven by the orders of her physician to a secluded spot on Long Island where the sea-wind lends its healthful influence, and where I have also retired for the double purpose of consoling her and of recruiting my own constitution, which, through the excitements of the last few months, has most seriously failed me.

In our quiet and humble retreat, that which I most sincerely pray for

is tranquillity and contentment. I am sure that the remembrance of the kindness of my Bridgeport neighbors will aid me in securing these cherished blessings. No man who has not passed through similar scenes can fully comprehend the misery which has been crowded into the last few months of my life; but I have endeavored to preserve my integrity, and I humbly hope and believe that I am being taught humility and reliance upon Providence, which will yet afford a thousand times more peace and true happiness than can be acquired in the din, strife and turmoil, excitements and struggles of this money-worshipping age. The man who coins his brain and blood into gold, who wastes all of his time and thought upon the almighty dollar, who looks no higher than blocks of houses, and tracts of land, and whose iron chest is crammed with the stocks and mortgages tied up with his own heart-strings, may console himself with the idea of safe investments, but he misses a pleasure which I firmly believe this lesson was intended to secure to me, and which it will secure if I can fully bring my mind to realize its wisdom. I think I hear you say —

> "When the devil was sick,
> The devil a saint would be.
> But when the devil got well,
> The devil a saint was he."

Granted, but, after all, the man who looks upon the loss of money as anything compared to the loss of honor, or health, or self-respect, or friends — a man who can find no source of happiness except in riches — is to be pitied for his blindness. I certainly feel that the loss of money, of home and my home comforts, is dreadful — that to be driven again to find a resting-place away from those I love, and from where I had fondly supposed I was to end my days, and where I had lavished time, money, everything, to make my descent to the grave placid and pleasant, is, indeed, a severe lesson; but, after all, I firmly believe it is for the best, and though my heart may break, I will not repine.

I regret, beyond expression, that any man should be a loser for having trusted to my name; it would not have been so, if I had not myself been deceived. As it is, I am gratified in knowing that all my individual obligations will be met. It would have been much better if clock creditors had accepted the best offer that it was in my power to make them; but

it was not so to be. It is now too late, and as I willingly give up all I possess, I can do no more.

Wherever my future lot may be cast, I shall ever fondly cherish the kindness which I have always received from the citizens of Bridgeport.

I am, my dear Sir, truly yours,

P. T. BARNUM.

Shortly after this sympathetic meeting, a number of gentlemen in Bridgeport offered me a loan of $50,000 if that sum would be instrumental in extricating me from my entanglement. I could not say that this amount would meet the exigency; I could only say, "Wait, wait, and hope."

Meanwhile, my eyes were fully opened to the entire magnitude of the deception that had been practised upon my too confiding nature. I not only discovered that my notes had been used to five times the amount I stipulated or expected, but that they had been applied, not to relieving the company from temporary embarrassment after my connection with it, but almost wholly to the redemption of old and rotten claims of years and months gone by. To show the extent to which the fresh victim was deliberately bled, it may be stated that I was induced to become surety to one of the New Haven banks in the sum of $30,000 to indemnify the bank against future losses it might incur from the Jerome Company after my connection with it, and by some legerdemain this bond was made to cover past obligations which were older even than my knowledge of the existence of the company. In every way it seemed as if I had been cruelly swindled and deliberately defrauded.

As the clock company had gone to pieces and was paying but from twelve to fifteen per cent. for its paper, I sent two of my friends to New Haven to ask for a meeting of the creditors and I instructed them to say in substance for me as follows:

"Gentlemen: This is a capital practical joke! Before I negotiated with your clock company at all, I was assured by several of you, and particularly by a representative of the bank which was the largest creditor of the concern, that the Jerome

Company was eminently responsible and that the head of the same was uncommonly pious. On the strength of such representations solely, I was induced to agree to indorse and accept paper for that company to the extent of $110,000 — no more. That sum I am now willing to pay for my own verdancy, with an additional sum of $40,000 for your cuteness, making a total of $150,000, which you can have if you cry 'quits' with the fleeced showman and let him off."

Many of the old creditors favored this proposition; but it was found that the indebtedness was so scattered it would be impracticable to attempt a settlement by an unanimous compromise of the creditors. It was necessary to liquidation that my property should go into the hands of assignees; I therefore at once turned over my Bridgeport property to Connecticut assignees and I removed my family to New York, where I also made an assignment of all my real and personal estate, excepting what had already been transferred in Connecticut.

About this time I received a letter from Philadelphia proffering $500 in case my circumstances were such that I really stood in need of help. The very wording of the letter awakened the suspicion in my mind that it was a trick to ascertain whether I really had any property, for I knew that banks and brokers in that city held some of my Jerome paper which they refused to compound or compromise. So I at once wrote that I did need $500, and, as I expected, the money did not come, nor was my letter answered; but, as a natural consequence, the Philadelphia bankers who were holding the Jerome paper for a higher percentage at once acceded to the terms which I had announced myself able and willing to pay.

Every dollar which I honestly owed on my own account I had already paid in full or had satisfactorily arranged. For the liabilities incurred by the deliberate deception which had involved me, I offered such a percentage as I thought my estate, when sold, would eventually pay; and my wife, from her own property, advanced from time to time money to take up such notes as could be secured upon these terms. It was, however,

a slow process. More than one creditor would hold on to his note, which possibly he had "shaved" at the rate of two or three per cent. a month, and say:

"Oh! you can't keep Barnum down; he will dig out after a while; I shall never sell my claim for less than par and interest."

Of course, I knew very well that if all the creditors took this view I should never get out of the entanglement in which I had been involved by the old creditors of the Jerome Company, who had so ingeniously managed to make me take their place. All I could do was to take a thorough survey of the situation, and consider, now that I was down, how I could get up again.

"Every cloud," says the proverb, "has a silver lining," and so I did not despair. "This blow," I thought "may be beneficial to my children, if not to me." They had been brought up in luxury; accustomed to call on servants to attend to every want; and almost unlimited in the expenditure of money. My daughter Helen, especially, was naturally extravagant. She was a warm-hearted, generous girl, who knew literally nothing of the value of money and the difficulty of acquiring it. At this time she was fifteen years old, and was attending a French boarding-school in the city of Washington. A few days after the news of my failure was published in the papers, my friend, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, of New York, was at my house. He had long been intimate with my family, and was well acquainted with the extravagant ideas and ways of my daughter Helen. One morning, I received a letter from her, filled with sympathy and sorrow for my misfortunes. She told me how much shocked she was at hearing of my financial disasters, and added: "Do send for me immediately, for I cannot think of remaining here at an expense which my parents cannot afford. I have learned to play the piano well enough to be able to take some little girls as pupils, and in this way I can be of some assistance in supporting the family."

On reading this I was deeply affected; and, handing the

letter to Dr. Chapin, I said: "There, sir, is a letter which is worth ten thousand dollars."

"Twenty thousand, at the least!" was the exclamation of the Doctor when he had read it.

We were now living in a very frugal manner in a hired furnished house in Eighth street, near Sixth Avenue, in New York, and our landlady and her family boarded with us. At the age of forty-six after the acquisition and the loss of a handsome fortune, I was once more nearly at the bottom of the ladder, and was about to begin the world again. The situation was disheartening, but I had energy, experience, health, and hope.

CHAPTER XXVII

REST, BUT NOT RUST

Sale of the Museum Collection — Supplementary Proceedings of My Creditors — Examination in Court — Barnum as a Bartender — Persecution — The Summer Season on Long Island — The Museum Man on Show — Charles Howell — A Great Natural Curiosity — Value of a Honk — Proposing to Buy It — A Black Whale Pays My Summer's Board — A Turn in the Tide — The Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine Company — Their Removal to East Bridgeport — The Terry and Barnum Clock Factory Occupied — New City Property Looking Up — A Loan of $5,000 — The Cause of My Ruin Promises to Be My Redemption — Setting Sail for England — General Tom Thumb — Little Cordelia Howard.

In the summer of 1855, previous to my financial troubles, feeling that I was independent and could retire from active business, I sold the American Museum collection and good will to Messrs. John Greenwood, Junior, and Henry D. Butler. They paid me double the amount the collection had originally cost, giving me notes for nearly the entire amount, secured by a chattel mortgage, and hired the premises from my wife, who owned the Museum property lease, and on which, by the agreement of Messrs. Greenwood and Butler, she realized a profit of $19,000 a year. The chattel mortgage of Messrs. Greenwood and Butler, was, of course, turned over to the New York assignee with the other property.

And now there came to me a new sensation which was at times terribly depressing and annoying. My widespread reputation for shrewdness as a showman had induced the general belief that my means were still ample, and certain outside creditors who had bought my clock notes at a tremendous discount and entirely on speculation, made up their minds that they must be paid at once without waiting for the slow process of the sale of my property by the assignees.

They therefore took what are termed "supplementary proceedings," which enabled them to haul me any day before a judge for the purpose, as they phrased it, of "putting Barnum through a course of sprouts," and which meant an examination of the debtor under oath, compelling him to disclose everything with regard to his property, his present means of living, and so on.

I repeatedly answered all questions on these points; and reports of the daily examinations were published. Still another and another, and yet another creditor would haul me up; and his attorney would ask me the same questions which had already been answered and published half a dozen times. This persistent and unnecessary annoyance created considerable sympathy for me, which was not only expressed by letters I received daily from various parts of the country, but the public press, with now and then an exception, took my part, and even the judges, before whom I appeared, said to me on more than one occasion that as men they sincerely pitied me, but as judges of course they must administer the law. After a while, however, the judges ruled that I need not answer any question propounded to me by an attorney, if I had already answered the same question to some other attorney in a previous examination in behalf of other creditors. In fact, one of the judges, on one occasion, said pretty sharply to an examining attorney:

"This, sir, has become simply a case of persecution. Mr. Barnum has many times answered every question that can properly be put to him to elicit the desired information; and I think it is time to stop these examinations. I advise him to not answer one interrogatory which he has replied to under any previous inquiries."

These things gave me some heart, so that at last, I went up to the "sprouts" with less reluctance, and began to try to pay off my persecutors in their own coin.

On one occasion, a dwarfish little lawyer, who reminded me of "Quilp," commenced his examination in behalf of a note-shaver who held a thousand-dollar note, which it seemed he

had bought for seven hundred dollars. After the oath had been administered the little "limb of the law" arranged his pen, ink, and paper, and in a loud voice, and with a most peremptory and supercilious air, asked:

"What is your name, sir?"

I answered him, and his next question, given in a louder and more peremptory tone, was:

"What is your business?"

"Attending bar," I meekly replied.

"Attending bar!" he echoed, with an appearance of much surprise. "Attending bar! Why, don't you profess to be a temperance man — a teetotaler?"

"I do," I replied.

"And yet, sir, do you have the audacity to assert that you peddle rum all day, and drink none yourself?"

"I doubt whether that is a relevant question," I said in a low tone of voice.

"I will appeal to his honor the judge, if you don't answer it instantly," said Quilp in great glee.

"I attend bar, and yet never drink intoxicating liquors," I replied.

"Where do you attend bar, and for whom?" was the next question.

"I attend the bar of this court, nearly every day, for the benefit of two-penny, would-be lawyers and their greedy clients," I answered.

A loud tittering in the vicinity only added to the vexation which was already visible on the countenance of my interrogator, and he soon brought his examination to a close.

On another occasion, a young lawyer was pushing his inquiries to a great length, when, in a half laughing, apologetic tone, he said:

"You see, Mr. Barnum, I am searching after the small things; I am willing to take even the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table!"

"Which are you, Lazarus, or one of the dogs?" I asked.

"I guess a blood-hound would not smell out much on this trail," he said good-naturedly, adding that he had no more questions to ask.[1]

I still continued to receive many offers of pecuniary assistance, which, whenever proposed in the form of a gift, I invariably refused. In a number of instances, personal friends tendered me their checks for $500, $1,000, and other sums, but I always responded in substance: "Oh, no, I thank you; I do not

[1] Further evidence that Barnum was a person difficult to bulldoze in court, may be had from this passage in the 1855 book (pp. 357–358):

"In about 1843, the editors of the 'Atlas' were much annoyed by a series of libel suits. The first case required bonds of $5000. I gave them. A second suit from the same party was immediately instituted, and I again gave the same amount of bonds. A third suit followed, and I again offered myself as their bail. The lawyer of the plaintiff, having hoped by bringing so many suits to give the defendants trouble in obtaining bonds, was much annoyed at my continually offering myself as their bail.

"On my third appearance before the judge for that purpose, the lawyer being much vexed became impertinent. 'Mr. Barnum,' said he, 'you have already given bail to the amount of $10,000, and now you offer yourself for $5000 more. Are you worth $15,000 sir?'

"'I am, sir,' I replied.

"'Of what does your property consist, sir?' he asked peremptorily.

"'Do you desire a list of it?' I inquired.

"'I do, sir, and I insist upon your giving it before you are accepted as further security,' he replied firmly.

"'With pleasure, sir. Have the kindness to mark it down as I call it off.'

"'I will, sir,' he answered, taking a sheet of paper and dipping his pen in the ink for that purpose.

"'One preserved elephant, $1000,' said I.

He looked a little surprised, but marked it down.

"'One stuffed monkey skin, and two gander skins, good as new — $15 for the lot.'

"'What does this mean? What are you doing, sir?' said he, starting to his feet in indignation.

"'I am giving you an inventory of my Museum. It contains only five hundred thousand different articles,' I replied with due gravity.

"'I appeal to the court for protection from insult,' exclaimed the lawyer, his voice trembling with anger, and the blood rushing to his face as he spoke.

"Judge Ulshoeffer decided that I was doing just what the lawyer had required, and that if he was unwilling to take an affidavit as to my responsibility, I must go on with the 'catalogue' of the Museum. The lawyer mutteringly decided to accept the affidavit and bail without going further into the 'bill of particulars.'" [Ed.]

need it; my wife has considerable property, besides a large income from her Museum lease. I want for nothing; I do not owe a dollar for personal obligations that is not already secured, and when the clock creditors have fully investigated and thought over the matter, I think they will be content to divide my property among themselves and let me up."

Just after my failure, and on account of the ill-health of my wife, I spent a portion of the summer with my family in the farmhouse of Mr. Charles Howell, at Westhampton, on Long Island. The place is a mile west of Quogue, and was then called "Ketchebonneck." The thrifty and intelligent farmers of the neighborhood were in the habit of taking summer boarders, and the place had become a favorite resort. Mr. Howell's farm lay close upon the ocean and I found the residence a cool and delightful one. Surf bathing, fishing, shooting, and fine roads for driving made the season pass pleasantly and the respite from active life and immediate annoyance from my financial troubles was a very great benefit to me.

Our landlord was an eccentric character, who took great pleasure in showing me to his friends and neighbors as "the Museum man" and consequently as a great curiosity; for in his estimation, the American Museum was chief among the institutions of New York. He was in a habit of gathering shells and such rarities as came within his reach, which he took to the city and disposed of at the Museum. He often spoke of certain phenomena in his neighborhood, which he thought would take well with the public, if they were properly brought out. One day he said:

"Mr. Barnum, I am going to Moriches this morning, and I want you to go along with me and see a great curiosity there is there."

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is a man who has got a natural 'honk'," replied Howell, "and it is worth fifty dollars a year to him."

"A what?" I inquired.

"A honk! a honk! a perfectly natural honk! He makes fifty dollars a year out of it," Howell reiterated.

I could not comprehend what a "honk" was, but concluded that if it was worthy fifty dollars a year among the Long Island fishermen and farmers who could hardly be expected to pay much for mere sight-seeing, it would be much more valuable to exhibit in the Museum. So I remarked that as I was authorized by Messrs. Greenwood and Butler to purchase curiosities for them, I would go with him and buy the honk from its possessor if I could get it at a reasonable price.

"Buy it!" exclaimed Howell. "I guess you can't buy it! You don't seem to understand me. The man has got a natural honk, I tell you; that is, he honks exactly like a wild goose. When flocks are flying over, he goes out and honks and the geese, supposing that some goose has settled and is honking for the rest of the flock to come down and feed, all fly towards the ground and he 'lets into 'em' with his gun, thus killing a great many, and in this way his honk is worthy fifty dollars a year to him, and perhaps more."

I decided not to attempt to buy the "honk," but my eagerness to do so and my entire ignorance of the character of the curiosity furnished food for laughter to Howell and his neighbors for a long time.

One morning we discovered that the waves had thrown upon the beach a young black whale some twelve feet long. It was dead, but the fish was hard and fresh and I bought it for a few dollars from the men who had taken possession of it. I sent it at once to the Museum, where it was exhibited in a huge refrigerator for a few days, creating considerable excitement, the general public considering it "a big thing on ice," and the managers gave me a share of the profits, which amounted to a sufficient sum to pay the entire board bill of my family for the season.

This incident both amused and amazed my Long Island landlord. "Well, I declare," said he, "that beats all; you are the luckiest man I ever heard of. Here you come and board for

four months with your family, and when your time is nearly up, and you are getting ready to leave, out rolls a black whale on our beach, a thing never heard of before in this vicinity, and you take that whale and pay your whole bill with it! I wonder if that ain't 'providential'? Why, that beats the 'natural honk' all to pieces!" This was followed by such a laugh as only Charles Howell could give, and like one of his peculiar sneezes, it resounded, echoed, and re-echoed through the whole neighborhood.

Soon after my return to New York, something occurred which I foresaw, I thought, at the time, was likely indirectly to lead me out of the wilderness into a clear field again, and, indeed, it eventually did so. Strange to say, my new city which had been my ruin was to be my redemption, and dear East Bridgeport which plunged me into the slough was to bring me out again. "Dear" as the place had literally proved to me, it was to be yet dearer, in another and better sense, hereafter.

The now gigantic Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company was then doing a comparatively small, yet rapidly growing business at Watertown, Connecticut. The Terry & Barnum clock factory was standing idle, almost worthless, in East Bridgeport, and Wheeler & Wilson saw in the empty building, the situation, the ease of communication with New York, and other advantages, precisely what they wanted, provided they could procure the premises at a rate which would compensate them for the expense and trouble of removing their establishment from Watertown. It is enough to say here that the clock factory was sold for a trifle and the Wheeler & Wilson Company moved into it and speedily enlarged it. I felt then that this was providential; the fact that the empty building could be cheaply purchased was the main motive for the removal of this Watertown enterprise to East Bridgeport, and was one of the first indications that my failure might prove a "blessing in disguise." It was a fresh impulse towards the building up of the new city and the consequent increase of the value of the land belonging to my estate. Many persons did not see these things

in the same light in which they were presented to me, but I had so long pondered upon the various means which were to make the new city prosperous, that I was quick to catch any indication which promised benefit to East Bridgeport.

This important movement of the Wheeler & Wilson Company gave me the greatest hope, and moreover, Mr. Wheeler kindly offered me a loan of $5,000, without security, and as I was anxious to have it used in purchasing the East Bridgeport property, when sold at public auction by my assignees, and also in taking up such clock notes as could be bought at a reasonable percentage, I accepted the offer and borrowed the $5,000. This sum, with many thousand dollars more belonging to my wife, was devoted to these purposes.

It seemed as if I had now got hold of the thread which would eventually lead me out of the labyrinth of financial difficulty in which the Jerome entanglement had involved me. Though the new plan promised relief, and actually did succeed, even beyond my most sanguine expectations, eventually putting more money into my pocket than the Jerome complication had taken out — yet I also foresaw that the process would necessarily be very slow. In fact, two years afterwards I had made very little progress. But I concluded to let the new venture work out itself and it would go on as well without my personal presence and attention, perhaps even better. Growing trees, money at interest, and rapidly rising real estate, work for their owners all night as well as all day, Sundays included, and when the proprietors are asleep or away, and with the design of coöperating in the new accumulation and of saving something to add to the amount, I made up my mind to go to Europe again. I was anxious for a change of scene and for active employment, and equally desirous of getting away from the immediate pressure of troubles which no effort on my part could then remove. While my affairs were working out themselves in their own way and in the speediest manner possible, I might be doing something for myself and for my family.

Accordingly, leaving all my business affairs at home in the

hands of my friends, early in 1857 I set sail once more for England, taking with me General Tom Thumb, and also little Cordelia Howard and her parents. This young girl had attained an extended reputation for her artistic personation of "Little Eva" in the play of "Uncle Tom," and she displayed a precocious talent in her rendering of other juvenile characters.[2] With these attractions, and with what else I might be able to do myself, I determined to make as much money as I could, intending to remit the same to my wife's friends, for the purpose of repurchasing a portion of my estate, when it was offered at auction, and of redeeming such of the clock notes as could be obtained at reasonable rates.

[2] See the article "Tom Shows," by J. Frank Davis, in "Scribner's Magazine" of April 1925, for a portrait of Mrs. Howard as Topsy and for a reduced facsimile of a Howard playbill, in which Little Cordelia is styled "the world renowned child actress" and Mr. G. C. Howard is cast as St. Clair. [Ed.]

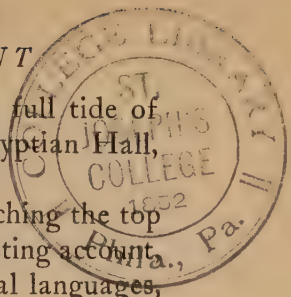
CHAPTER XXVIII

ABROAD AGAIN

Old Friends in Old England — Albert Smith as a Showman — His Ascent of Mont Blanc — Popularity of the Entertainment — The Garrick Club — "Phineas Cutecraft" — The Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne — Utilizing Incidents — Subterranean Terrors — A Panic — Egyptian Darkness in Egyptian Hall — William M. Thackeray — His Two Visits to America — Friendly Relations with the Novelist — I Lose His Sympathy — His Warm Regard for His American Friends — Otto Goldschmidt and Jenny Lind Goldschmidt — Tender of Their Aid — The Forged Lind Letter — Benedict and Belletti — George Augustus Sala — Charles Kean — Edmund Yates — Horace Mayhew — George Peabody — Mr. Buckstone — My Exhibitions in England — S. M. Pettingill — Mr. Lumley.

On arriving at Liverpool, I found that my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn, of the Waterloo Hotel, had changed very little during my ten years' absence from England. Even the servants in the hotel were mainly those whom I left there when I last went away from Liverpool — which illustrates, in a small way, how much less changeable, and more "conservative" the English people are than we are. The old head-waiter, Thomas, was still head-waiter, as he had been for full twenty years. His hair was more silvered, his gait was slower, his shoulders had rounded, but he was as ready to receive, as I was to repeat, the first order I ever gave him, to wit: "Fried soles and shrimp sauce."

And among my many friends in Liverpool and London, but one death had occurred, and with only two exceptions they all lived in the same buildings, and pursued the same vocations as when I left them in 1847. When I reached London, I found one of these exceptions to be Mr. Albert Smith, who, when I first knew him, was a dentist, a literary hack, a contributor to "Punch," and a writer for the magazines, — and who was



now transformed to a first-class showman in the full tide of success, in my own old exhibition quarters in Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

A year or two before,[1] he had succeeded in reaching the top of Mont Blanc, and after publishing a most interesting account, which was re-published and translated into several languages, the whole world over, he concluded to make further use of his expedition by adapting it to a popular entertainment. He therefore illustrated his ascent by means of a finely painted and accurate panorama, and he accompanied the exhibition with a descriptive lecture full of amusing and interesting incidents, illustrative of his remarkable experiences in accomplishing the difficult ascent. He also gave a highly-colored and exciting narrative of his entire journey from London to Switzerland, and back again, including his trip up and down the Rhine, and introducing the many peculiar characters of both sexes, he claimed to have met at different points during his tour. These he imitated and presented in so life-like a manner, as to fairly captivate and convulse his audiences.

It was one of the most pleasing and popular entertainments ever presented in London, and was immensely remunerative to the projector — resulting, indeed, in a very handsome fortune. The entertainments were patronized by the most cultivated classes, for information was blended with amusement, and in no exhibition then in London was there so much genuine fun. Two or three times Albert Smith was commanded to appear before the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and at Windsor, and as he gave his entertainment with great success on these occasions, spite of the fact that he could not take his panorama with him, it can readily be imagined that the frame was quite as good as the picture, and that the lecture as compared with the panorama, admirable as both were, was by no means the least part of the "show."

Calling upon Albert Smith, I found him the same kind, cordial friend as ever, and he at once put me on the free list

[1] In 1851. See also chapter xiv. [Ed.]

at his entertainment, and insisted upon my dining frequently with him at his favorite club, the Garrick.

The first time I witnessed his exhibition he gave me a sly wink from the stage at the moment of his describing a scene in the golden chamber of St. Ursula's Church in Cologne, where the old sexton was narrating the story of the ashes and bones of the eleven thousand innocent virgins who, according to tradition, were sacrificed on a certain occasion. One of the characters whom he pretended to have met several times on his trip to Mont Blanc, was a Yankee whom he named "Phineas Cutecraft." The wink came at the time he introduced Phineas in the Cologne church, and made him say at the end of the sexton's story about the virgins' bones:

"Old fellow, what will you take for that hull lot of bones? I want them for my Museum in America!"

When the question had been interpreted to the old German, he exclaimed in horror, according to Albert Smith:

"Mine Gott! it is impossible! We will never sell the virgins' bones!"

"Never mind," replied Phineas Cutecraft. "I'll send another lot of bones to my Museum, swear mine are the real bones of the Virgins of Cologne, and burst up your show!"

This always excited the heartiest laughter; but Mr. Smith knew very well that I would at once recognize it as a paraphrase of the scene wherein he had figured with me in 1844 at the porter's lodge of Warwick Castle.[2] In the course of the entertainment, I found he had woven in numerous anecdotes I had told him at that time, and many incidents of our excursion were also travestied and made to contribute to the interest of his description of the ascent of Mont Blanc.

When we went to the Garrick Club that day, Albert Smith introduced me to several of his acquaintances as his "teacher in the show business." As we were quietly dining together, he remarked that I must have recognized several old acquaintances in the anecdotes at his entertainment. Upon my answer-

[2] See chapter xiv. [Ed.]

ing that I did, indeed, he remarked, "You are too old a showman not to know that in order to be popular, we must snap up and localize all the good things which we come across." By thus engrafting his various experiences upon this Mont Blanc entertainment, Albert Smith succeeded in serving up a salmagundi feast, which was relished alike by royal and less distinguished palates.

At one of the Egyptian Hall matinées, Albert Smith, espying me in the audience, sent an usher to me with a note of invitation to dine with him and a number of friends immediately after the close of the entertainment. To this invitation he added the request that as soon as he concluded his lecture I should at once come to him through the small door under the stage at the end of the orchestra, and by thus getting ahead of the large crowd of ladies and gentlemen composing the audience we should save time and reach the club at an hour for an early dinner.

As soon as he uttered the last word of his lecture, I pushed for the little door, the highly distinguished audience, which on this occasion was mainly made up of ladies, meanwhile slowly progressing towards the exits, while the orchestra was "playing them out" with selections of popular music. Closing the stage door behind me, I instantly found myself enveloped in that Egyptian darkness which was peculiar, I suppose, if not appropriate, to that part of Egyptian Hall. I could hear Smith and his assistants walking on the stage over my head, but I dare not call out lest some nervous duchess or countess should faint under the apprehension that the hall was on fire, or that some other severe disaster threatened.

Groping my way blindly and hitting my head several times against sundry beams, at last, to my joy, I reached the knob of the door which led me into this hole, but to my dismay it had been locked from the outside! In feeling about, however, I discovered a couple of bell pulls, both of which I desperately jerked and heard a faint tinkling in two opposite directions. Next, I heard the heavy canvas drop-curtain roll down

rapidly till it struck the stage with a thud. Then the music in the orchestra suddenly ceased, and I could readily understand by the shrieks of the women and the loud protestations of masculine voices that the gas had been turned off and the whole house left in darkness. This was followed by hurried and heavy footsteps on the stage, the imprecations of stage carpenters and gasmen, jargon of foreign musicians in the orchestra, and the earnest voice of my friend Smith excitedly exclaiming: "Who rung those bells? Why are we all left in the dark? Light up here at once! Bless my soul, what does all this mean?"

I was amazed, yet amused and half alarmed. What to do, I did not know, so I sat still on a box which I had stumbled over, as well as upon, afraid to move or put out my hand lest I might touch some machinery which would give the signal for thunder and lightning, or an earthquake, or more likely, a Mont Blanc avalanche. Restored tranquillity overhead assured me that the gas had been relighted. I knew Smith must be anxiously awaiting me, for he was not a man to be behind time when so important a matter as dinner was the motive of the appointment. Something desperate must be done; so I carefully groped my way to the stage door again and with a strong effort managed to wrench it open. Covered with dust and perspiration, I followed behind the rear of the out-going audience and found Smith, to whom I narrated my under-ground experiences.

Brushes, water, and towels soon put me once more in presentable condition and we went to the Garrick Club, where we dined with several gentlemen of note. Smith could not refrain from relating my mishaps and their consequences in my search for him under difficulties, and worse yet, under his stage, and great was the merriment over the idea that an old manager like myself should so lose his reckoning in a place with which he might well be supposed to be perfectly familiar.

When the late William M. Thackeray made his first visit

to the United States, I think in 1852,[3] he called on me at the Museum with a letter of introduction from our mutual friend Albert Smith. He spent an hour with me, mainly for the purpose of asking my advice in regard to the management of the course of lectures on "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," which he proposed to deliver, as he did afterwards, with very great success, in the principal cities of the Union. I gave him the best advice I could as to management, and the cities he ought to visit, for which he was very grateful, and he called on me whenever he was in New York. I also saw him repeatedly when he came to America the second time with his admirable lectures on "The Four Georges," which, it will be remembered, he delivered in the United States in the season of 1855–56, before he read these lectures to audiences in Great Britain. My relations with this great novelist, I am proud to say, were cordial and intimate; and now, when I called upon him in 1857 at his own house, he grasped me heartily by the hand and said:

"Mr. Barnum, I admire you more than ever. I have read the accounts in the papers of the examinations you underwent in the New York courts, and the positive pluck you exhibit under your pecuniary embarrassments is worthy of all praise. You would never have received credit for the philosophy you manifest, if these financial misfortunes had not overtaken you."

I thanked him for his compliment, and he continued:

"But tell me, Barnum, are you really in need of present assistance? for if you are, you must be helped."

"Not in the least," I replied, laughing; "I need more money in order to get out of bankruptcy and I intend to earn it; but so far as daily bread is concerned, I am quite at ease, for my wife is worth £30,000 or £40,000."

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, with evident delight. "Well,

[3] Thackeray was in the States from November 1852 to May 1853. By the way, a pleasing memorial of this visit may be found in "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family" (with an introduction by Lucy W. Baxter and some of W. M. T.'s pen-sketches; New York, 1904). [Ed.]

now, you have lost all my sympathy. Why, that is more than I ever expect to be worth; I shall be sorry for you no more."

During my stay in London, I met Thackeray several times, and on one occasion I dined with him. He was a most genial, noble-hearted gentleman. In our conversations he spoke with the warmest appreciation of America, and of his numerous friends in this country, and he repeatedly expressed his obligations to me for the advice and assistance I had given him on the occasion of his first lecturing visit to the United States.

The late Charles Kean, then manager of the Princess' Theatre, in London, was also exceedingly polite and friendly to me. He placed a box at my disposal at all times, and took me through his theatre to show me the stage, dressing rooms, and particularly the valuable "properties" he had collected. Among other things, he had twenty or more complete suits of real armor and other costumes and appointments essential to the production of historical plays, in the most complete and authentic manner. In the mere matter of stage-setting, Charles Kean has never been surpassed.

Otto Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, also called on me in London. He and his wife were then living in Dresden, and he said the first thing his wife desired him to ask me was, whether I was in want. I assured him that I was not, although I was managing to live in an economical way and my family would soon come over to reside in London. He then advised me to take them to Dresden, saying that living was very cheap there; and he added, "My wife will gladly look up a proper house for you to live in." I thankfully declined his proffered kindness, as Dresden was too far away from my business. A year subsequent to this, a letter was generally published in the American papers, purporting to have been written to me by Jenny Lind, and proffering me a large sum of money. I immediately pronounced the letter a forgery, and I soon afterwards received a communication from a young reporter in Philadelphia acknowledging himself as the author, and saying that

he wrote it from a good motive, hoping it would benefit me. On the contrary, it annoyed me exceedingly.

My old friends Julius Benedict and Giovanni Belletti, called on me and we had some very pleasant dinners together, when we talked over incidents of their travels in America. Among the gentlemen whom I met in London, some of them quite frequently at dinners, were Mr. George Augustus Sala, Mr. Edmund Yates, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Alfred Bunn, Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Buckstone, of the Haymarket, Mr. Charles Kean, our princely countryman Mr. George Peabody, Mr. J. M. Morris, the manager, Mr. Bates, of Baring Brothers & Co., Mr. Oxenford, dramatic critic of the London "Times," Dr. Ballard, the American dentist, and many other eminent persons.[4]

I had numerous offers from professional friends on both sides of the Atlantic who supposed me to be in need of employment. Mr. Barney Williams, who had not then acted in England, proposed in the kindest manner to make me his agent for a tour through Great Britain, and to give me one-third of the profits which he and Mrs. Williams might make by their acting. Mr. S. M. Pettingill, of New York, the newspaper advertis-

[4] Running over this group of acquaintances and fellow diners-out: Sala (1828–1895) was a journalist in whom Dickens had recognized talent, sending him to Russia as special correspondent; who visited the United States in 1864 for the London "Daily Telegraph"; and who for many years wrote the "Echoes of the Week" department for the "Illustrated London News." — Yates (1831–1894) and Mayhew (1816–1872) were journalists, too. Mayhew was at one time an editor of "Punch." Yates was appointed dramatic critic of the "Daily News" by Dickens; lectured in the United States in 1872; and was a travelling correspondent in Europe for the "New York Herald." John B. Buckstone (1802–1879), dramatist (he is credited with no less than 150 pieces) and manager, had at the Haymarket an excellent company, including E. A. Sothern and the Kendals. "Kean the younger" (1811–1868) was effective in contemporary melodrama. Peabody and Bates were both American-born and both of Massachusetts. Joshua Bates (1788–1864) became the senior partner in Barings. He gave cash and books in the amount of $100,000 for a public library in Boston; and the library's main reading-room was called Bates Hall in his honor. Peabody (1795–1869) employed in extensive and wise philanthropies a fortune acquired in London banking. John Oxenford (1812–1877), translator and dramatist, joined the "Times" staff about 1850. For a note on Alfred Bunn, see chapter xxiv. [Ed.]

ing agent,[5] offered me the fine salary of $10,000 a year to transact business for him in Great Britain. He wrote to me: "When you failed in consequence of the Jerome clock notes, I felt that your creditors were dealing hard with you; that they should have let you up and given you a chance, and they would have fared better, and I wish I was a creditor so as to show what I would do." These offers, both from Mr. Williams and Mr. Pettingill, I was obliged to decline.

Mr. Lumley, manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, used to send me an order for a private box for every opera night, and I frequently availed myself of his courtesy. I had an idea that much money might be made by transferring his entire opera company, which then included Piccolomini and Tietjens, to New York for a short season.[6] The plan included the charter of a special steamer for the company and the conveyance of the entire troupe, including the orchestra, with their instruments, and the chorus, costumes, scores, and properties of the company. It was a gigantic scheme, which would no doubt have been pecuniarily successful, and Mr. Lumley and I went so far as to draw up the preliminaries of an arrangement, in which I was to share a due proportion of the profits for my assistance in the management; but after a while, and to the evident regret of Mr. Lumley, the scheme was given up.

Meanwhile, I was by no means idle. Cordelia Howard as "Little Eva," with her mother as the inimitable "Topsy," was highly successful in London and other large cities, while General Tom Thumb, returning after so long an absence, drew crowded houses wherever he went. These were strong spokes in the wheel that was moving slowly but surely in the effort to get me out of debt, and, if possible, to save some portion of my real estate. Of course, it was not generally known that I had

[5] Pettingill has been regarded as the originator of systematic advertising in the United States. [Ed.]

[6] Maria Piccolomini (*c.* 1834–1899) had made her first appearance in London in 1856 ("La Traviata"). She sang in the United States in 1858 and was much esteemed there. The Hungarian soprano Therese Tietjens (1831–1877) was domiciled in England from 1858. [Ed.]

any interest whatever in either of these exhibitions; if it had been, possibly some of clock creditors would have annoyed me; but I busied myself in these and in other ways, working industriously and making much money, which I constantly remitted to my trusty agent at home.

CHAPTER XXIX

IN GERMANY

From London to Baden-Baden — Trouble in Paris — Strasbourg — Scene in a German Custom-House — A Terrible Bill — Six Cents' Worth of Agony — Gambling at Baden-Baden — Suicides — Golden Prices for the General — A Call from the King of Holland — The German Spas — Hamburg, Ems, and Wiesbaden — The Black Forest Orchestrion-Maker — An Offered Sacrifice — The Seat of the Rothschilds — Difficulties in Frankfort — A Pompous Commissioner of Police — Red-Tape — An Alarm — Henry J. Raymond — Call on the Commissioner — Confidential Disclosures — Half of an Entire Fortune in an American Railway — Astounding Revelations — Down the Rhine — Departure for Holland.

AFTER a pleasant and successful season of several weeks in London and in the provinces, I took the little General into Germany, going from London to Paris and from thence to Strasbourg and Baden-Baden. I had not been in Paris since the times of King Louis Philippe, and while I noticed great improvements in the city, in the opening of the new boulevards and the erection of noble buildings, I could see also with sorrow that there was less personal liberty under the Emperor Napoleon III than there was under the "Citizen King." The custom-house officials were overbearing and unnecessarily rigid in their exactions; the police were overwatchful and intolerant; the screws were turned on everywhere. I had a lot of large pictorial placards of General Tom Thumb, which were merely *in transitu,* as I wished only to forward them to Germany to be used as advertisements of the forthcoming exhibitions. These the French custom-house officers determined to examine in detail, and when they discovered that one of the pictures represented the General in the costume of the First Napoleon, the whole of the bills were seized and sent to the Prefecture of Police. I was compelled to stay three days in Paris before I

could convince the Prefect of Police that there was no treason in the Tom Thumb pictures. I was very glad to get out of Paris with my baggage and taking a seat in the express train on the Paris and Strasbourg railway, I soon forgot my custom-house annoyances.

One would suppose that by this time I had had enough to do with clocks to last me my lifetime, but passing one night and a portion of a day at Strasbourg, I did not forget or fail to witness the great church clock which is nearly as famous as the cathedral itself. At noon precisely a mechanical cock crows; the bell strikes; figures of the twelve apostles appear and walk in procession; and other extraordinary evidences of wonderful mechanical art are daily exhibited by this curious old clock.

From Strasbourg we went to Baden-Baden. I had been abroad so much that I could understand and manage to speak French, but I had never been in Germany and I did not know six words of the language of that country. As a consequence, I dreaded to pass the custom-house at Kehl, nearly opposite Strasbourg, and the first town on the German border at that point. When the diligence stopped at this place, I fairly trembled. I knew that I had no baggage which was rightfully subject to duty, as I had nothing but my necessary clothing and the package of placards and lithographs illustrating the General's exhibitions. This was the package which had given me so much trouble in Paris, and as the official was examining my trunks, I assured him in French that I had nothing subject to duty; but he made no reply and deliberately handled every article in my luggage. He then cut the strings to the large packages of show bills. I asked him, in French, whether he understood that language. He gave a grunt, which was the only audible sound I could get out of him, and then laid my show bills and lithographs on his scales as if to weigh them. I was almost distracted, when an English gentleman who spoke German, kindly offered to act as my interpreter.

"Please to tell him," said I, "that those bills and litho-

graphs are not articles of commerce; that they are simply advertisements."

My English friend did as I requested; but it was of no use; the custom-house officer kept piling them upon his scales. I grew more excited.

"Please tell him I give them away," I said. The translation of my assertion into German did not help me; a double grunt from the functionary was the only response. Tom Thumb, meanwhile, jumped about like a little monkey, for he was fairly delighted at my worry and perplexity. Finally, I said to my new-found English friend: "Be good enough to tell the officer to keep the bills if he wants them, and that I will not pay duty on them anyhow."

He was duly informed of my determination, but he was immovable. He lighted his huge Dutch pipe, got the exact weight, and marking it down, handed it to a clerk, who copied it on his book, and solemnly passed it over to another clerk, who copied it on still another book; a third clerk then took it, and copied it onto a printed bill, the size of a half letter-sheet, which was duly stamped in red ink with several official devices. By this time I was in a profuse perspiration; and as the document passed from clerk to clerk, I told them they need not trouble themselves to make out a bill, for I would not pay it; they would get no duty and they might keep the property.

To be sure, I could not spare the placards for any length of time, for they were exceedingly valuable to me as advertisements and I could not easily have duplicated them in Germany; but I was determined that I would not pay duties on articles which were not merchandise. Every transfer, therefore, of the bill to a new clerk, gave me a fresh twinge, for I imagined that every clerk added more charges, and every charge was a tighter turn to the vise which held my fingers. Finally, the last clerk defiantly thrust in my face the terrible official document, on which were scrawled certain cabalistic characters, signifying the amount of money I should be forced to pay to the German government before I could have my property. I would not

touch it; but resolved I would really leave my packages until I could communicate with one of our consuls in Germany, and I said as much to the English gentleman who had kindly interpreted for me.

He took the bill, and examining it, burst into a loud laugh. "Why, it is but fifteen kreutzers!" he said.

"How much is that?" I asked, feeling for the golden sovereigns in my pocket.

"Sixpence!" was the reply.

I was astonished and delighted, and as I handed out the money, I begged him to tell the officials that the custom-house charge would not pay the cost of the paper on which it was written. But this was a very fair illustration of sundry red-tape dealings in other countries as well as in Germany.

I found Baden a delightful little town, cleaner and neater than any city I had ever visited. I learned afterwards that Mr. Benazet, the lessee of the Kursaal and gambling house, was compelled annually to expend large sums for keeping the streets and public places clean. Indeed, he could well afford to do so, as one would readily perceive upon witnessing the vast amounts of money which were daily lost by the men and women of nearly all nations, upon his tables of roulette and *rouge-et-noir*.

The town has all the characteristics and accompaniments of a first-class watering-place — a theatre, public library, and several very fine hotels. The springs are presumed to be the inducements which draw hundreds of invalids to Baden-Baden every summer, but the gaming tables are the real attractions to thousands of far weaker persons who spend the entire season in gambling. It is no unusual thing to see ladies sitting around these gaming tables, betting their silver and gold pieces, until they lose five hundred or a thousand dollars, while men frequently "invest" many times these amounts. If they happen to be winners, they are very sure to be tempted to try again; and thus in the long run succumb to the "advantage" which is given in the game to the bankers over the "bettors."

The games open at eleven o'clock every morning, Sundays

included, and close at eleven o'clock at night. Players have been known to sit at the table, without once rising, even to eat or to drink, through the entire day and night session. Very early in the day, however, many a player finds himself penniless, and, in such case, if he does not step to some quiet place and blow his brains out, the proprietor of the "hell" will present to him money enough to carry him at least fifty miles from Baden-Baden.

A few days before my arrival, a young lady hung herself. Indeed, several suicides occur in all the German spas every year from the one cause — ruin by gambling; but so callous do the players, as well as the card-dealers, become, that I can easily credit a story told me at Homburg, the greatest gambling place in Europe: A Frenchman, sitting at the table where scores of others were betting their money, lost his last sou, and immediately drew a razor from his pocket and cut his throat. The circumstance was scarcely sufficient to induce the players to raise their eyes from the cards; — it was a mere incident, an episode in matters more important. A sheet was thrown over the body, and as the servants quietly removed the corpse, some one slipped into the vacated chair, the dealer crying out in French, "Make your bets, gentlemen," and the play went on as usual.

In due time, when our preliminary arrangements were completed, the General's attendants, carriage, ponies, and liveried coachman and footmen arrived at Baden-Baden and were soon seen in the streets. The excitement was intense and increased from day to day. Several crowned heads, princes, lords, and ladies who were spending the season at Baden-Baden, with a vast number of wealthy pleasure-seekers and travellers, crowded the saloon in which the General exhibited during the entire time we remained in the place. The charges for admission were much higher than had been demanded in any other city.

Some time before I left America I received several letters

from a young man residing in the Black Forest in regard to a wonderful orchestrion which he was building and which he wished to sell or send to me for exhibition. When he saw the accounts of my arrival with Tom Thumb at Baden-Baden, he announced his willingness to bring his orchestrion and set it up in that place so that I could see and hear it. His letter was forwarded to me at Frankfort and I replied that my engagements were made many days in advance, that my time was invaluable, but that if he would have his orchestrion set up and in perfect order at such a time on such a day I would be there promptly to see it. Arriving at the appointed time, I found that he had not completed his work. The beautiful case was up, but the interior was unfinished. I was much disappointed, but not nearly so much so as was the orchestrion builder.

"Oh! Mr. Barnum," said he, "I have worked with my men all last night and all to-day and I will work all night again and have it in readiness to-morrow morning. If you will only stay, I will go down on my knees to you; yes, Mr. Barnum, I will cut off one of my fingers for you, if you will only wait."

But I could not wait, even under this strong and certainly extraordinary inducement, and was obliged to return to my engagements without hearing the orchestrion, which, I afterwards learned, was sold and set up in St. Petersburg.

From Baden-Baden we went to other celebrated German spas, including Ems, Homburg, and Wiesbaden. These are all fashionable gambling as well as watering places, and during our visits they were crowded with visitors from all parts of Europe. Our exhibitions were attended by thousands who paid the same high prices that were charged for admission at Baden-Baden, and at Wiesbaden, among many distinguished persons, the King of Holland came to see the little General. These exhibitions were among the most profitable that had ever been given, and I was able to remit thousands of dollars to my agents in the United States to aid in re-purchasing my real estate and to assist in taking up such clock notes as were offered

for sale. A short but very remunerative season at Frankfort-on-the-Main, the home and starting-place of the great house of the Rothschilds, assisted me largely in carrying out these purposes.

There was the greatest difficulty, however, in getting permission to hold our exhibitions in Frankfort. When I applied for a permit at the office of the Commissary of Police, I was told that office hours were ended for the day, and that the chief official, who alone could give me the permit, had gone home to dinner. As I was in a great hurry to begin, I went to the residence of the Commissary, where I was met at the door by a gorgeously arrayed flunkey, to whom I stated my business, and who informed me that I could on no account see the distinguished official till dinner was over.

I waited one hour and a half by my watch for that mighty man to dine, and then he condescended to admit me to his presence. When I had stated my business, he demanded to know why I had not applied to him at his office in the proper hours, declaring that he would do no business with me at his house, and that I must come to him to-morrow. I went, and after a great deal of questioning and delay, I received the sought-for license to exhibit; but I have never seen more red-tape wound up on a single reel. All my men, all Tom Thumb's attendants, the General, and myself, in addition to showing our passports, were obliged to register our names, ages, occupations, and what not, in a huge book, and to answer all sorts of questions. At last we were permitted to go, and we opened our doors to the throng that came to see the General.

But a day or two after our exhibitions began, came a messenger with a command that I should appear before the Commissary of Police. I was very much frightened, I confess; I was sure that some of my men had been doing or saying something which had offended the authorities, and although I was conscious that my own conduct had been circumspect, I started for the police office in fear and trembling. On the way, I met

Mr. Henry J. Raymond, editor of the "New York Times,"[1] who was in company with a gentleman from Ohio, to whom he introduced me, and thereupon I stated my trouble, and my opinion that I was about to be fined, imprisoned, possibly beheaded — I knew not what.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Raymond. "We will keep an eye on the proceedings, and if you get into trouble we will try to get you out."

Arriving at head-quarters, I was solemnly shown into the private office of the Commissary who asked me to be seated, and then rose and locked the door. This movement was by no means calculated to calm my agitation, and I at once exclaimed, in the best French I could summon:

"Sir, I demand an interpreter."

"We do not need one," he replied. "I can understand your French, and you can understand mine. I wish to consult you confidentially on a very private matter, and one that concerns me deeply."

Somewhat reassured at this remarkable announcement, I begged him to proceed, which he did as follows:

"Do not be uneasy, sir, as this matter wholly affects me; I must state to you in entire secrecy that the half of my whole fortune is invested in the bonds of one of your American railways [giving me the name of the road], and as I have received no interest for a long time I am naturally alarmed for the safety of my property. I wish to know if the road is good for anything, and if so, why the interest on the bonds is not paid."

I was happy to tell him that I had met that very morning a gentleman from Ohio who was well acquainted with the condition of this road, which was in his vicinity at home, and that I would speedily derive from him the desired information. The Commissary overwhelmed me with profuse thanks, adding: "Remember, the half of my entire fortune is at stake."

[1] Raymond (1820–1869), who had been assistant-editor of the "Tribune," founded the "Times" in 1851, and the first number was issued from 113 Nassau street on September 15. [Ed.]

Impressed with the magnitude of the loss he might be called upon to suffer, I ventured, as I was going out, to ask him the amount of his investment.

"Four thousand dollars," was the reply.

When I thought of his liveried lackeys, his house, his style, his dignity, and his enormous consequence, I could not but smile to think that all these things were supported on his small salary and an "entire" fortune of $8,000, one-half of which was invested in the bonds of a doubtful American railway company.

We exhibited at Mayence and several other places in the vicinity, reaping golden harvests everywhere, and then went down the Rhine to Cologne. The journey down the river was very pleasant and we duly "did" the scenery and lions on the way. The boats were very ill-provided with sleeping accommodations, and one night, as I saw our party must sit up, I suggested that we should play a social game of euchre if we could get the cards. The clerk of the boat was prompt in affording the gratifying intelligence that he had cards to sell and I bought a pack, paying him a good round price. Immediately thereafter, the clerk, pocketing the money, stated that "it was nine o'clock and according to the regulations he must turn out all the lights" — which he did, leaving us to play cards, if we wished to, in the dark.

The slowness of the boat was a great annoyance and on one occasion I said to the captain:

"Look here! Confound your slow old boat! I have a great mind to put on an opposition American line and burst up your business."

He knew me, and knew something of Yankee enterprise, and he was evidently alarmed, but a thought came to his relief:

"You cannot do it!" he triumphantly exclaimed. "The government will not permit you to run more than nine miles an hour."

We remained at Cologne only long enough to visit the famous cathedral and to see other curiosities and works of art, and then pushed on to Rotterdam and Amsterdam.

CHAPTER XXX

IN HOLLAND

The Finest and Flattest Country in the World — Super-Cleanliness — Habits and Customs — "Kermis" — The Albino Family — The Hague — August Belmont — Japanese Museum — Manufactured Fabulous Animals — A Generous Offer — Valuable Pictures — An Astonished Superintendent — Back to England — Exhibitions in Manchester — I Return Again to America — Cold Shoulders in New York — Preparing to Move into My Old Home — Careless Painters and Carpenters — Iranistan Burned to the Ground — Next to No Insurance — Sale of the Property — Elias Howe, Jr.

HOLLAND gave me more genuine satisfaction than any other foreign country I have ever visited, if I except Great Britain. Redeemed as a large portion of the whole surface of the land has been from the bottom of the sea by the wonderful dykes, which are monuments of the industry of whole generations of human beavers, Holland seems to me the most curious as well as interesting country in the world. The people, too, with their quaint costumes, their extraordinary cleanliness, their thrift, industry, and frugality, pleased me very much. It is the universal testimony of all travellers that the Hollanders are the neatest and most economical people among all nations. So far as cleanliness is concerned, in Holland it is evidently not next to, but far ahead of godliness. It is rare, indeed, to meet a ragged, dirty, or drunken person. The people are very temperate and economical in their habits; and even the very rich — and there is a vast amount of wealth in the country — live with great frugality, though all of the people live well.

As for the scenery, I cannot say much for it, since it is only diversified by thousands of windmills, which are made to do all kinds of work, from grinding grain to pumping water from the inside of the dykes back to the sea again. As I exhibited the

General only in Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and to no great profit in either city, we spent most of our time in rambling about to see what was to be seen. In the country villages it seemed as if every house was scrubbed twice and whitewashed once every day in the week, excepting Sunday. Some places were almost painfully pure, and I was in one village where horses and cattle were not allowed to go through the streets, and no one was permitted to wear their boots or shoes in the houses. There is a general and constant exercise of brooms, pails, floor-brushes, and mops all over Holland, and in some places even, this kind of thing is carried so far, I am told, that the only trees set out are scrub-oaks.

The reason, I think, why our exhibitions were not more successful in Rotterdam and Amsterdam, is that the people are too frugal to spend much money for amusement, but they and their habits and ways afforded us so much amusement, that we were quite willing they should give our entertainment the "go-by," as they generally did. We were in Amsterdam at the season of "Kermis," or the annual fair which is held in all the principal towns, and where shows of all descriptions are open, at prices for admission ranging from one to five pennies, and are attended by nearly the whole population. For the people generally, this one great holiday seems all-sufficient for the whole year. I went through scores of booths, where curiosities and monstrosities of all kinds were exhibited, and was able to make some purchases and engagements for the American Museum. Among these, was the Albino Family, consisting of a man,[1] his wife, and son, who were by far the most interesting and attractive specimens of their class I had ever seen.

We visited The Hague, the capital and the finest city in Holland. It is handsomely and regularly laid out, and contains a beautiful theatre, a public picture-gallery, which contains some of the best works of Vandyke, Paul Potter, and other

[1] Known as Rudolph Lucasie. An old print of the Lucasies says: "They have pure white skin, silken white hair and pink eyes, though born of perfectly black parents." [Ed.]

Dutch masters, while the museum is especially rich in rarities from China and Japan. When we arrived at The Hague, Mr. August Belmont, who had been the United States Minister at that court, had just gone home;[2] but I heard many encomiums passed upon him and his family, and I was told some pretty good stories of his familiarity with the King, and of the "jolly times" these two personages frequently enjoyed together. I did not miss visiting the great government museum, as I wished particularly to see the rich collection of Japan ware and arms, made during the many years when the Dutch carried on almost exclusively the entire foreign trade with the Japanese. I spent several days in minutely examining these curious manufactures of a people who were then almost as little known to nations generally as are the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter.

On the first day of my visit to this museum, I stood for an hour before a large case containing a most unique and extraordinary collection of fabulous animals, made from paper and other materials, and looking as natural and genuine as the stuffed skins of any animals in the American Museum. There were serpents two yards long, with a head and pair of feet at each end; frogs as large as a man, with human hands and feet; turtles with three heads; monkeys with two heads and six legs; scores of equally curious monstrosities; and at least two dozen mermaids, of all sorts and sizes. Looking at these "sirens," I easily divined from whence the Fejee Mermaid[3] originated.

While I was standing near this remarkable cabinet the superintendent of the Museum came, and, introducing himself to me, asked me from what country I came and how I liked the Museum. I told him that I was an American and that the collection was interesting and remarkable, adding:

"You seem to have a great variety of mermaids here."

"Yes," he replied. "The Japanese exercise great ingenuity

[2] Belmont was *chargé d'affaires* for the United States at The Hague in 1853–1855; minister from 1855 to 1858. [Ed.]

[3] See chapter ix. [Ed.]

in manufacturing fabulous animals, especially mermaids; and by the way," he added, "your great showman, Barnum, is said to have succeeded in humbugging the Americans to a very considerable extent, by means of what he claimed to be a veritable mermaid."

I said that such was the story, though I believed that Barnum only used the mermaid as an advertisement for his Museum.

"Perhaps so," responded the superintendent, "but he is a shrewd and industrious manager. We have had frequent applications from his European agents for duplicates from our collection and have occasionally sold some to them to be sent to America."

The superintendent then politely asked me to go into his office, as he had something to offer me, which, as an American gentleman, he was sure I would prize highly; but the business was of a strictly confidential character. He asked me to be seated, and cautiously locking the door and drawing his chair near to mine, he informed me in a tone scarcely above a whisper that he was the executor of the estate of a wealthy gentleman, recently deceased, with power to dispose of the property, which included a large number of exceedingly valuable ancient and modern paintings.

"You must be well aware," he continued, "that my countrymen would be extremely unwilling to permit these precious specimens of art to leave Holland, but," and here he gave my hand a slight but most friendly squeeze, "I have such a high respect, I might almost say reverence for your great republic that I am only too happy in the opportunity now afforded me of allowing you to take a very few of these fine paintings to America at an unprecedentedly low price."

I thought he was a little too generous, and I gave him what the Irishman called an "evasive answer"; but this only seemed to stimulate him to further efforts to effect a sale, so he turned to his memorandum book and pointed out the names of gentlemen from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New Orleans, who had ordered one or more cases from this large gallery of

paintings. This exhibition was conclusive, and I at once said that I would not decide to purchase till I returned from Amsterdam. I quite understood the whole thing; but not to leave my anxious friend too long in suspense I quietly handed my card to him, remarking, "Perhaps you have heard of that name before."

His cheeks were fairly crimson. "Surely," said he, "you are not Mr. Barnum, of the New York Museum?"

"Nobody else," I replied with a laugh.

He stammered out an apology for his mermaid remarks, but I patted him on the shoulder in a friendly way, telling him it was "all right," and that I considered it a capital joke. This re-assured him and we then had a very pleasant half-hour's conversation, in which he gave me several valuable hints of curiosities to be procured at The Hague and elsewhere in Holland, and we parted good friends.

A week afterwards, a young gentleman from Boston introduced himself to me at Amsterdam and remarked that he knew I was there, for he had been so informed by the museum superintendent at The Hague. "And, by the by," he added, "as soon as this superintendent discovered I was from America, he told me if I would go into his office he would show me the greatest curiosity in the Museum. I went, and he pointed to the card of 'P. T. Barnum' which he had conspicuously nailed up over his desk; he then told me about your visit to the Museum last week."

"Did he sell you any paintings?" I asked.

"No," was the reply; "but he informed me that as executor of an estate, including a fine gallery, he could sell me a few cases at a very low price, mainly on account of his high regard for the great republic to which I belonged."

I have no doubt that this estate is still unsettled, and that a few of the valuable paintings, if cheap Dutch artists keep up the supply, are still for sale to the public generally, and to representatives of the revered republic especially. Undoubtedly this kind of business will continue so long as Waterloo relics are

manufactured at Birmingham, and are sent to be plowed in and dug up again on the memorable field where Wellington met Napoleon. And how many very worthy persons there are, like the superintendent of the Hague Museum, who have been terribly shocked at the story of the Fejee Mermaid and the Woolly Horse!

After a truly delightful visit in Holland, we went back to England; and, proceeding to Manchester, opened our exhibition. For several days the hall was crowded to overflowing at each of the three, and sometimes four, entertainments we gave every day. By this time, my wife and two youngest daughters had come over to London, and I hired furnished lodgings in the suburbs where they could live within the strictest limits of economy. It was necessary now for me to return for a few weeks to America, to assist personally in forwarding a settlement of the clock difficulties. So leaving the little General in the hands of trusty and competent agents to carry on the exhibitions in my absence, I set my face once more towards home and the west, and took steamer at Liverpool for New York.

. . .

After my arrival in New York, oftentimes in passing up and down Broadway I saw old and prosperous friends coming, but before I came anywhere near them, if they espied me they would dodge into a store, or across the street, or opportunely meet some one with whom they had pressing business, or they would be very much interested in something that was going on over the way or on top of the City Hall. I was delighted at this, for it gave me at once a new sensation and a new experience. "Aha!" I said to myself, "my butterfly friends, I know you now; and what is more to the point, if ever I get out of this bewilderment of broken clock-wheels, I shall not forget you"; and I heartily thanked the old clock concern for giving me the opportunity to learn this sad but most needful lesson. I had

a very few of the same sort of experiences in Bridgeport, and they proved valuable to me.

Mr. James D. Johnson, of Bridgeport, one of my assignees, who had written to me that my personal presence might facilitate a settlement of my affairs, told me soon after my arrival that there was no probability of disposing of Iranistan at present, and that I might as well move my family into the house. I had arrived in August and my family followed me from London in September, and October 20, 1857, my second daughter, Helen, was married in the house of her elder sister, Mrs. D. W. Thompson, in Bridgeport, to Mr. Samuel H. Hurd.

Meanwhile, Iranistan, which had been closed and unoccupied for more than two years, was once more opened to the carpenters and painters whom Mr. Johnson sent there to put the house in order. He agreed with me that it was best to keep the property as long as possible, and in the interval, till a purchaser for the estate appeared, or till it was forced to auction, to take up the clock notes whenever they were offered. The workmen who were employed in the house were specially instructed not to smoke there, but nevertheless it was subsequently discovered that some of the men were in the habit occasionally of going into the main dome to eat their dinners which they brought with them, and that they stayed there awhile after dinner to smoke their pipes. In all probability, one of these lighted pipes was left on the cushion which covered the circular seat in the dome and ignited the tow with which the cushion was stuffed. It may have been days and even weeks before this smouldering tow fire burst into flame.

I was staying at the Astor House, in New York, when, on the morning of December 18, 1857, I received a telegram from my brother Philo F. Barnum, dated at Bridgeport and informing me that Iranistan was burned to the ground that morning. The alarm was given at eleven o'clock on the night of the 17th, and the fire burned till one o'clock on the morning of the 18th. My beautiful Iranistan was gone! This was not only a serious loss to my estate, for it had probably cost at least $150,000,

but it was generally regarded as a public calamity. It was the only building in its peculiar style of architecture, of any pretension, in America, and many persons visited Bridgeport every year expressly to see Iranistan. The insurance on the mansion had usually been about $62,000, but I had let some of the policies expire without renewing them, so that at the time of the fire there was only $28,000 insurance on the property. Most of the furniture and pictures were saved, generally in a damaged state.

Subsequently, my assignees sold the grounds and outhouses of Iranistan to the late Elias Howe, Jr., the celebrated inventor of the needle for sewing-machines.[4] The property brought $50,000, which, with the $28,000 insurance, went into my assets to satisfy clock creditors. It was Mr. Howe's intention to erect a splendid mansion on the estate, but his untimely and lamented death prevented the fulfillment of the plan.

[4] The sentence is left, without comment, as Barnum wrote it. [Ed.]

CHAPTER XXXI

THE ART OF MONEY-GETTING

Back Once More to England — Tour through Scotland and Wales — How I Came to Lecture — Advice of My Friends — What the Papers Said about Me — Praise of the London Press — Lecturing in the Provinces — Performances at Cambridge — Call for Joice Heth — Extraordinary Fun at Oxford — The Audience and Lecturer Taking Turns — A University Breakfast — Magnificent Offer for a Copyright — Success of My Enterprise — More Money for the Clock Creditors.

SEEING the necessity of making more money to assist in extricating me from my financial difficulties, and leaving my affairs in the hands of Mr. James D. Johnson — my wife and youngest daughter, Pauline, boarding with my eldest daughter, Mrs. Thompson, in Bridgeport — early in 1858, I went back to England, and took Tom Thumb to all the principal places in Scotland and Wales, giving many exhibitions and making much money, which was remitted, as heretofore, to my agents and assignees in America.

Finding, after a while, that my personal attention was not needed in the Tom Thumb exhibitions and confiding him almost wholly to agents who continued the tour through Great Britain, under my general advice and instruction, I turned my individual attention to a new field. At the suggestion of several American gentlemen, resident in London, I prepared a lecture on "The Art of Money-Getting." I told my friends that, considering my clock complications, I thought I was more competent to speak on "The Art of Money-Losing"; but they encouraged me by reminding me that I could not have lost money if I had not previously possessed the faculty of making it. They further assured me that my name having been intimately associated with the Jenny Lind concerts and other great money-

making enterprises, the lecture would be sure to prove attractive and profitable.

The old clocks ticked in my ear the reminder that I should improve every opportunity to "turn an honest penny," and my lecture was duly announced for delivery in the great St. James' Hall, Regent street, Piccadilly. It was thoroughly advertised — a feature I never neglected — and, at the appointed time, the hall, which would hold three thousand people, was completely filled, at prices of three and two shillings (seventy-five and fifty cents) per seat, according to location. It was the evening of December 29, 1858. Since my arrival in Great Britain the previous spring, I had spent months in travelling with General Tom Thumb, and now I was to present myself in a new capacity to the English public as a lecturer. I could see in my audience all my American friends who had suggested this effort; all my theatrical and literary friends; and as I saw several gentlemen whom I knew to be connected with the leading London papers, I felt sure that my success or failure would be duly chronicled next morning. There was, moreover, a general audience that seemed eager to see the "showman" of whom they had heard so much, and to catch from his lips the "art" which, in times past, had contributed so largely to his success in life. Stimulated by these things, I tried to do my best, and I think I did it. The following is the lecture substantially as it was delivered, though it was interspersed with many anecdotes and illustrations which are necessarily omitted; and I should add, that the subjoined copy being adapted to the meridian in which it has been repeatedly delivered, contains numerous local allusions to men and matters in the United States, which, of course, did not appear in the original draft prepared for my English audiences:

[*The lecture appears on pp. 457–500 of "Struggles and Triumphs" (1869). For the present edition, it has been removed from its original context to the Appendix, where it is given in full.* — Ed.]

Nearly every paper in London had something to say about

my lecture, and in almost every instance the matter and manner of the lecturer were unqualifiedly approved. Indeed, the profusion of praise quite overwhelmed me. The London "Times," December 30, 1858, concluded a half-column criticism with the following paragraph:

> We are bound to admit that Mr. Barnum is one of the most entertaining lecturers that ever addressed an audience on a theme universally intelligible. The appearance of Mr. Barnum, it should be added, has nothing of the "charlatan" about it, but is that of the thoroughly respectable man of business; and he has at command a fund of dry humor that convulses everybody with laughter, while he himself remains perfectly serious. A sonorous voice and an admirably clear delivery complete his qualifications as a lecturer, in which capacity he is no "humbug," either in a higher or lower sense of the word.

The London "Morning Post," the "Advertiser," the "Chronicle," the "Telegraph," the "Herald," the "News," the "Globe," the "Sun," and other lesser journals of the same date, all contained lengthy and favorable notices and criticisms of my lecture. My own lavish advertisements were as nothing to the notoriety which the London newspapers voluntarily and editorially gave to my new enterprise. The weekly and literary papers followed in the train; and even "Punch," which had already done so much to keep Tom Thumb before the public, gave me a half-page notice, with an illustration, and thereafter favored me with frequent paragraphs. The city thus prepared the provinces to give me a cordial reception.

During the year 1859, I delivered this lecture nearly one hundred times in different parts of England, returning occasionally to London to repeat it to fresh audiences, and always with pecuniary success. Every provincial paper had something to say about Barnum and "The Art of Money-Getting," and I was never more pleasantly or profusely advertised. The tour, too, made me acquainted with many new people and added fresh and fast friends to my continually increasing list. My lec-

turing season is among my most grateful memories of England.

Remembering my experiences, some years before, with General Tom Thumb at Oxford and Cambridge, and the fondness of the undergraduates for practical joking, I was quite prepared, when I made up my mind to visit those two cities, to take any quantity of "chaff" and lampooning which the university boys might choose to bring. I was sure of a full house in each city, and as I was anxious to earn all the money I could, so as to hasten my deliverance from financial difficulties, I fully resolved to put up with whatever offered — indeed, I rather liked the idea of an episode in the steady run of praise which had followed my lecture everywhere, and I felt, too, in the coming encounter that I might give quite as much as I was compelled to take.

I commenced at Cambridge, and, as I expected, to an overflowing house, largely composed of undergraduates. Soon after I began to speak, one of the young men called out: "Where is Joice Heth?" to which I very coolly replied:

"Young gentleman, please to restrain yourself till the conclusion of the lecture, when I shall take great delight in affording you, or any others of her posterity, all the information I possess concerning your deceased relative."

This reply turned the laugh against the youthful and anxious inquirer and had the effect of keeping other students quiet for a half hour. Thereafter, questions of a similar character were occasionally propounded, but as each inquirer generally received a prompt Roland for his Oliver, there was far less interruption than I had anticipated. The proceeds of the evening were more than one hundred pounds sterling, an important addition to my treasury at that time. At the close of the lecture, several students invited me to a sumptuous supper where I met, among other undergraduates, a nephew of Lord Macaulay, the historian. This young gentleman insisted upon my breakfasting with him at his rooms next morning, but as I was anxious to take an early train for London, I only called to leave

my card, and after his "gyp" had given me a strong cup of coffee, I hastened away, leaving the young Macaulay, whom I did not wish to disturb, fast asleep in bed.

At Oxford the large hall was filled half an hour before the time announced for the lecture to begin and the sale of tickets was stopped. I then stepped upon the platform, and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: As every seat is occupied and the ticket-office is closed, I propose to proceed with my lecture now, and not keep you waiting till the advertised hour."

"Good for you, old Barnum," said one. "Time is money," said another. "Nothing like economy," came from a third, and other remarks and exclamations followed which excited much laughter in the audience. Holding up my hand as a signal that I was anxious to say something so soon as silence should be restored, I thus addressed my audience:

"Young gentlemen, I have a word or two to say, in order that we may have a thorough understanding between ourselves at the outset. I see symptoms of a pretty jolly time here this evening, and you have paid me liberally for the single hour of my time which is at your service. I am an old traveller and an old showman, and I like to please my patrons. Now, it is quite immaterial to me. You may furnish the entertainment for the hour, or I will endeavor to do so, or we will take portions of the time by turns —you supplying a part of the amusement, and I a part; — as we say sometimes in America, 'You pays your money, and you takes your choice.'"

My auditors were in the best of humor from the beginning, and my frankness pleased them. "Good for you, old Barnum," cried their leader; and I went on with my lecture for some fifteen minutes, when a voice called out:

"Come, old chap! you must be tired by this time; hold up now till we sing 'Yankee Doodle,'" whereupon they all joined in that pleasing air with a vigor which showed that they had thoroughly prepared themselves for the occasion, and meanwhile I took a chair and sat down to show them that I was quite satisfied with their manner of passing the time. When the song

was concluded, the leader of the party said: "Now, Mr. Barnum, you may go ahead again."

I looked at my watch and quietly remarked, "Oh! there is time for lots of fun yet; we have nearly forty minutes of the hour remaining," and I proceeded with my lecture, or rather a lecture, for I began to adapt my remarks to the audience and the occasion. At intervals of ten minutes, or so, came interruptions which I, as my audience saw, fully enjoyed as much as the house did. When this miscellaneous entertainment was concluded, and I stopped short at the end of the hour, crowds of the young men pressed forward to shake hands with me, declaring that they had had a "jolly good time," while the leader said: "Stay with us a week, Barnum, and we will dine you, wine you, and give you full houses every night." But I was announced to lecture in London the next evening and I could not accept the pressing invitation, though I would gladly have stayed through the week. They asked me all sorts of questions about America, the Museum, my various shows and successes, and expressed the hope that I would come out of my clock troubles all right.

At least a score of them pressed me to breakfast with them next morning, but I declined, till one young gentleman put it on this purely personal ground: "My dear sir, you must breakfast with me; I have almost split my throat in screaming here to-night and it is only fair that you should repay me by coming to see me in the morning." This appeal was irresistible, and at the appointed time I met him and half a dozen of his friends at his table and we spent a very pleasant hour together. They complimented me on the tact and equanimity I had exhibited the previous evening, but I replied: "Oh! I was quite inclined to have you enjoy your fun, and came fully prepared for it."

But they liked better, they said, to get the party angry. A fortnight before, they told me, my friend Howard Paul had left them in disgust, because they insisted upon smoking while his wife was on the stage, adding that the entertainment was excellent and that Howard Paul could have made a thousand

pounds if he had not let his anger drive him away. My new-found friends parted with me at the railway station, heartily urging me to come again, and my ticket-seller returned £169 as the immediate result of an evening's good-natured fun with the Oxford boys.

After delivering my lecture many times in different places, a prominent publishing house in London offered me £1,200 ($6,000) for the copyright. This offer I declined,[1] not that I thought the lecture worth more money, but because I had engaged to deliver it in several towns and cities, and I thought the publication would be detrimental to the public delivery of my lecture. It was a source of very considerable emolument to me, bringing in much money, which went towards the redemption of my pecuniary obligations, so that the lecture itself was an admirable illustration of "The Art of Money-Getting."

[1] The lecture appeared in pamphlet form in 1882 (New York), under the title: "The Art of Money-Getting; or Hints and Helps How to Make a Fortune." [Ed.]

CHAPTER XXXII

AN ENTERPRISING ENGLISHMAN

An English Yankee — My First Interview with Him — His Plans Based on Barnum's Book — Advertising for Partners — How My Rules Made Him Rich — Method in Madness — "Barnum" of Bury — Dinner to Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt — My Agent in Paris — Measuring a Monster — How Giants and Dwarfs Stretch and Contract — An Unwilling Frenchman — A Persistent Measurer — A Gigantic Humbug — The Steam-Engines "Barnum" and "Charity" — What "Charity" Did for "Barnum" — Selling the Same Goods a Thousand Times — The Great Cakes — Simnel Sunday — The Sanitary Commission Fair.

WHILE visiting Manchester, in 1858, I was invited by Mr. Peacock, the lessee, to deliver a lecture in "Free Trade Hall." I gave a lecture, the title of which I now forget; but I well remember it contained numerous personal reminiscences. The next day a gentleman named John Fish sent his card to my room at the hotel where I was stopping. I requested the servant to show him up at once, and he soon appeared and introduced himself. At first he seemed somewhat embarrassed, but gradually broke the ice by saying he had been pleased in listening to my lecture the previous evening, and added that he knew my history pretty well, as he had read my autobiography. As his embarrassment at first meeting with a stranger wore away, he informed me that he was joint proprietor with another gentleman in a "cotton-mill" in Bury, near Manchester, "although," he modestly added, "only a few years ago I was working as a journeyman, and probably should have been at this time, had it not been for your book." Observing my surprise at this announcement, he continued:

"The fact is, Mr. Barnum, upon reading your autobiography,[1] I thought I perceived you tried to make yourself out

[1] "The Life of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself" (New York, 1855). [Ed.]

something worse than you really were; for I discovered a pleasant spirit and a good heart under the rougher exterior in which you chose to present yourself to the public; but," he added, "after reading your life I found myself in possession of renewed strength, and awakened energies and aspirations, and I said to myself, 'Why can't I go ahead and make money as Barnum did? He commenced without money and succeeded; why may not I?' In this train of thought," he continued, "I went to a newspaper office and advertised for a partner with money to join me in establishing a cotton-mill. I had no applications, and, remembering your experiences when you had money and wanted a partner, I spent half a crown in a similar experiment. I advertised for a partner to join a man who had plenty of capital. Then I had lots of applicants ready to introduce me into all sorts of occupations, from that of a banker to that of a horse-jockey or gambler, if I would only furnish the money to start with. After a while, I advertised again for a partner, and obtained one with money. We have a good mill. I devote myself closely to business, and have been very successful. I know every line in your book; so, indeed, do several members of my family; and I have conducted my business on the principles laid down in your published 'Rules for Money-Making.'[2] I find them correct principles; and, sir, I have sought this interview in order to thank you for publishing your autobiography, and to tell you that to that act of yours I attribute my present position in life."

Of course, I was pleased and surprised at this revelation, and, feeling that my new friend had somewhat exaggerated the results of my labors as influencing his own, I said:

"Your statement is certainly very flattering, and I am glad if I have been able in any manner, through my experiences, to aid you in starting in life; but I presume your genius would have found vent in good time if I had never written a book."

[2] "Barnum's Rules for Success in Business" (to use the correct title), as they appeared on pp. 394–399 of the 1855 "Life," are given in the Appendix to the present edition. [Ed.]

"No, indeed, it would not," he replied, in an earnest tone; "I am sure I should have worked as a mill-hand all my life if it had not been for you. Oh, I have made no secret of it," he continued; "the commercial men with whom I deal know all about it; indeed, they call me 'Barnum' on 'change here in Manchester."

On one occasion, when General Tom Thumb exhibited in Bury, Mr. Fish closed his mill, and gave each of his employees a ticket to the exhibition; out of respect, as he said, to Barnum. On a subsequent occasion, when the little General visited England the last time, Mr. Fish invited him, his wife, Commodore Nutt, Minnie Warren, and the managers of the "show" to a splendid and sumptuous dinner at his house, which the distinguished little party enjoyed exceedingly.

My friend Fish expressed himself extremely anxious to do any service for me which might at any time be in his power. Soon after I arrived in America, I read an account of a French giant, then exhibiting in Paris, and said to be over eight feet in height. As this was a considerably greater altitude than any specimen of the *genus homo* within my knowledge had attained, I wrote to my friend Fish to take a trip to Paris for me, secure an interview with this modern Anak, and by actual measurement obtain for me his exact height. I enclosed an offer for this giant's services, arranging the price on a sliding scale, according to what his height should actually prove to be — commencing at eight feet, and descending to seven feet two inches: and, if he was not taller than the latter figure, I did not want him at all.

Mr. Fish, placing an English two-foot rule in his pocket, started for Paris; and, after much difficulty and several days' delay in trying to speak with the giant, who was closely watched by his exhibitor, succeeded in appointing an interview at the giant's lodgings. And now came a trouble which required all the patience and diplomacy which my agent could command. Mr. Fish, arriving at the place of rendezvous, told the giant who he was, and the object of his visit. In fact, he showed him

my letter, and read the tempting offers which I made for his services, provided he measured eight feet, or even came within six inches of that height.

"Oh, I measure over eight feet in height," said the giant. "Very likely," replied my faithful agent, "but you see, my orders are to measure you." "There's no need of that, you can see for yourself," stretching himself up a few inches, by aid of that peculiar muscular knack which giants and dwarfs exercise when they desire to extend or diminish their apparent stature.

"No doubt you are right," persisted the agent; "but you see that is not according to orders." "Well, stand alongside of me; see, the top of your hat don't come to my shoulder," said the giant, as he swung his arm completely over Mr. Fish's head, hat and all.

But my wary agent happened just then to be watching the giant's feet and knees, and he thought he saw a movement around the "understandings" that materially helped the elevation of the "upperworks." "It is all very well," said Mr. Fish; "but I tell you, if I am not permitted to measure your height, I shall not engage you." My offer had been very liberal; in fact, provided he was eight feet high, it was more than four times the amount the giant was then receiving. It was evidently a great temptation to his "highness" and quite as evidently he did not want to be fairly measured. "Well," said the giant, "if you can't take my word for it, look at that door; you see my head is more than two feet above the top [giving his neck and every muscle in his body a severe stretch]. Just measure the height of that door." My English friend plainly saw that the giant felt that he could not come up to the mark, and he laughed at this last ruse. "Oh, I don't want to measure the door; I prefer to measure you," said Mr. Fish, coolly. The giant was now desperate, and, stretching himself up to the highest point, he exclaimed: "Well, be quick! put your rule down to my feet and measure me; no delay, if you please."

The giant knew he could not hold himself up many seconds to the few extra inches he had imparted to his extended mus-

cles; but his remark had drawn Mr. Fish's attention to his feet, and from the feet to the boots, and he began to open his eyes. "Look here, monsieur," he exclaimed with much earnestness, "this sort of thing won't do, you know. I don't understand this contrivance around the soles of your boots, but it seems to me you have got a set of springs in there which materially aids your altitude a few inches when you desire it. Now, I shall stand no more nonsense. If I engage you at all, you must first take off your boots, and lie flat upon your back in the middle of the floor." The giant grumbled and talked about his word being doubted and his honor assailed, but Mr. Fish calmly persisted, until at length he slowly took off his coat and gradually got down on the floor. Stretched upon his back, he made several vain efforts to extend his natural height. Mr. Fish carefully applied his English two-foot rule, the result of the measurement causing him much astonishment, and the giant more indignation, the giant measuring exactly seven feet one and one-half inches. So he was not engaged, and my agent returned to England and wrote me a most amusing letter giving the particulars of the gigantic interview.

On the occasion of the erection of a new engine in his mill, Mr. Fish proposed naming it after his daughter, but she insisted it should be christened "Barnum," and it was so done, with considerable ceremony. Subsequently he introduced a second engine into his enlarged mill, and named this, after my wife, "Charity."

A short time since, I wrote informing him that I desired to give some of the foregoing facts in my book, and asked him to give me his consent, and also to furnish me some particulars in regard to the engines, and the capacity of his mill. He wrote in return a modest letter, which is so characteristic of my whole-souled friend that I cannot forbear making the following extracts from it:

"Had I made a fortune of £100,000 I should have been proud of a place in your autobiography; but as I have only been able to make [here he named a sum which in this country

would be considered almost a fortune], I feel I should be out of place in your pages; at all events, if you mention me at all, draw it mildly, if you please.

"The American war has made sad havoc in our trade, and it is only by close attention to business that I have lately been at all successful. I have built a place for one thousand looms, and have, as you know, put in a pair of engines, which I have named 'Barnum' and 'Charity.' Each engine has its name engraved on two large brass plates at either end of the cylinder, which has often caused much mirth when I have explained the circumstances to visitors. I started and christened 'Charity' on the fourteenth of January last, and she has saved me £12 per month in coals ever since. The steam from the boiler goes first to 'Charity' (she is high pressure), and 'Barnum' only gets the steam after she has done with it. He has to work at low pressure (a condensing engine), and the result is a saving. Barnum was extravagant when he took steam direct, but since I fixed Charity betwixt him and the boiler, he can only get what she gives him. This reminds me that you state in your 'Life' you could always make money, but formerly did not save it. Perhaps you never took care of it till Charity became Chancellor of Exchequer. When I visited you at the Bull Hotel, in Blackburn, you pointed to General Tom Thumb, and said: 'That is my piece of goods; I have sold it hundreds of thousands of times, and have never yet delivered it!' That was ten years ago, in 1858. If I had been doing the same with my pieces of calico, I must have been wealthy by this time; but I have been hammering at one (cotton) nail several months, and, as it did not offer to clinch, I was almost tempted to doubt one of your 'rules,' and thought I would drive at some other nail; but, on reflection, I knew I understood cotton better than anything else, and so I back up your rule and stick to cotton, not doubting it will be all right and successful."

Mr. Fish was one of the large class of English manufacturers who suffered seriously from the effects of the rebellion in the United States. As an Englishman he could not have a patriot's

interest in the progress of that terrible struggle; but he made a practical exhibition of sympathy for the suffering soldiers, in a pleasant and characteristic manner.

The great Fair of the Sanitary Commission, held in New York during the war, affords one of the most interesting chapters in American history. It meant cordial for the sick and suffering in the hospitals, and balm and relief for the wounded in the field. None of those who visited the Fair will forget, in the multiplicity of offerings to put money into the treasury of the Commission, two monster cakes, which were as strange in shape and ornament as they were fairly mammoth in their proportions. One of these great cakes was covered with miniature forts, ships of war, cannon, armies, arms of the whole "panoply of war," and it excited the attention of all visitors. This strange cake was what is called in Bury, England, where name, cake, and custom originated, a "simnel cake," and an interesting history pertains to it.

There is an anniversary in Bury, and I believe only in that place in England, called "Simnel Sunday." Like many old observances, its origin is lost in antiquity; but on the fourth Sunday in Lent, which is Simnel Sunday, everybody in Bury eats simnel cake. It is a high day for the inhabitants, and the streets are thronged with people. During the preceding week, the shop windows of the confectioners exhibit a plethora of large, flat cakes, of a peculiar pattern and of toothsome composition. Every confectioner aims to outdo his rivals in the bigness of the one show-cake which nearly fills his window, and in the moulding and ornamental accessories. A local description, giving the requisite characteristics, says: "The great simnel must be rich, must be big, and must be novel in ornamentation." Such is the simnel cake, the specialty of Simnel Sunday, in the town of Bury, in Old England.[3]

[3] That neither "Simnel Sunday" nor "simnel cake" was peculiar to Bury (Lancashire), may be discovered from the "Encyclopædia Britannica's" article "Lent": "Mid-Lent, or the fourth Sunday in Lent, was long known as *Mothering Sunday*, in allusion to the custom for girls in service to be allowed a holiday

And such was the monster cake, with its warlike emblems, which attracted so much attention at the Fair, and added considerably to the receipts for the Sanitary Commission. It was sent to me expressly for this Fair, by my friend Fish, and, while it was in itself a generous gift, it was doubly so as coming from an English manufacturer who had suffered by the war. The second great simnel cake which stood beside it in the Fair was sent to me personally by Mr. Fish; but with his permission I took much pleasure in contributing it, with his own offering, for the benefit of our suffering soldiers.

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on that day to visit their parents. They usually took as a present for their mother a small cake known as a *simnel*. In shape it resembled a pork-pie but in materials it was a rich plum-pudding. The word is derived through M. Lat. *simenellus*, *simella*, from Lat. *simila*, wheat flour. In Gloucestershire simnel cakes are still common; and at Usk, Monmouth, the custom of mothering is still scrupulously observed." This was presumably so late as 1910 ("Britannica," 11th ed., 1910–1911). [Ed.]

CHAPTER XXXIII

RICHARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN

At Home — Extinguishment of the Clock Debts — A Rascally Proposition — Barnum on His Feet Again — Re-purchase of the Museum — A Gala Day — My Reception by My Friends — The Story of My Troubles — How I Waded Ashore — Promises to the Public — The Public Response — Museum Visitors — The Receipts Doubled — How the Press Received the News of Restoration — The Sycophants — Old and Fast Friends — Robert Bonner — Consideration and Courtesy of Creditors — The Boston "Saturday Evening Gazette" Again.

In 1859 I returned to the United States. During my last visit abroad I had secured many novelties for the Museum, including the Albino Family, which I engaged at Amsterdam, and Thiodon's mechanical theatre, which I found at Southampton, beside purchasing many curiosities. These things all afforded me a liberal commission, and thus, by constant and earnest effort, I made much money, besides what I derived from the Tom Thumb exhibitions, my lectures, and other enterprises. All of this money, as well as my wife's income and a considerable sum raised by selling a portion of her property, was faithfully devoted to the one great object of my life at that period — my extrication from those crushing clock debts. I worked and I saved. When my wife and youngest daughter were not boarding in Bridgeport, they lived frugally in the suburbs, in a small one-story house which was hired at the rate of $150 a year. I had now been struggling about four years with the difficulties of my one great financial mistake, and the end still seemed to be far off. I felt that the land purchased by my wife in East Bridgeport at the assignees' sale would, after a while, increase rapidly in value; and on the strength of this expectation more money was borrowed for the sake of taking up the clock notes, and some of the East Bridgeport prop-

erty was sold in single lots, the proceeds going to the same object.

At last, in March, 1860, all the clock indebtedness was satisfactorily extinguished, excepting some $20,000 which I had bound myself to take up within a certain number of months, my friend James D. Johnson guaranteeing my bond to that effect. Mr. Johnson was by far my most effective agent in working me through these clock troubles, and in aiding to bring them to a successful conclusion. Another man, however, who pretended to be my friend, and whom I liberally paid to assist in bringing me out of my difficulties, gained my confidence, possessed himself of a complete knowledge of the situation of my affairs, and then coolly proposed to Mr. Johnson to counteract all my efforts to get out of debt, and to divide between them what could be got out of my estate. Failing in this, the scoundrel, taking advantage of the confidence reposed in him, slyly arranged with the owners of clock notes to hold on to them, and share with him whatever they might gain by adopting his advice, he assuming that he knew all my secrets and that I would soon come out all right again. Thus I had to contend with foes from within as well as without; but the "spotting" of this traitor was worth something, for it opened my eyes in relation to former transactions in which I had intrusted large sums of money to his hands, and it put me on guard for the future. But I bear no malice towards him; I only pity him, as I do any man who knows so little of the true road to contentment and happiness as to think that it lies in the direction of dishonesty.

I need not dwell upon the details of what I suffered from the doings of those heartless, unscrupulous men who fatten upon the misfortunes of others. It is enough to say that I triumphed over them and all my troubles. I was once more a free man. At last I was able to make proclamation that "Richard's himself again"; that Barnum was once more on his feet. The Museum had not flourished greatly in the hands of Messrs. Greenwood & Butler, and so, when I was free, I was quite willing to take

back the property upon terms that were entirely satisfactory to them. I had once retired from the establishment a man of independent fortune; I was now ready to return, to make, if possible, another fortune.

On the 17th of March, 1860, Messrs. Butler & Greenwood signed an agreement to sell and deliver to me on the following Saturday, March 24th, their good will and entire interest in the Museum collection. This fact was thoroughly circulated and it was everywhere announced in blazing posters, placards, and advertisements which were headed, "Barnum on his feet again." It was furthermore stated that the Museum would be closed, March 24th, for one week for repairs and general renovation, to be re-opened, March 31st, under the management and proprietorship of its original owner. It was also announced that on the night of closing I would address the audience from the stage.

The American Museum, decorated on that occasion, as on holidays, with a brilliant display of flags and banners, was filled to its utmost capacity, and I experienced profound delight at seeing hundreds of old friends of both sexes in the audience. I lacked but four months of being fifty years of age; but I felt all the vigor and ambition that fired me when I first took possession of the premises twenty years before; and I was confident that the various experiences of that score of years would be valuable to me in my second effort to secure an independence.

At the rising of the curtain and before the play commenced, I stepped on the stage and was received by the large and brilliant audience with an enthusiasm far surpassing anything of the kind I had ever experienced or witnessed in a public career of a quarter of a century. Indeed, this tremendous demonstration nearly broke me down, and my voice faltered and tears came to my eyes as I thought of this magnificent conclusion to the trials and struggles of the past four years. Recovering myself, however, I bowed my grateful acknowledgments for the reception, and addressed the audience as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I should be more or less than human, if I could meet this unexpected and overwhelming testimonial at your hands, without the deepest emotion. My own personal connection with the Museum is now resumed, and I avail myself of the circumstance to say why it is so. Never did I feel stronger in my worldly prosperity than in September, 1855. Three months later, I was so deeply embarrassed that I felt certain of nothing, except the uncertainty of everything. A combination of singular efforts and circumstances tempted me to put faith in a certain clock manufacturing company, and I placed my signature to papers which ultimately broke me down. After nearly five years of hard struggle to keep my head above water, I have touched bottom at last, and here, to-night, I am happy to announce that I have waded ashore. Every clock debt of which I have any knowledge has been provided for. Perhaps, after the troubles and turmoils I have experienced, I should feel no desire to re-engage in the excitements of business, but a man like myself, less than fifty years of age, and enjoying robust health, is scarcely old enough to be embalmed and put in a glass case in the Museum as one of its million of curiosities. 'It is better to wear out than rust out.' Besides, if a man of active temperament is not busy, he is apt to get into mischief. To avoid evil, therefore, and since business activity is a necessity of my nature, here I am, once more, in the Museum, and among those with whom I have been so long and so pleasantly identified. I am confident of a cordial welcome, and hence feel some claim to your indulgence while I briefly allude to the means of my present deliverance from utter financial ruin. Need I say, in the first place, that I am somewhat indebted to the forbearance of generous creditors. In the next place, permit me to speak of sympathizing friends, whose volunteered loans and exertions vastly aided my rescue. When my day of sorrow came, I first paid or secured every debt I owed of a personal nature. This done, I felt bound in honor to give up all of my property that remained towards liquidating my 'clock debts.' I placed it in the hands of trustees and re-

ceivers for the benefit of all the 'clock' creditors. But, at the forced sale of my Connecticut real estate, there was a purchaser behind the screen, of whom the world had little knowledge. In the day of my prosperity I made over to my wife much valuable property, including the lease of this Museum building — a lease then having about twenty-two years to run, and enhanced in value to more than double its original worth. I sold the Museum collection to Messrs. Greenwood and Butler, subject to my wife's separate interest in the lease, and she has received more than eighty thousand dollars over and above the sums paid to the owners of the building. Instead of selfishly applying this amount to private purposes, my family lived with a due regard to economy, and the savings (strictly belonging to my wife) were devoted to buying in portions of my estate at the assignees' sales, and to purchasing 'clock notes' bearing my indorsements. The Christian name of my wife is Charity. I may well acknowledge, therefore, that I am not only a proper 'subject of charity,' but that 'without Charity, I am nothing.'

"But, ladies and gentlemen, while Charity thus labored in my behalf, Faith and Hope were not idle. I have been anything but indolent during the last four years. Driven from pillar to post, and annoyed beyond description by all sorts of legal claims and writs, I was perusing protests and summonses by day, and dreaming of clocks run down by night. My head was ever whizzing with dislocated cog-wheels and broken mainsprings; my whole mind (and my credit) was running upon tick, and everything pressing on me like a dead weight.

"In this state of affairs I felt that I was of no use on this side of the Atlantic; so, giving the pendulum a swing, and seizing time by the forelock, I went to Europe. There I furtively pulled the wires of several exhibitions, among which that of Tom Thumb may be mentioned for example. I managed a variety of musical and commercial speculations in Great Britain, Germany, and Holland. These enterprises, together with the net profits of my public lectures, enabled me to remit large sums to

confidential agents for the purchase of my obligations. In this manner, I quietly extinguished, little by little, every dollar of my clock liabilities. I could not have achieved this difficult feat, however, without the able assistance of enthusiastic friends, — and among the chief of them let me gratefully acknowledge the invaluable services of Mr. James D. Johnson, a gentleman of wealth, in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Other gentlemen have been generous with me. Some have loaned me large sums, without security, and have placed me under obligations which must ever command my honest gratitude; but Mr. Johnson has been a 'friend indeed,' for he has been truly a 'friend in need.'

"You must not infer, from what I have said, that I have completely recovered from the stunning blow to which I was subjected four years ago. I have lost more in the way of tens of thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands, than I care to remember. A valuable portion of my real estate in Connecticut, however, has been preserved, and as I feel all the ardor of twenty years ago, and the prospect here is so flattering, my heart is animated with the hope of ultimately, by enterprise and activity, obliterating unpleasant reminiscences, and retrieving the losses of the past. Experience, too, has taught me not only that even in the matter of money, 'enough is as good as a feast,' but that there are, in this world, some things vastly better than the Almighty Dollar! Possibly I may contemplate, at times, the painful day when I said: 'Othello's occupation's gone'; but I shall more frequently cherish the memory of this moment, when I am permitted to announce that 'Richard's himself again.'

"Many people have wondered that a man considered so acute as myself should have been deluded into embarrassments like mine, and not a few have declared, in short metre, that 'Barnum was a fool.' I can only reply that I never made pretensions to the sharpness of a pawn-broker, and I hope I shall never so entirely lose confidence in human nature as to consider every man a scamp by instinct, or a rogue by necessity.

'It is better to be deceived sometimes, than to distrust always,' says Lord Bacon, and I agree with him.[1]

"Experience is said to be a hard schoolmaster, but I should be sorry to feel that this great lesson in adversity has not brought forth fruits of some value. I needed the discipline this tribulation has given me, and I really feel, after all, that this, like many other apparent evils, was only a blessing in disguise. Indeed, I may mention that the very clock factory which I built in Bridgeport, for the purpose of bringing hundreds of workmen to that city, has been purchased and quadrupled in size by the Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine Company, and is now filled with intelligent New England mechanics, whose families add two thousand to the population, and who are doing a great work in building up and beautifying that flourishing city. So that the same concern which prostrated me seems destined as a most important agent towards my recuperation. I am certain that the popular sympathy has been with me from the beginning; and this, together with a consciousness of rectitude, is more than an offset to all the vicissitudes to which I have been subjected.

"In conclusion, I beg to assure you and the public that my chief pleasure, while health and strength are spared me, will be to cater for your and their healthy amusement and instruction. In future, such capabilities as I possess will be devoted to the maintenance of this Museum as a popular place of family resort, in which all that is novel and interesting shall be gathered from the four quarters of the globe, and which ladies and children may visit at all times unattended, without danger of encountering anything of an objectionable nature. The dramas introduced in the Lecture Room will never contain a profane

[1] Here the Editor may incidentally note that in the time at his disposal and with the sources he could readily consult (including the Selby edition of the "Essays," and the "Works" as edited by Spedding, Ellis, and Heath), he was unable to trace to their lair the words here quoted by that extensive reader P. T. B. La Rochefoucauld has (Maxim 84): "It is more disgraceful to mistrust our friends than to be deceived by them" (*Il est plus honteux de se défier de ses amis que d'en être trompé*). [Ed.]

expression or a vulgar allusion; on the contrary, their tendency will always be to encourage virtue, and frown upon vice.

"I have established connections in Europe, which will enable me to produce here a succession of interesting novelties otherwise inaccessible. Although I shall be personally present much of the time, and hope to meet many of my old acquaintances, as well as to form many new ones, I am sure you will be glad to learn that I have re-secured the services of one of the late proprietors, and the active manager of this Museum, Mr. John Greenwood, Jr. As he is a modest gentleman, who would be the last to praise himself, allow me to add that he is one to whose successful qualities as a caterer for the popular entertainment the crowds that have often filled this building may well bear testimony. But, more than this, he is the unobtrusive one to whose integrity, diligence, and devotion I owe much of my present position of self-congratulation. Mr. Greenwood will hereafter act as assistant manager, while his late co-partner, Mr. Butler, has engaged in another branch of business. Once more, thanking you all for your kind welcome, I bid you, till the re-opening, 'an affectionate adieu.'" [2]

This off-hand speech was received with almost tumultuous applause. At nearly fifty years of age, I was now once more before the public with the promise to put on a full head of steam, to "rush things," to give double or treble the amount of attractions ever before offered at the Museum, and to devote all my own time and services to the enterprise. In return, I asked that the public should give my efforts the patronage they merited, and the public took me at my word. The daily number of visitors at once more than doubled, and my exertions to gratify them with rapid changes and novelties never tired.

The announcement that "Richard's himself again" — that I was at last out of the financial entanglement — was variously received in the community. That portion of the press which had followed me with abuse when I was down, under the belief that

[2] This speech was published in an eight-page pamphlet bearing neither date nor publisher's name and entitled "Barnum on His Feet Again." [Ed.]

my case was past recovery, were chary in allusions to the new state of things, or passed them over without comment. The sycophants always knew I would get up again, "and said so at the time"; the many and noble journals which had stood by me and upheld me in my misfortunes, were of course rejoiced, and their words of sincere congratulation gave me a higher satisfaction than I have power of language to acknowledge. Letters of congratulation came in upon me from every quarter. Friendly hands that had never been withheld during the long period of my misfortune, were now extended with a still heartier grip. I never knew till now the warmth and number of my friends.

My editorial friend Mr. Robert Bonner, of the "New York Ledger,"[3] sincerely congratulated me upon my full and complete restoration. I had some new plays which were adapted from very popular stories which had been written for Mr. Bonner's paper, and I went to him to purchase, if I could, the large cuts he had used to advertise these stories in his street placards. He at once generously offered to lend them to me as long as I wished to use them and tendered me his services in any way. Mr. Bonner was the boldest of advertisers, following me closely in the field in which I was the pioneer, and to his judicious use of printers' ink, he owes the fine fortune which he so worthily deserves and enjoys.

Nor must I neglect to state that a large number of my creditors who held the clock notes, proved very magnanimous in taking into consideration the gross deception which had put me in their power. Not a few of them said to me in substance: "You never supposed you had made yourself liable for this debt; you were deluded into it; it is not right that it should be held over you to keep you hopelessly down; take it, and pay me such percentage as, under the circumstances, it is possible for you to pay." But for such men and such consideration I fear I should never have got on my feet again; and of the many who

[3] Bonner (1824–1899), though a believer in large publicity for the "Ledger" (which he founded in 1851), excluded advertising from its pages. [Ed.]

rejoiced in my bettered fortune, not a few were of this class of my creditors.

My old friend the Boston "Saturday Evening Gazette," which printed a few cheering poetical lines of consolation and hope when I was down, now gave me the following from the same graceful pen, conveying glowing words of congratulation at my rise again:

ANOTHER WORD FOR BARNUM

BARNUM, your hand! The struggle o'er,
You face the world and ask no favor;
You stand where you have stood before,
The old salt hasn't lost its savor.
You now can laugh with friends, at foes,
Ne'er heeding Mrs. Grundy's tattle;
You've dealt and taken sturdy blows,
Regardless of the rabble's prattle.

Not yours the heart to harbor ill
'Gainst those who've dealt in trivial jesting;
You pass them with the same good will
Erst shown when they their wit were testing.
You're the same Barnum that we knew,
You're good for years, still fit for labor,
Be as of old, be bold and true,
Honest as man, as friend, as neighbor.

CHAPTER XXXIV

MENAGERIE AND MUSEUM MEMORANDA

A Remarkable Character — Old "Grizzly" Adams — The California Menagerie — Terribly Wounded by Bears — My Uptown Show — Extraordinary Will and Vigor — A Lesson for Munchausen — The California Golden Pigeons — Pigeons of All Colors — Process of Their Creation — M. Guillaudeu — A Naturalist Deceived — The Most Wonderful Birds in the World — The Curiosities Transferred to the Menagerie — Old Adams Taken In — A Change of Color — Motley the Only Wear — Old "Grizzly" Undeceived — Tour of the Bear-Tamer through the Country — A Beautiful Hunting Suit — A Life and Death Struggle for a Wager — Old Adams Wins — His Death — The Last Joke on Barnum — The Prince of Wales Visits the Museum — I Call on the Prince in Boston — Stephen A. Douglas — "Before and After" in a Barber Shop — How Tom Higginson "Did" Barnum — The Museum Flourishing.

I WAS now fairly embarked on board the good old ship "American Museum," to try once more my skill as captain, and to see what fortune the voyage would bring me. Curiosities began to pour into the Museum halls, and I was eager for enterprises in the show line, whether as part of the Museum itself, or as outside accessories or accompaniments. Among the first to give me a call, with attractions sure to prove a success, was James C. Adams, of hard-earned, grizzly-bear fame. This extraordinary man was eminently what is called "a character." He was universally known as "Grizzly" Adams, from the fact that he had captured a great many grizzly bears, at the risk and cost of fearful encounters and perils. He was brave, and with his bravery there was enough of the romantic in his nature to make him a real hero. For many years a hunter and trapper in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains, he acquired a recklessness which, added to his natural invincible courage, rendered him one of the most striking men of the age, and he was

emphatically a man of pluck. A month after I had re-purchased the Museum, he arrived in New York with his famous collection of California animals, captured by himself, consisting of twenty or thirty immense grizzly bears, at the head of which stood "Old Sampson," together with several wolves, half a dozen different species of California bears, California lions, tigers, buffalo, elk, and "Old Neptune," the great sea-lion from the Pacific.

Old Adams had trained all these monsters so that with him they were as docile as kittens, though many of the most ferocious among them would attack a stranger without hesitation, if he came within their grasp. In fact the training of these animals was no fool's play, as Old Adams learned to his cost, for the terrific blows which he received from time to time, while teaching them "docility," finally cost him his life.

Adams called on me immediately on his arrival in New York. He was dressed in his hunter's suit of buckskin, trimmed with the skins and bordered with the hanging tails of small Rocky Mountain animals; his cap consisting of the skin of a wolf's head and shoulders, from which depended several tails, and under which appeared his stiff, bushy, gray hair and his long, white, grizzly beard; in fact Old Adams was quite as much of a show as his beasts. They had come around Cape Horn on the clipper ship "Golden Fleece," and a sea voyage of three-and-a-half months had probably not added much to the beauty or neat appearance of the old bear-hunter. During our conversation, "Grizzly" Adams took off his cap, and showed me the top of his head. His skull was literally broken in. It had on various occasions been struck by the fearful paws of his grizzly students; and the last blow, from the bear called "General Frémont," had laid open his brain so that its workings were plainly visible. I remarked that I thought it was a dangerous wound and might possibly prove fatal.

"Yes," replied Adams, "that will fix me out. It had nearly healed; but old Frémont opened it for me, for the third or fourth time, before I left California, and he did his business

so thoroughly, I'm a used-up man. However, I reckon I may live six months or a year yet." This was spoken as coolly as if he had been talking about the life of a dog. The immediate object of Old Adams in calling upon me was this: I had purchased, a week previously, one-half interest in his California menagerie, from a man who had come by way of the Isthmus from California, and who claimed to own an equal interest with Adams in the show. Adams declared that the man had only advanced him some money, and did not possess the right to sell half of the concern. However, the man held a bill of sale for half of the "California Menagerie," and Old Adams finally consented to accept me as an equal partner in the speculation, saying that he guessed I could do the managing part, and he would show up the animals. I obtained a canvas tent, and erecting it on the present site of Wallack's Theatre,[1] Adams there opened his novel California Menagerie. On the morning of opening, a band of music preceded a procession of animal cages down Broadway and up the Bowery, Old Adams dressed in his hunting costume, heading the line, with a platform wagon on which were placed three immense grizzly bears, two of which he held by chains, while he was mounted on the back of the largest grizzly, which stood in the centre and was not secured in any manner whatever. This was the bear known as "General Frémont," and so docile had he become that Adams said he had used him as a pack-bear to carry his cooking and hunting apparatus through the mountains for six months, and had ridden him hundreds of miles. But apparently docile as were many of these animals, there was not one among them that would not occasionally give Adams a sly blow or a sly bite when a good chance offered; hence Old Adams was but a wreck of his former self, and expressed pretty nearly the truth when he said:

"Mr. Barnum, I am not the man I was five years ago. Then

[1] "Present" refers to 1869. Wallack's was then at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth street. From 1852 to 1861 it was at the corner of Broadway and Broome street; from 1882, at Broadway and Thirtieth. [Ed.]

I felt able to stand the hug of any grizzly living, and was always glad to encounter, single-handed, any sort of an animal that dared present himself. But I have been beaten to a jelly, torn almost limb from limb, and nearly chawed up and spit out by these treacherous grizzly bears. However, I am good for a few months yet, and by that time I hope we shall gain enough to make my old woman comfortable, for I have been absent from her some years."

His wife came from Massachusetts to New York and nursed him. Dr. Johns dressed his wounds every day, and not only told Adams he could never recover, but assured his friends that probably a very few weeks would lay him in his grave. But Adams was as firm as adamant and as resolute as a lion. Among the thousands who saw him dressed in his grotesque hunter's suit, and witnessed the seeming vigor with which he "performed" the savage monsters, beating and whipping them into apparently the most perfect docility, probably not one suspected that this rough, fierce-looking, powerful demi-savage, as he appeared to be, was suffering intense pain from his broken skull and fevered system, and that nothing kept him from stretching himself on his death-bed but his most indomitable and extraordinary will.

Old Adams liked to astonish others, as he often did, with his astounding stories, but no one could astonish him; he had seen everything and knew everything, and I was anxious to get a chance of exposing this weak point to him. A fit occasion soon presented itself. One day, while engaged in my office at the Museum, a man with marked Teutonic features and accent approached the door and asked if I would like to buy a pair of living golden pigeons.

"Yes," I replied, "I would like a flock of golden pigeons, if I could buy them for their weight in silver; for there are no 'golden' pigeons in existence, unless they are made from the pure metal."

"You shall see some golden pigeons alive," he replied, at the same time entering my office, and closing the door after

him. He then removed the lid from a small basket which he carried in his hand, and sure enough, there were snugly ensconced a pair of beautiful, living ruff-necked pigeons, as yellow as saffron, and as bright as a double-eagle fresh from the mint.

I confess I was somewhat staggered at this sight and quickly asked the man where those birds came from. A dull, lazy smile crawled over the sober face of my German visitor, as he replied in a slow, guttural tone of voice:

"What you think yourself?"

Catching his meaning, I quickly replied:

"I think it is a humbug."

"Of course, I know you will say so; because you 'forstha'[2] such things; so I shall not try to humbug you. I have color them myself."

On further inquiry I learned that this German was a chemist, and that he possessed the art of coloring birds any hue desired, and yet retain a natural gloss on the feathers, which gave every shade the appearance of reality.

"I can paint a green pigeon or a blue pigeon, a gray pigeon or a black pigeon, a brown pigeon or a pigeon half blue or half green," said the German; "and if you prefer it, I can paint them pink or purple, or give you a little of each color, and make you a rainbow pigeon."

The "rainbow pigeon" did not strike me as particularly desirable; but thinking here was a good chance to catch "Grizzly" Adams, I bought the pair of golden pigeons for ten dollars, and sent them up to the "Happy Family" (where I knew Adams would soon see them), marked, "Golden Pigeons, from California." Mr. Taylor, the great pacificator, who had charge of the Happy Family, soon came down in a state of excitement.

"Really, Mr. Barnum," said he, "I could not think of putting those elegant golden pigeons into the Happy Family — they are too valuable a bird, and they might get injured; they

[2] So in all editions of "Struggles and Triumphs." One can only conjecture that it was intended to represent *versteh'*. [Ed.]

are by far the most beautiful pigeons I ever saw; and as they are so rare, I would not jeopardize their lives for anything."

"Well," said I, "you may put them in a separate cage, properly labelled."

Monsieur Guillaudeu, the naturalist and taxidermist of the Museum, had been attached to that establishment since the year it was founded, in 1810. He is a Frenchman, and has read nearly everything upon natural history that was ever published in his own or in the English language. When he saw the "Golden Pigeons, from California," he was considerably astonished. He examined them with great delight for half an hour, expatiating upon their beautiful color and the near resemblance which every feature bore to the American ruff-necked pigeon. He soon came to my office, and said:

"Mr. Barnum, these golden pigeons are superb, but they cannot be from California. Audubon mentions no such bird in his work upon American Ornithology."

I told him he had better take Audubon home with him that night, and perhaps by studying him attentively he would see occasion to change his mind.

The next day, the old naturalist called at my office and remarked:

"Mr. Barnum, those pigeons are a more rare bird than you imagine. They are not mentioned by Linnæus, Cuvier, Goldsmith, or any other writer on natural history so far as I have been able to discover. I expect they must have come from some unexplored portion of Australia."

"Never mind," I replied, "we may get more light on the subject, perhaps, before long. We will continue to label them 'California Pigeons' until we can fix their nativity elsewhere."

The next morning, Old "Grizzly" Adams passed through the Museum, when his eyes fell on the "Golden California Pigeons." He looked a moment and doubtless admired. He soon after came to my office.

"Mr. Barnum," said he, "you must let me have those California pigeons."

"I can't spare them," I replied.

"But you must spare them. All the birds and animals from California ought to be together. You own half of my California menagerie, and you must lend me those pigeons."

"Mr. Adams, they are too rare and valuable a bird to be hawked about in that manner."

"Oh, don't be a fool," replied Adams. "Rare bird, indeed! Why they are just as common in California as any other pigeon! I could have brought a hundred of them from San Francisco, if I had thought of it."

"But why did you not think of it?" I asked, with a suppressed smile.

"Because they are so common there," said Adams, "I did not think they would be any curiosity here. I have eaten them in pigeon-pies hundreds of times, and have shot them by the thousands!"

I was ready to burst with laughter to see how readily Adams swallowed the bait, but maintaining the most rigid gravity, I replied:

"Oh well, Mr. Adams, if they are really so common in California, you had probably better take them, and you may write over and have half a dozen pairs sent to me for the Museum."

"All right," said Adams, "I will send over to a friend in San Francisco, and you shall have them here in a couple of months."

I told Adams that, for certain reasons, I would prefer to have him change the label so as to have it read: "Golden Pigeons, from Australia."

"Well, I will call them what you like," said Adams; "I suppose they are probably about as plenty in Australia as they are in California."

Six or eight weeks after this incident, I was in the California Menagerie, and noticed that the "Golden Pigeons" had assumed a frightfully mottled appearance. Their feathers had grown out and they were half white. Adams had been so busy

with his bears that he had not noticed the change. I called him up to the pigeon cage, and remarked:

"Mr. Adams, I fear you will lose your Golden Pigeons; they must be very sick; I observe they are turning quite pale."

Adams looked at them a moment with astonishment, then turning to me, and seeing that I could not suppress a smile, he indignantly exclaimed:

"Blast the Golden Pigeons! You had better take them back to the Museum. You can't humbug me with your painted pigeons!"

This was too much, and "I laughed till I cried" to witness the mixed look of astonishment and vexation which marked the grizzly features of Old Adams.

After the exhibition on Thirteenth street and Broadway had been open six weeks, the doctor insisted that Adams should sell out his share in the animals and settle up all his worldly affairs, for he assured him that he was growing weaker every day, and his earthly existence must soon terminate. "I shall live a good deal longer than you doctors think for," replied Adams doggedly; and then, seeming after all to realize the truth of the doctor's assertion, he turned to me and said: "Well, Mr. Barnum, you must buy me out." He named his price for his half of the "show," and I accepted his offer. We had arranged to exhibit the bears in Connecticut and Massachusetts during the summer, in connection with a circus, and Adams insisted that I should hire him to travel for the season and exhibit the bears in their curious performances. He offered to go for $60 per week and travelling expenses of himself and wife. I replied that I would gladly engage him as long as he could stand it, but I advised him to give up business and go to his home in Massachusetts. "For," I remarked, "you are growing weaker every day, and at best cannot stand it more than a fortnight."

"What will you give me extra if I will travel and exhibit the bears every day for ten weeks?" added Old Adams, eagerly.

"Five hundred dollars," I replied, with a laugh.

"Done!" exclaimed Adams. "I will do it, so draw up an

agreement to that effect at once. But mind you, draw it payable to my wife, for I may be too weak to attend to business after the ten weeks are up, and if I perform my part of the contract, I want her to get the $500 without any trouble."

I drew up a contract to pay him $60 per week for his services, and if he continued to exhibit the bears for ten consecutive weeks I was then to hand him, or his wife, $500 extra.

"You have lost your $500!" exclaimed Adams on taking the contract; "for I am bound to live and earn it."

"I hope you may, with all my heart, and a hundred years more if you desire it," I replied.

"Call me a fool if I don't earn the $500!" exclaimed Adams, with a triumphant laugh.

The "show" started off in a few days, and at the end of a fortnight I met it at Hartford, Connecticut.

"Well," said I, "Adams, you seem to stand it pretty well. I hope you and your wife are comfortable?"

"Yes," he replied, with laugh; "and you may as well try to be comfortable, too, for your $500 is a goner."

"All right," I replied, "I hope you will grow better every day."

But I saw by his pale face and other indications that he was rapidly failing. In three weeks more, I met him again at New Bedford, Massachusetts. It seemed to me, then, that he could not live a week, for his eyes were glassy and his hands trembled, but his pluck was as great as ever.

"This hot weather is pretty bad for me," he said, "but my ten weeks are half expired, and I am good for your $500, and, probably, a month or two longer."

This was said with as much bravado as if he was offering to bet upon a horse-race. I offered to pay him half of the $500 if he would give up and go home; but he peremptorily declined making any compromise whatever. I met him the ninth week in Boston. He had failed considerably since I last saw him, but he still continued to exhibit the bears although he was too weak to lead them in, and he chuckled over his almost certain tri-

umph. I laughed in return, and sincerely congratulated him on his nerve and probable success. I remained with him until the tenth week was finished, and handed him his $500. He took it with a leer of satisfaction, and remarked that he was sorry I was a teetotaler, for he would like to stand treat!

Just before the menagerie left New York, I had paid $150 for a new hunting suit, made of beaver skins, similar to the one which Adams had worn. This I intended for Herr Driesbach, the animal tamer, who was engaged by me to take the place of Adams, whenever he should be compelled to give up. Adams, on starting from New York, asked me to loan this new dress to him to perform in once in a while in a fair day, where he had a large audience, for his own costume was considerably soiled. I did so, and now when I handed him his $500, he remarked:

"Mr. Barnum, I suppose you are going to give me this new hunting dress?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "I got that for your successor, who will exhibit the bears to-morrow; besides, you have no possible use for it."

"Now, don't be mean, but lend me the dress, if you won't give it to me, for I want to wear it home to my native village."

I could not refuse the poor old man anything, and I therefore replied:

"Well, Adams, I will lend you the dress; but you will send it back to me?"

"Yes, when I have done with it," he replied, with an evident chuckle of triumph.

I thought to myself, he will soon be done with it, and replied: "That's all right."

A new idea evidently struck him, for, with a brightening look of satisfaction, he said:

"Now, Barnum, you have made a good thing out of the California menagerie, and so have I; but you will make a heap more. So if you won't give me this new hunter's dress,

just draw a little writing, and sign it, saying that I may wear it until I have done with it."

Of course, I knew that in a few days at longest, he would be "done" with this world altogether, and, to gratify him, I cheerfully drew and signed the paper.

"Come, old Yankee, I've got you this time — see if I hain't!" exclaimed Adams, with a broad grin, as he took the paper.

I smiled, and said:

"All right, my dear fellow; the longer you live, the better I shall like it."

We parted, and he went to Neponset, a small town near Boston, where his wife and daughter lived. He took at once to his bed, and never rose from it again. The excitement had passed away, and his vital energies could accomplish no more. The fifth day after arriving home, the physician told him he could not live until the next morning. He received the announcement in perfect calmness, and with the most apparent indifference; then, turning to his wife, with a smile he requested her to have him buried in the new hunting suit. "For," said he, "Barnum agreed to let me have it until I have done with it, and I was determined to fix his flint this time. He shall never see that dress again." His wife assured him that his request should be complied with. He then sent for the clergyman and they spent several hours in communing together.

Adams, who, rough and untutored, had nevertheless a natural eloquence, and often put his thoughts in good language, said to the clergyman, that though he had told some pretty big stories about his bears, he had always endeavored to do the straight thing between man and man. "I have attended preaching every day, Sundays and all," said he, "for the last six years. Sometimes an old grizzly gave me the sermon, sometimes it was a panther; often it was the thunder and lightning, the tempest, or the hurricane on the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, or in the gorges of the Rocky Mountains; but whatever preached to me, it always taught me the majesty of the Creator, and

revealed to me the undying and unchanging love of our kind Father in heaven. Although I am a pretty rough customer," continued the dying man, "I fancy my heart is in about the right place, and look with confidence for that rest which I so much need, and which I have never enjoyed upon earth." He then desired the clergyman to pray with him, after which he took him by the hand, thanked him for his kindness, and bade him farewell. In another hour his spirit had taken its flight. It was said by those present, that his face lighted into a smile as the last breath escaped him, and that smile he carried into his grave. Almost his last words were: "Won't Barnum open his eyes when he finds I have humbugged him by being buried in his new hunting dress?" That dress was indeed the shroud in which he was entombed.

And that was the last on earth of Old "Grizzly" Adams.

After the death of Adams, the grizzly bears and other animals were added to the collection in my Museum, and I employed Herr Driesbach, the celebrated lion-tamer, as an exhibitor. Some time afterwards the bears were sold to a menagerie company, but I kept "Old Neptune," the sea-lion, for several years, sending him occasionally for exhibition in other cities, as far west as Chicago. This noble and ferocious animal was a very great curiosity and attracted great attention. He was kept in a large tank, which was supplied with salt water every day from the Fall River steamboats, whose deck hands filled my barrels on every passage to the city with salt water from the deepest part of Long Island Sound. On his tours through the country the sea-lion lived very well in fresh water.

It was at one time my serious intention to engage in an American Indian exhibition on a stupendous scale. I proposed to secure at the far West not less than one hundred of the best specimens of full-blood Indians, with their squaws and papooses, their paint, ponies, dresses, and weapons, for a general tour throughout the United States and Europe. The plan comprehended a grand entry at every town and city where the Indians were to exhibit — the Indians in all the glory of paint

and feathers, beads and bright blankets, riding on their ponies, followed by tame buffaloes, elk, and antelopes; then an exhibition on a lot large enough to admit of a display of all the Indian games and dances, their method of hunting, their style of cooking, living, etc. Such an exhibition is perfectly practicable now to any one who has the capital and tact to undertake it, and a sure fortune would follow the enterprise.

On the 13th of October, 1860, the Prince of Wales, then making a tour in the United States,[3] in company with his suite, visited the American Museum. This was a very great compliment, since it was the only place of amusement the Prince attended in this country. Unfortunately, I was in Bridgeport at the time, and the Museum was in charge of my manager, Mr. Greenwood. Knowing that the name of the American Museum was familiar throughout Europe, I was quite confident of a call from the Prince, and from regard to his filial feelings I had, a day or two after his arrival in New York, ordered to be removed to a dark closet a frightful wax figure of his royal mother, which, for nineteen years, had excited the admiration of the million and which bore a placard with the legend, "An exact likeness of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, taken from life." Mr. Greenwood, who was an Englishman, was deeply impressed with the condescension of the Prince, and backed his way through the halls, followed by the Prince, the Duke of Newcastle, and other members of the royal suite, and he actually trembled as he attempted to do the reception honors.

Presently they arrived in front of the platform on which were exhibited the various living human curiosities and monstrosities. The tall giant woman made her best bow; the fat boy waddled out and kissed his hand; the "negro turning white" showed his ivory and his spots; the dwarfs kicked up their heels, and like the clown in the ring, cried "Here we are again!"; the living skeleton stalked out, reminding the Prince, perhaps, of the wish of Sydney Smith in a hot day that he could

[3] Albert Edward (later Edward VII), as "Lord Renfrew," travelled in the United States and Canada in 1860. [Ed.]

lay off his flesh and sit in his bones; the Albino Family went through their performances; the "What is it?" grinned;[4] the Infant Drummer-boy beat a tattoo;[5] and the Aztec children were shown and described as specimens of a remarkable and ancient race in Mexico and Central America. The Prince and his suite seemed pleased, and Greenwood was duly delighted. He was, however, quite overwhelmed with the responsibility of his position, especially whenever the Prince addressed him, and leading the way to the wax-figure hall he called attention to the figures of the Siamese Twins and the Quaker Giant[6] and his wife.

"I suppose," said the Prince, "these figures are representa-

[4] The original "What is it?" appears to have been the one mentioned by Barnum in chapter xii of the 1855 "Life." Barnum there says that when he came back from abroad on a visit to New York in 1844, he "was called upon by 'Hervio Nano,' who was known to the public as the 'gnome fly,' and was also celebrated for his representations of the monkey." "Hervio Nano" wished Barnum to exhibit him in London, but Barnum declined. "He, however, made immediate arrangements with two Americans, who took him to London. They stained his face and hands, and covered him with a dress made of hair, and resembling the skin of an animal. They then advertised him as a curious 'nondescript,' called 'WHAT IS IT?' and claimed that 'the strange animal' was captured in the mountains of Mexico; that it appeared like a 'wild man,' but could not speak, although it manifested much intelligence. I was let into the secret, on condition of 'keeping dark.' The exhibition opened in Egyptian Hall, and as a matter of curiosity I attended at the opening. Before half an hour had elapsed, one of the visitors, who knew 'Hervio Nano,' recognized him through his disguise and exposed the imposition. The money was refunded to visitors, and that was the first and last appearance of 'What is it?' in that character. He soon afterwards died in London."

The "What is it?" viewed by the Prince of Wales is supposed to have been the same person that, known also as "Zip," was later shown among the freaks (or, in amended phraseology, in the "Congress of Strange People") of the Barnum & Bailey and Barnum & Bailey-Ringling Brothers' shows. "Zip" was frequently called "the missing link." Dark-skinned, smiling, his cone-shaped head surmounted by a woolly top-knot, he became the best-known circus freak in America. When he died (April 25, 1926), his age was given by the newspapers as eighty-three or eighty-four, and obituary columns announced his name as William Henry Johnson. [Ed.]

[5] An "Infant Drummer" appeared at Tripler Hall in 1851, at which time his age was said to be three years. His name was William H. Marsh. This phenomenon would no longer be precisely an infant in 1860. [Ed.]

[6] Robert Hales. See chapter x. [Ed.]

tives of different living curiosities exhibited from time to time in your Museum?"

"Yes, your Royal Highness, all of them," replied the confused Greenwood, and as "all of them" included very fair figures of the Emperors Nicholas and Napoleon, the Empress Eugénie, and other equally distinguished personages, the Prince must have thought that the Museum had contained, in times past, some famous "living curiosities." On leaving the Museum, the Prince asked to see Mr. Barnum, and when he was told that I was out of town, he remarked: "We have missed the most interesting feature of the establishment." A few days afterwards, when the Prince was in Boston, happening to be in that city, I sent my card to him at the Revere House, and was cordially received. He smiled when I reminded him that I had seen him when he was a little boy, on the occasion of one of my visits to Buckingham Palace with General Tom Thumb. The Prince told me that he was much pleased with his recent inspection of my Museum, and that he and his suite had left their autographs in the establishment, as mementos of their visit.

When I arrived in Boston, by the bye, on this visit, the streets were thronged with the military and citizens assembled to receive the Prince of Wales, and I had great difficulty in starting from the depot to the Revere House, in getting through the assembled crowd. At last, a policeman espied me, and taking me for Senator Stephen A. Douglas, he cried out, at the top of his voice: "Make way there for Judge Douglas's carriage." The crowd opened a passage for my carriage at short notice, and shouted out "Douglas, Douglas, hurrah for Douglas!" I took off my hat and bowed, smiling from the windows on each side of my carriage; the cheers and enthusiasm increased as I advanced, and all the way to the Revere House I continued to bow Judge Douglas' grateful acknowledgments for the enthusiastic reception. There must have been at least fifty thousand people who joined in this spontaneous demonstration in honor of Judge Douglas.

"THE VERY IMAGE"

When Douglas ran for the presidency in 1860, my Democratic friend J. D. Johnson bet me a hat that the Judge would be elected. Douglas passed through Bridgeport on his electioneering tour down East, and made a brief speech from the rear platform of the car, to the people assembled at the depot. The next day Mr. Johnson met me in a crowded barber shop and asked me if I had ever seen Douglas? I answered that I had, and Johnson then asked what sort of a looking man he was. Remembering our hat bet, and knowing that Johnson expected a pretty hard description of his favorite candidate, I said:

"He is a red-nosed, blear-eyed, dumpy, swaggering chap, looking like a regular bar-room loafer."

"I thought as much," said Johnson, "for here is the New Haven paper of this morning, which says that he is the very image, in personal appearance, of P. T. Barnum."

When the roar that followed subsided, I told Johnson I must have had some other man in my mind's eye, when I answered his question.

One day I went out of the Museum in great haste to Tom Higginson's barber shop, in the Park Hotel, where my daily tonsorial operations were performed, and finding a rough-looking Hibernian just ahead of me, I told him that if he would be good enough to give me his "turn," I would pay his bill; to which he consented, and taking his turn and my own shave, I speedily departed, saying to Tom, as I went out: "Fix out this man, and for whatever he has done I will pay the bill."

Two or three clerks and reporters, who were in the shop, and who knew me, put their freshly-dressed heads together and suggested to Tom that here was an opportunity to perpetrate a practical joke on Barnum, and they explained the plan, in which Higginson readily acquiesced.

"Now," says one of them to the Irishman, "get everything done which you like, and it will cost you nothing; it will be charged to the gentleman to whom you gave your turn."

"Sure and a liberal gintleman he must be," said Pat.

"Will you take a bath?" asked the barber.

"That indade I will, if the gintleman pays," was the reply.

When he came out of the bath he was asked if he would be shampooed. "And what is that?" asked the bewildered Hibernian. The process was explained and he consented to go through with the operation. Thereafter, moved and instigated thereto by the barber and his confederates, Pat permitted Higginson to dye his red hair and whiskers a beautiful brown, and then to curl them. When all was done, the son of Erin looked in the mirror and could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes. A more thorough transformation could scarcely be conceived, and as he went out of the door he said to Higginson:

"Give the ginerous gintleman me best compliments and tell him he can have my turn ony day on the same terms."

One of the newspaper reporters, who assisted in the joke, published the whole story the next day, and when I called at the barber shop a bill for $1.75 was presented, which, of course, I could do no less than to pay. The joke went the rounds of the papers; and after a few months, an English friend sent me the whole story in a copy of the London "Family Herald" — a publication that issues about half a million of copies weekly. Mr. Currier, the lithographer, put the joke into pictorial form, representing the Irishman as he appeared before, also as he appeared after, the "barbar-ous" operations. After all, it was a good advertisement for me, as well as for Higginson; and it would have been pretty difficult to serve me up about these times in printers' ink in any form that I should have objected to.

Meanwhile, the Museum flourished better than ever; and I began to make large holes in the mortgages which covered the property of my wife in New York and in Connecticut. Still, there was an immense amount of debts resting upon all her real estate, and nothing but time, economy, industry, and diligence would remove the burdens.

CHAPTER XXXV

EAST BRIDGEPORT

East Bridgeport — Another New Home — Lindencroft — Progress of My Pet City — Inducements to Settlers — Situation of Bridgeport — Its Advantages and Prospects.

For nearly five years my family had been knocked about, the sport of adverse fortune, without a settled home. Sometimes we boarded, and at other times we lived in a small hired house. Two of my daughters were married, and my youngest daughter, Pauline, was away at boarding-school. The health of my wife was much impaired, and she especially needed a fixed residence which she could call "home." Accordingly, in 1860, I built a pleasant house adjoining that of my daughter Caroline, in Bridgeport, one hundred rods west of the grounds of Iranistan.[1]

Meanwhile, my pet city, East Bridgeport, was progressing with giant strides. The Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine manufactory had been quadrupled in size, and employed about a thousand workmen. Numerous other large factories had been built, and scores of first-class houses were erected, besides many neat but smaller and cheaper houses for laborers and mechanics. That piece of property, which, but eight years before, had been farm land, with scarcely six houses upon the whole tract, was now a beautiful new city, teeming with busy life, and looking as neat as a new pin.

[1] This new residence was called "Lindencroft." Benton says: "The name was given to it by Bayard Taylor, who was one of those who found a delightful hospitality at Mr. Barnum's invitation." ("Century," August 1902.) Barnum regarded Lindencroft as "a very delightful place, complete and convenient in all respects." He supplied it with "fountains, shrubbery, statuary and all that could adorn it." ("Struggles and Triumphs," 1869 ed.) [Ed.]

I copy from the files of the Bridgeport "Standard" an offer which I made and the editorial comment thereon. This offer was for the sake of helping those who were willing to help themselves, and, at the same time, contribute to my happiness, as well as their own, by forwarding the growth of the new city.

NEW HOUSES IN EAST BRIDGEPORT

EVERY MAN TO OWN THE HOUSE HE LIVES IN

There is a demand at the present moment for two hundred more dwelling-houses in East Bridgeport. It is evident that if the money expended in rent can be paid towards the purchase of a house and lot, the person so paying will in a few years own the house he lives in, instead of always remaining a tenant. In view of this fact, I propose to loan money at six per cent. to any number, not exceeding fifty, industrious, temperate and respectable individuals, who desire to build their own houses.

They may engage their own builders, and build according to any reasonable plan (which I may approve), or I will have it done for them at the lowest possible rate, without a farthing profit to myself or agent, I putting the lot at a fair price and advancing eighty per cent. of the entire cost; the other party to furnish twenty per cent. in labor, material or money, and they may pay me in small sums weekly, monthly or quarterly, any amount not less than three per cent. per quarter, all of which is to apply on the money advanced until it is paid.

It has been ascertained that by purchasing building materials for cash, and in large quantities, nice dwellings, painted and furnished with green blinds, can be erected at a cost of $1,500 or $1,800, for house, lot, fences, etc., all complete, and if six or eight friends prefer to join in erecting a neat block of houses with verandas in front, the average cost need not exceed about $1,300 per house and lot. If, however, some parties would prefer a single or double house that would cost $2,500 to $3,000, I shall be glad to meet their views.

P. T. Barnum.

February 16, 1864.

"A NOBLE EXAMPLE"

The editor of the "Standard" printed the following upon my announcement:

An Advantageous Offer. — We have read with great pleasure Mr. Barnum's advertisement, offering assistance to any number of persons, not exceeding fifty, in the erection of dwelling-houses. This plan combines all the advantages and none of the objections of Building Associations. Any individual who can furnish in cash, labor, or material, one-fifth only of the amount requisite for the erection of a dwelling-house, can receive the other four-fifths from Mr. Barnum, rent his house and by merely paying what may be considered as only a fair rent for a few years, find himself at last the owner, and all further payments cease. In the mean time, he can be making such inexpensive improvements in his property as would greatly increase its market value, and besides have the advantage of any rise in the value of real estate. It is not often that such a generous offer is made to working men. It is a loan on what would be generally considered inadequate security, at six per cent., at a time when a much better use of money can be made by any capitalist. It is therefore generous. Mr. Barnum may make money by the operation. Very well, perhaps he will, but if he does, it will be by making others richer, not poorer; by helping those who need assistance, not by hindering them, and we can only wish that every rich man would follow such a noble example, and thus, without injury to themselves, give a helping hand to those who need it. Success to the enterprise! We hope that fifty men will be found before the week ends, each of whom desires in such a manner to obtain a roof which he can call his own.

Quite a number of men at once availed themselves of my offer, and eventually succeeded in paying for their homes without much effort. I am sorry to add, that rent is still paid, month after month, by many men who would long ago have owned neat homesteads, free from all incumbrances, if they had accepted my proposals, and had signed and kept the temperance pledge, and given up the use of tobacco. The money they have since expended for whisky and tobacco, would have given them a house of their own, if the money had been devoted to that object, and their positions, socially and morally, would have

been far better than they are to-day. How many infatuated men there are in all parts of the country, who could now be independent, and even owners of their own carriages, but for their slavery to these miserable habits!

I built a number of houses to let, in order to accommodate those who were unable to buy. I find this the most unpleasant part of my connection with the new city. The interest on the investment, the taxes, repairs, wear and tear, and insurance render tenant-houses the most unprofitable property to own; besides which the landlord is often looked upon by the tenants as an overbearing, grasping man and one whose property it is their highest duty to injure as much as possible for all concerned; therefore, it is much better that every person should somehow manage to own the roof he sleeps under. Men are more independent and feel happier who live in their own houses; they keep the premises in neater order, and they make better citizens. Hence I always encourage poor people to become householders if possible, for I find that oftentimes when they have lived long in one of my houses they think it very hard if the property is not given to them. They argue that the landlord is rich and would never feel the loss of one little place, not stopping to consider that the aggregate of a great many "little places" thus given away would make the landlord poor — nor would the tenants be benefited so much by homes that were given to them as they would by homes that were the fruits of their own industry and economy.

The land in East Bridgeport was originally purchased by me at from $50 to $75, and from those sums to $300 per acre; and the average cost of all I bought on that side of the river was $200 per acre. Some portions of this land are now assessed in the Bridgeport tax-list at from $3,000 to $4,000 per acre. At the time I joined Mr. Noble in this enterprise, the site we purchased was not a part of the city of Bridgeport. It is now, however, a most important section of the city, and the three bridges connecting the two banks of the river, and originally chartered as toll-bridges, have been bought by the city and

thrown open as free highways to the public. A horse railroad, in which I took one-tenth part of the stock, connects the two portions of the city, extending westerly beyond Iranistan and Lindencroft, while a branch road runs to the beautiful "Sea-side Park" on the Sound shore.

General Noble, in laying out the first portion of our new city, named several streets after members of his own family, and also of mine. Hence, we have a "Noble" street — and a noble street it is; a "Barnum" street; while other streets are named "William," from Mr. Noble; "Harriet," the Christian name of Mrs. Noble; "Hallett," the maiden name of my wife; and "Caroline," "Helen," and "Pauline," the names of my three daughters. There is also the "Barnum School District" and school-house; so that it seems as if, for a few scores of years at least, posterity would know who were the founders of the new, flourishing, and beautiful city. We have yet another enduring and ever-growing monument in the many thousands of trees which we set out, and which now line and gratefully shade the streets of East Bridgeport.

Three handsome churches, Methodist, Episcopal, and Congregational, front on the beautiful Washington Park of seven acres, which Mr. Noble and myself presented to the city. Some of the largest and most prosperous manufactories in the United States are located in the new city.

The entire city of Bridgeport is advancing in population and prosperity with a rapidity far beyond that of any other city in Connecticut, and everything indicates that it will soon take its proper position as the second, if not the first, city in the State. Its situation as the terminus of the Naugatuck and the Housatonic railways, its accessibility to New York, with its two daily steamboats to and from the metropolis, and its dozen daily trains of the New York and Boston and Shore Line railways, are all elements of prosperity which are rapidly telling in favor of this busy, beautiful, and charming city.[2]

[2] This chapter is taken, with the exception of one paragraph, from the 1889 (Buffalo) edition of "Struggles and Triumphs." [Ed.]

CHAPTER XXXVI

MORE ABOUT THE MUSEUM

Another Re-opening — A Cherry-Colored Cat — The Cat Let Out of the Bag — My First Whaling Expedition — Plans for Capture — Success of the Scheme — Transporting Living Whales by Land — Public Excitement — The Great Tank — Salt Water Pumped from the Bay to the Museum — More Whales — Expedition to Labrador — The First Hippopotamus in America — Tropical Fish — Commodore Nutt and His First "Engagement" — The Two Dromios — President Lincoln Sees Commodore Nutt — Wading Ashore — A Question of Legs — Self-Deception — The Golden Angel Fish — Anna Swan, the Nova Scotia Giantess — The Tallest Woman in the World — Indian Chiefs.

On the 13th of October, 1860, the American Museum was the scene of another re-opening, which was, in fact, the commencement of the fall dramatic season, the summer months having been devoted to pantomime.[1] A grand flourish of trump-

[1] Possibly Barnum is in error as to the date; or possibly in the following year he repeated this cat "act." At all events, the "New York Times" for October 8, 1861, in its account of the opening of the American Museum's fall and winter dramatic season ("with a full company, and all the accessories for a triumphant dramatic campaign") on October 7, states that before the afternoon *première* of a dramatized version of "Great Expectations," Barnum addressed the audience. He delivered a versified survey of his career, then descended to prose.

"The text was simple enough. He congratulated his audience on having BARNUM, and felicitated himself on having an audience. He condoled with himself for an unfortunate clock speculation, but felt pleased that the world had thereby snatched from the clockmaker what was meant for mankind. Much that was said was to the point, and although egotistical not improper on such an occasion. . . . Like an experienced talker he interspersed his speech with several anecdotes of a political and humorous character, and introduced a novel effect. The novel effect referred to consisted in the production of a black cat, which Mr. BARNUM averred had been purchased at a cost of twenty-five dollars, from a countryman who declared that it was cherry colored. When the cat had been paid for the countryman admitted that its color was that of the black cherry, whereupon Mr. BARNUM found himself incontinently sold. Inasmuch as he regarded it as a good joke, the audience could not in decency do otherwise." [Ed.]

ets in the way of newspaper advertisements and flaming posters drew a crowded house. Among other attractions, it was announced that Mr. Barnum would introduce a mysterious novelty never before seen in that establishment. I appeared upon the stage behind a small table, in front of which was nailed a white sack, on which was inscribed, in large letters, "The cat let out of the bag." I then stated that, having spent two of the summer months in the country, leaving the Museum in charge of Mr. Greenwood, he had purchased a curiosity with which he was not satisfied; but, for my part, I thought he had received his money's worth, and I proposed to exhibit it to the audience, for the purpose of getting their opinion on the subject. I stated that a farmer came in from the country, and said he had got a "cherry-colored cat" at home which he would like to sell; that Mr. Greenwood gave him a writing promising to pay him twenty-five dollars for such a cat delivered in good health, provided it was not artificially colored; and that the cat was then in the bag in front of the table, ready for exhibition. Whereupon, my assistant drew from the bag a common black cat, and I informed the audience that when the farmer brought his "cherry-colored cat," he quietly remarked to Mr. Greenwood, that, of course, he meant "a cat of the color of black cherries." The laughter that followed this narration was uproarious, and the audience unanimously voted that the "cherry-colored cat," all things considered, was well worth twenty-five dollars. The cat, adorned with a collar bearing the inscription, "The Cherry-colored Cat," was then placed in the cage of the "Happy Family," and the story getting into the newspapers, it became another advertisement of the Museum.

In 1861, I learned that some fishermen at the mouth of the St. Lawrence had succeeded in capturing a living white whale, and I was also informed that a whale of this kind, if placed in a box lined with seaweed and partially filled with salt water, could be transported by land to a considerable distance, and be kept alive. It was simply necessary that an attendant, supplied with a barrel of salt water and a sponge, should keep the mouth

and blow-hole of the whale constantly moist. It seemed incredible that a living whale could be "expressed" by railroad on a five days' journey, and although I knew nothing of the white whale or its habits, since I had never seen one, I determined to experiment in that direction. Landsman as I was, I believed that I was quite as competent as a St. Lawrence fisherman to superintend the capture and transportation of a live white whale.

When I had fully made up my mind to attempt the task, I made every provision for the expedition, and took precaution against every conceivable contingency. I determined upon the capture and transport to my Museum of at least two living whales, and prepared in the basement of the building a brick and cement tank, forty feet long, and eighteen feet wide, for the reception of the marine monsters. When this was done, taking two trusty assistants, I started upon my whaling expedition. Going by rail to Quebec, and thence by the Grand Trunk Railroad, ninety miles, to Wells River, where I chartered a sloop to Elbow Island (Isle aux Coudres), in the St. Lawrence River,[2] and found the place populated by Canadian French people of the most ignorant and dirty description. They were hospitable, but frightfully filthy, and they gained their livelihood by farming and fishing. Immense quantities of maple-sugar are made there, and in exploring about the island, we saw hundreds of birch-bark buckets suspended to the trees to catch the sap. After numerous consultations, extending over three whole days, with a party of twenty-four fishermen, whose gibberish was almost as untranslatable as it was unbearable, I succeeded in contracting for their services to capture for me, alive and unharmed, a couple of white whales, scores of which could at all times be discovered by their "spouting" within sight of the island. I was to pay these men a stipulated price per day for their labor, and if they secured the whales, they were to have a liberal bonus.

[2] Present-day gazetteers and atlases have Rivière Ouelle for "Wells River." Isle aux Coudres is in English "Hazel Island." [Ed.]

The plan decided upon was to plant in the river a "kraal," composed of stakes driven down in the form of a V, leaving the broad end open for the whales to enter. This was done in a shallow place, with the point of the kraal towards shore; and if by chance one or more whales should enter the trap at high water, my fishermen were to occupy the entrance with their boats, and keep up a tremendous splashing and noise till the tide receded, when the frightened whales would find themselves nearly "high and dry," or with too little water to enable them to swim, and their capture would be the next thing in order. This was to be effected by securing a slip-noose of stout rope over their tails, and towing them to the seaweed-lined boxes in which they were to be transported to New York.

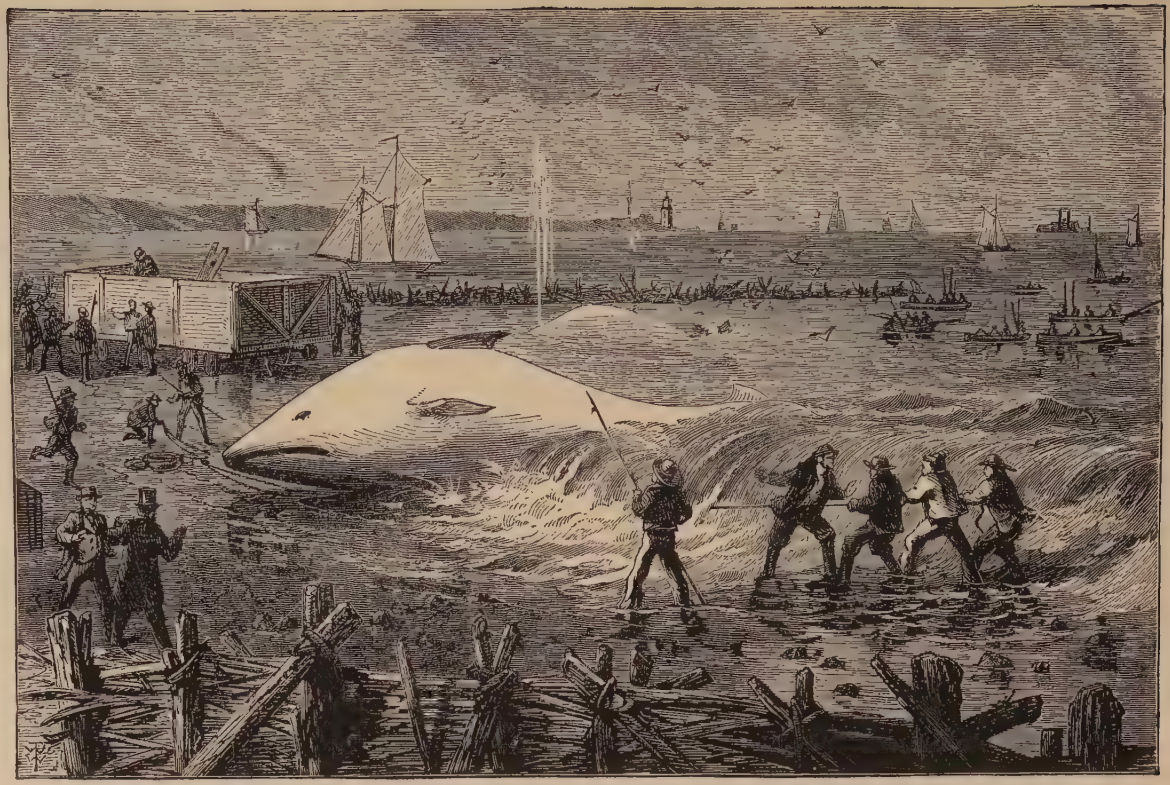
All this was simple enough "on paper"; but several days elapsed before a single spout was seen inside the kraal, though scores of whales were constantly around and near it. In time, it became exceedingly aggravating to see the whales glide so near the trap without going into it, and our patience was sorely tried. One day a whale actually went into the kraal, and the fishermen proposed to capture it; but I wanted another, and while we waited for number two to go in, number one, knowing the proverb, probably, and having an eye to his own interests, went out. Two days afterwards, I was awakened at daylight by a great noise, and amid the clamor of many voices, I caught the cheering news that two whales were even then within the kraal, and hastily dressing myself, I took a boat for the exciting scene. The real difficulty, which was to get the whales into the trap, was now over, and the details of capture and transportation could safely be left to my trusty assistants and the fishermen. What they were to do until the tide went out and thereafter was once more fully explained; and after depositing money enough to pay the bill, if the capture was successful, I started at once for Quebec. There I learned by telegraph that both whales had been caught, boxed, and put on board sloop for the nearest point where they could be transshipped in the cars. I had made every arrangement with the

railway officials, and had engaged a special car for the precious and curious freight.

Elated as I was at the result of this novel enterprise, I had no idea of hiding my light under a bushel, and I immediately wrote a full account of the expedition, its intention, and its success, for publication in the Quebec and Montreal newspapers. I also prepared a large number of brief notices which I left at every station on the line, instructing telegraph operators to "take off" all "whaling messages" that passed over the wires to New York, and to inform their fellow townsmen at what hour the whales would pass through each place. The result of these arrangements may be imagined; at every station crowds of people came to the cars to see the whales which were travelling by land to Barnum's Museum, and those who did not see the monsters with their own eyes, at least saw some one who had seen them, and I thus secured a tremendous advertisement, seven hundred miles long, for the American Museum.

When I arrived in New York, a dozen despatches had come from the "whaling expedition," and they continued to come every few hours. These I bulletined in front of the Museum and sent copies to the papers. The excitement was intense, and, when at last, these marine monsters arrived and were swimming in the tank that had been prepared for them, anxious thousands literally rushed to see the strangest curiosities ever exhibited in New York.

Thus was my first whaling expedition a great success; but I did not know how to feed or to take care of the monsters, and, moreover, they were in fresh water, and this, with the bad air in the basement, may have hastened their death, which occurred a few days after their arrival, but not before thousands of people had seen them. Not at all discouraged, I resolved to try again. My plan now was to connect the water of New York bay with the basement of the Museum by means of iron pipes under the street, and a steam engine on the dock to pump the water. This I actually did at a cost of several thousand dol-



Capturing White Whales in the St. Lawrence River, for Shipment to the American Museum
From the 1869 "Struggles and Triumphs."

lars, with an extra thousand to the aldermanic "ring" for the privilege, and I constructed another tank in the second floor of the building. This tank was built of slate and French glass plates six feet long, five feet broad, and one inch thick, imported expressly for the purpose, and the tank, when completed, was twenty-four feet square, and cost $4,000. It was kept constantly supplied with what would be called, Hibernically, "fresh" salt water, and inside of it I soon had two white whales, caught, as the first had been, hundreds of miles below Quebec, to which city they were carried by a sailing vessel, and from thence were brought by railway to New York.

Of this whole enterprise, I confess I was very proud that I had originated it and brought it to such successful conclusion. It was a very great sensation, and it added thousands of dollars to my treasury. The whales, however, soon died — their sudden and immense popularity was too much for them — and I then despatched agents to the coast of Labrador, and not many weeks thereafter I had two more live whales disporting themselves in my monster aquarium. Certain envious people started the report that my whales were only porpoises, but this petty malice was turned to good account, for Professor Agassiz, of Harvard University, came to see them, and gave me a certificate that they were genuine white whales, and this indorsement I published far and wide.

The tank which I had built in the basement served for a yet more interesting exhibition. On the 12th of August, 1861, I began to exhibit the first and only genuine hippopotamus that had ever been seen in America, and for several weeks the Museum was thronged by the curious who came to see the monster. I advertised him extensively and ingeniously, as "the great behemoth of the Scriptures," giving a full description of the animal and his habits, and thousands of cultivated people, biblical students, and others, were attracted to this novel exhibition.[3] There was quite as much excitement in the city over this

[3] The description of behemoth in the Book of Job (chapter xl) does not exactly suit the hippopotamus, but the "biblical students" that swarmed into

wonder in the animal creation as there was in London when the first hippopotamus was placed in the zoölogical collection in Regent's Park.

Having a stream of salt water at my command at every high tide, I was enabled to make splendid additions to the beautiful aquarium, which I was the first to introduce into this country. I not only procured living sharks, porpoises, sea horses, and many rare fish from the sea in the vicinity of New York, but in the summer of 1861, I despatched a fishing smack and crew to the island of Bermuda and its neighborhood, whence they brought scores of specimens of the beautiful "angel fish" and numerous other tropical fish of brilliant colors and unique forms. These fish were a great attraction to all classes, and especially to naturalists and others, who commended me for serving the ends of science as well as amusement. But as cold weather approached, these tropical fish began to die, and before the following spring, they were all gone. I, therefore, replenished this portion of my aquaria during the summer, and for several summers in succession, by sending a special vessel to the Gulf for specimens. These operations were very expensive, but I really did not care for the cost, if I could only secure valuable attractions.[4]

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the Museum did not, it seems, bother about that. Moreover, Barnum had set a fashion: thenceforth American showmen long referred to a hippo as "the blood-sweating [whence this touch?] behemoth of Holy Writ." [Ed.]

[4] In Hayward's "Bermuda Past and Present" occurs the following passage: "Without discrediting Professor Bristol [Charles L. Bristol, the biologist] it must be said that not he, but no less a personage than Phineas T. Barnum, was the first to introduce Bermuda fishes to the New York Aquarium public. Barnum, ever on the alert for new thrills, conceived the idea of bringing live specimens from tropical waters, and sent out two expeditions — one to Honduras, the other to Bermuda. Both returned without their fish, all having died in transit. Barnum was disappointed, but was prevailed upon by one of his assistants, Mr. W. E. Damon, to fit out the well-smack *Pacific*, which sailed to Bermuda in the summer of 1862. These being the days of blockade running, all Northerners were regarded with suspicion, and soon it was rumoured that Mr. Damon, in his frequent trips across the bays, was taking soundings, not fish. Finally, a peremptory order from the authorities halted his work, and not until the American consul intervened in his behalf was Mr. Damon allowed to resume his harmless occupa-

In the same year I bought out the Aquarial Gardens in Boston, and soon after removed the collection to the Museum. I had now the finest assemblage of fresh as well as salt water fish ever exhibited, and with a standing offer of one hundred dollars for every living brook-trout, weighing four pounds or more, which might be brought to me, I soon had three or four of these beauties, which trout-fishermen from all parts of the country came to New York to see. But the trout department of my Museum required so much care, and was attended with such constant risks, that I finally gave it up.

In December, 1861, I made one of my most "palpable hits." I was visited at the Museum by a most remarkable dwarf, who was a sharp, intelligent little fellow, with a deal of drollery and wit. He had a splendid head, was perfectly formed, was very attractive, and, in short, for a "showman," he was a perfect treasure. His name, he told me, was George Washington Morrison Nutt, and his father was Major Rodnia Nutt, a substantial farmer, of Manchester, New Hampshire. I was not long in despatching an efficient agent to Manchester, and in overcoming the competition with other showmen who were equally eager to secure this extraordinary pigmy. The terms upon which I engaged him for three years were so large that he was christened the $30,000 Nutt; I, in the mean time, conferring upon him the title of Commodore. As soon as I engaged him, placards, posters and the columns of the newspapers proclaimed the presence of "Commodore Nutt," at the Museum. I also procured for the Commodore a pair of Shetland ponies, miniature coachman and footman in livery, gold-mounted harness, and an elegant little carriage, which, when closed, represented a gigantic English walnut. The little Commodore attracted great attention and grew rapidly in public favor. General Tom Thumb was then travelling in the South and West.

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tion. His party caught six hundred fish, all of which were successfully transported, to the greater glory and profit of Barnum, and the pleasure of his patrons at the Ann Street Museum." (For this quotation I am indebted to Mr. H. E. Murphey.) [Ed.]

For some years he had not been exhibited in New York, and during these years he had increased considerably in rotundity and had changed much in his general appearance. It was a singular fact, however, that Commodore Nutt was almost a *fac-simile* of General Tom Thumb as he looked half-a-dozen years before. Consequently, very many of my patrons, not making allowance for the time which had elapsed since they had last seen the General, declared that I was trying to play "Mrs. Gamp" with my "Mrs. Harris"; that there was, in fact, no such person as "Commodore Nutt"; and that I was exhibiting my old friend Tom Thumb under a new name. The mistake was very natural, and to me it was very laughable, for the more I tried to convince people of their error, the more they winked and looked wise, and said, "It's pretty well done, but you can't take me in."

Commodore Nutt enjoyed the joke very much. He would sometimes half admit the deception, simply to add to the bewilderment of the doubting portion of my visitors. After he had been in the Museum a few weeks, I took the Commodore to Bridgeport to spend a couple of days by way of relaxation. Many of the citizens of Bridgeport, who had known Tom Thumb from his birth, would salute the Commodore as the General Tom Thumb. The little fellow would return these salutes, for he delighted in keeping up the illusion.

Going into a crowded barber shop one morning with the little Commodore, we met my friend Mr. Gideon Thompson, who was sitting there, and who called out:

"Good morning, Charley. How are you? When did you get home?"

"I'm quite well, thank you, and I arrived last night," responded the Commodore, with due gravity.

"I've got a horse now that will beat yours," said Mr. Thompson.

"He must be pretty fast, then."

"Well, Charley, I'll drive out by your mother's the first fine day, and give you a trial."

"All right," said little Nutt, "but you had better not wager too much on your fast horse, for you know mine is some pumpkins."

"Well, Uncle Gid," I exclaimed, "you are 'had' this time; this little gentleman is not General Tom Thumb, but Commodore Nutt."

"What!" roared Friend Gid. "Do you think I am an infernal fool? Why, I knew Charley Stratton years before you ever saw him, didn't I, General?"

No one in the room suspected that my little friend was any other than General Tom Thumb, till Mr. William Bassett, the General's brother-in-law, came in and remarked the "wonderful resemblance to our little Charley as he looked years ago."

"Is not this the General?" inquired half a dozen astonished men, who were speedily assured he was not, but was quite another person. This gave rise to a proposition to exhibit the Commodore to the General's mother, and a coach was procured, and Mr. Bassett, the Commodore, and I went to Mrs. Stratton's house. When we arrived, the Commodore shouted out:

"How are you, mother?"

But the mother, of all persons in Bridgeport, was not to be deceived, though she expressed her astonishment at the very striking likeness the Commodore bore to her son as he once looked. Mrs. Bassett concurred in the testimony and said the Commodore looked so much like her brother that she was loth to let him go. It is no wonder that other people were deceived by the resemblance.

It was evident that here was an opportunity to turn all doubts into hard cash by simply bringing the two dwarf Dromios together, and showing them on the same platform. I therefore induced Tom Thumb to bring his western engagements to a close, and to appear for four weeks, beginning with August 11, 1862, in my Museum. Announcements headed "The Two Dromios," and "Two Smallest Men and Greatest Curiosities Living," as I expected, drew large crowds to see

them, and many came especially to solve their doubts with regard to the genuineness of the "Nutt." But here I was considerably nonplussed, for astonishing as it may seem, the doubts of many of the visitors were confirmed! The sharp people who were determined "not to be humbugged, anyhow," still declared that Commodore Nutt was General Tom Thumb, and that the little fellow whom I was trying to pass off as Tom Thumb, was no more like the General than he was like the man in the moon. It is very amusing to see how people will sometimes deceive themselves by being too incredulous.

As an illustration — the "Australian Golden Pigeons" which deceived Old Adams[5] were the occasion of another ludicrous incident. A shrewd lady, one of my neighbors in Connecticut, was visiting the Museum, and after inspecting the "Golden Angel Fish" swimming in one of the aquaria, she abruptly addressed me:

"You can't humbug me, Mr. Barnum; that fish is painted!"

"Nonsense!" said I, with a laugh. "The thing is impossible."

"I don't care, I know it is painted; it is as plain as can be."

"But, my dear Mrs. H., paint would not adhere to a fish in the water; and if it would, it would kill him."

She left the Museum not more than half convinced, and in the afternoon of the same day I met her in the California Menagerie. She knew I was part proprietor in the establishment, and seeing me in conversation with Old Adams, she came to me, her eyes glistening with excitement, and exclaimed —

"Oh, Mr. Barnum, I never saw anything so beautiful as those elegant 'Golden Pigeons!' You must give me some of their eggs for my own pigeons to hatch; I should prize them beyond measure."

"Oh, you don't want 'Golden Pigeons,' I said; "they are painted."

"No, they are not painted," said she, with a laugh, "but I half think the 'Angel Fish' is."

[5] See chapter xxxiv. [Ed.]

I could scarcely control my laughter as I explained: "Now, Mrs. H., I never spoil a good joke, even when the exposure betrays a Museum secret. I assure you, upon honor, that the 'Australian Golden Pigeons,' as they are labelled, are really painted; I bought them for the sole purpose of giving Old Adams a lesson; in their natural state they are nothing more than common white ruff-neck pigeons." She was convinced, and to this day she blushes whenever any allusion is made to the "Angel Fish" or the "Golden Pigeons."

In 1862, I sent the Commodore to Washington, and joining him there, I received an invitation from President Lincoln to call at the White House with my little friend. Arriving at the appointed hour I was informed that the President was in a special cabinet-meeting, but that he had left word if I called to be shown in to him with the Commodore. These were dark days in the rebellion and I felt that my visit, if not ill-timed, must at all events be brief. When we were admitted, Mr. Lincoln received us cordially, and introduced us to the members of the cabinet. When Mr. Chase was introduced as the Secretary of the Treasury, the little Commodore remarked:

"I suppose you are the gentleman who is spending so much of Uncle Sam's money?"

"No, indeed," said Secretary of War Stanton, very promptly: "I am spending the money."

"Well," said Commodore Nutt, "it is in a good cause, anyhow, and I guess it will come out all right."

His apt remark created much amusement. Mr. Lincoln then bent down his long, lank body, and taking Nutt by the hand, he said:

"Commodore, permit me to give you a parting word of advice. When you are in command of your fleet, if you find yourself in danger of being taken prisoner, I advise you to wade ashore."

The Commodore found the laugh was against him, but placing himself at the side of the President, and gradually raising

his eyes up the whole length of Mr. Lincoln's very long legs, he replied:

"I guess, Mr. President, you could do that better than I could."

Commodore Nutt and the Nova Scotia giantess, Anna Swan, illustrate the old proverb sufficiently to show how extremes occasionally met in my Museum. He was the shortest of men and she was the tallest of women. I first heard of her through a Quaker who came into my office one day and told me of a wonderful girl, seventeen years of age, who resided near him at Pictou, Nova Scotia, and who was probably the tallest girl in the world. I asked him to obtain her exact height, on his return home, which he did and sent it to me, and I at once sent an agent who in due time came back with Anna Swan. She was an intelligent and by no means ill-looking girl, and during the long period while she was in my employ she was visited by thousands of persons. After the burning of my second Museum, she went to England, where she attracted great attention.[6]

For many years I had been in the habit of engaging parties of American Indians from the far West to exhibit at the Museum, and had sent two or more Indian companies to Europe, where they were regarded as very great "curiosities." In 1864, ten or twelve chiefs of as many different tribes, visited the

[6] "The biggest couple which I ever saw travelled with the Cole show. [This was in 1875 and years immediately following.] They were handled 'with kid gloves.' We knew them as Annie Swann [*sic*] and Captain Bates, and they were billed that way. . . . Cole carried along a carriage for their especial use. As soon as they saw fit to leave the berths, which had of necessity been built on purpose for them, their carriage took them to the best hotel in the town, where rooms had previously been engaged. . . . They walked from the carriage to their platform on a strip of carpeting. As soon as the performance began they went back to the hotel and stayed until just before time for the show to be over, coming back then long enough to be on the platform while the crowd was coming out. Bates was over eight feet high. I think his exact measure was eight feet seven and a half inches. He made it a point every day to invite the tallest man in the crowd to come up and stand under his arm, and I never saw one that could not do it." — Conklin-Root: "The Ways of the Circus" (1921), pp. 158–159. — Brewer's "Reader's Handbook" says Bates was eight feet and weighed 478 pounds — Mrs. Bates, seven feet, eleven inches; 413 pounds. [Ed.]

President of the United States at Washington. By a pretty liberal outlay of money, I succeeded in inducing the interpreter to bring them to New York, and to pass some days at my Museum. Of course, getting these Indians to dance, or to give any illustration of their games or pastimes, was out of the question. They were real chiefs of powerful tribes, and would no more have consented to give an exhibition of themselves than the Chief Magistrate of our own nation would have done. Their interpreter could not therefore promise that they would remain at the Museum for any definite time; "for," said he, "you can only keep them just so long as they suppose all your patrons come to pay them visits of honor. If they suspected that your Museum was a place where people paid for entering," he continued, "you could not keep them a moment after the discovery."

On their arrival at the Museum, therefore, I took them upon the stage and personally introduced them to the public. The Indians liked this attention from me, as they had been informed that I was the proprietor of the great establishment in which they were invited and honored guests. My patrons were of course pleased to see these old chiefs, as they knew they were the "*real* thing," and several of them were known to the public, either as being friendly or cruel to the whites. After one or two appearances upon the stage, I took them in carriages and visited the Mayor of New York in the Governor's room at the City Hall. Here the Mayor made them a speech of welcome, which, being interpreted to the savages, was responded to by a speech from one of the chiefs, in which he thanked the great "Father" of the city for his pleasant words, and for his kindness in pointing out the portraits of his predecessors hanging on the walls of the Governor's room.

On another occasion, I took them by special invitation to visit one of the large public schools up town. The teachers were pleased to see them, and arranged an exhibition of special exercises by the scholars, which they thought would be most likely to gratify their barbaric visitors. At the close of these exer-

cises, one old chief arose, and simply said, "This is all new to us. We are mere unlearned sons of the forest, and cannot understand what we have seen and heard."

On other occasions, I took them to ride in Central Park, and through different portions of the city. At every street corner which we passed, they would express their astonishment to each other, at seeing the long rows of houses which extended both ways on either side of each cross-street. Of course, between each of these outside visits I would return with them to the Museum, and secure two or three appearances upon the stage to receive the people who had there congregated "to do them honor."

As they regarded me as their host, they did not hesitate to trespass upon my hospitality. Whenever their eyes rested upon a glittering shell among my specimens of conchology, especially if it had several brilliant colors, one would take off his coat, another his shirt, and insist that I should exchange my shell for their garment. When I declined the exchange, but on the contrary presented them with the coveted article, I soon found I had established a dangerous precedent. Immediately, they all commenced to beg for everything in my vast collection, which they happened to take a liking to. This cost me many valuable specimens, and often "put me to my trumps" for an excuse to avoid giving them things which I could not part with.

The chief of one of the tribes one day discovered an ancient shirt of chain-mail which hung in one of my cases of antique armor. He was delighted with it, and declared he must have it. I tried all sorts of excuses to prevent his getting it, for it had cost me a hundred dollars and was a great curiosity. But the old man's eyes glistened, and he would not take "no" for an answer. "The Utes have killed my little child," he told me through the interpreter; and now he must have this steel shirt to protect himself; and when he returned to the Rocky Mountains he would have his revenge. I remained inexorable until he finally brought me a new buckskin Indian suit, which he insisted upon exchanging. I felt compelled to accept his proposal;

and never did I see a man more delighted than he seemed to be when he took the mailed shirt into his hands. He fairly jumped up and down with joy. He ran to his lodging room, and soon appeared again with the coveted armor upon his body, and marched down one of the main halls of the Museum, with folded arms, and head erect, occasionally patting his breast with his right hand, as much as to say, "Now, Mr. Ute, look sharp, for I will soon be on the war-path!"

Among these Indians were War-Bonnet, Lean Bear, and Hand-in-the-Water, chiefs of the Cheyennes; Yellow Buffalo, of the Kiowas; Yellow Bear, of the same tribe; Jacob, of the Caddos; and White Bull, of the Apaches. The little wiry chief known as Yellow Bear had killed many whites as they had travelled through the "far West." He was a sly, treacherous, blood-thirsty savage, who would think no more of scalping a family of women and children than a butcher would of wringing the neck of a chicken. But now he was on a mission to the "Great Father" at Washington, seeking for presents and favors for his tribe, and he pretended to be exceedingly meek and humble, and continually urged the interpreter to announce him as a "great friend to the white man." He would fawn about me, and although not speaking or understanding a word of our language, would try to convince me that he loved me dearly.

In exhibiting these Indian warriors on the stage, I explained to the large audiences the names and characteristics of each. When I came to Yellow Bear I would pat him familiarly upon the shoulder, which always caused him to look up to me with a pleasant smile, while he softly stroked down my arm with his right hand in the most loving manner. Knowing that he could not understand a word I said, I pretended to be complimenting him to the audience, while I was really saying something like the following:

"This little Indian, ladies and gentlemen, is Yellow Bear, chief of the Kiowas. He has killed, no doubt, scores of white persons, and he is probably the meanest black-hearted rascal

that lives in the far West." Here I patted him on the head, and he, supposing I was sounding his praises, would smile, fawn upon me, and stroke my arm, while I continued: "If the bloodthirsty little villain understood what I was saying, he would kill me in a moment; but as he thinks I am complimenting him, I can safely state the truth to you, that he is a lying, thieving, treacherous, murderous monster. He has tortured to death poor, unprotected women, murdered their husbands, brained their helpless little ones; and he would gladly do the same to you or to me, if he thought he could escape punishment. This is but a faint description of the character of Yellow Bear." Here I gave him another patronizing pat on the head, and he, with a pleasant smile, bowed to the audience, as much as to say that my words were quite true, and that he thanked me very much for the high encomiums I had so generously heaped upon him.

After they had been about a week at the Museum, one of the chiefs discovered that visitors paid money for entering. This information he soon communicated to the other chiefs, and I heard an immediate murmur of discontent. Their eyes were opened, and no power could induce them to appear again upon the stage. Their dignity had been offended, and their wild, flashing eyes were anything but agreeable. Indeed, I hardly felt safe in their presence, and it was with a feeling of relief that I witnessed their departure for Washington the next morning.

CHAPTER XXXVII

MR. AND MRS. GENERAL TOM THUMB

Miss Lavinia Warren — A Charming Little Lady — Supposed to Be the $30,000 Nutt in Disguise — Her Wardrobe and Presents — Story of a Ring — The Little Commodore in Love — Tom Thumb Smitten — Rivalry of the Dwarfs — Jealousy of the General — Visit at Bridgeport — The General's Stylish Turn-out — Miss Warren Impressed — Call of the General — Lilliputian Love Scene — Tom Thumb's Inventory of His Property — He Proposes and Is Accepted — Arrival of the Commodore — His Grief — Excitement over the Engagement — The Wedding in Grace Church — Reverend Junius Willey — A Spicy Letter by Doctor Taylor — Grand Reception of Mr. and Mrs. Stratton — The Commodore in Search of a Green Country Girl.

In 1862 I heard of an extraordinary dwarf girl, named Lavinia Warren, who was residing with her parents at Middleboro, Massachusetts, and I sent an invitation to her and her parents to come and visit me at Bridgeport. They came, and I found her to be a most intelligent and refined young lady, well educated, and an accomplished, beautiful, and perfectly developed woman in miniature. I succeeded in making an engagement with her for several years, during which she contracted — as dwarfs are said to have the power to do — to visit Great Britain, France, and other foreign lands.

Having arranged the terms of her engagement, I took her to the house of one of my daughters in New York, where she remained quietly, while I was procuring her wardrobe and jewelry, and making arrangements for her début. As yet, nothing had been said in the papers about this interesting young lady, and one day as I was taking her home with me to Bridgeport, I met in the cars the wife of a wealthy menagerie proprietor, who introduced me to her two daughters, young ladies of sixteen and eighteen years of age, and then said:

"You have disguised the little Commodore very nicely."

"That is not Commodore Nutt," I replied, "it is a young lady whom I have recently discovered."

"Very well done, Mr. Barnum," replied Mrs. B., with a look of self-satisfaction.

"Really," I repeated, "this *is* a young lady."

"Thank you, Mr. Barnum, but I know Commodore Nutt in whatever costume you put him; and I recognized him the moment you brought him into the car."

"But, Mrs. B.," I replied, "Commodore Nutt is now exhibiting in the Museum, and this is a little lady whom I hope to bring before the public soon."

"Mr. Barnum," she replied, "you forget that I am a showman's wife, conversant with all the showman's tricks, and that I cannot be deceived."

Seeing there was no prospect of convincing her, I replied in a confidential whisper, for such chance for a joke was not to be lost:

"Well, I see you are too sharp for me, but I beg you not to mention it, for you are the only person on board this train who suspects it is the Commodore."

"I will say nothing," she replied, "but do please bring the little fellow over here, for my daughters have never seen him."

I stepped and told Lavinia the joke and asked her to help carry it out. I then took her over where she got a seat in the midst of the three ladies.

"Ah, Commodore," whispered Mrs. B., "you have done it pretty well, but bless you, I knew those eyes and that nose the moment I saw you."

"Your eyes must be pretty sharp, then," replied Lavinia.

"Oh, you see, people in our line understand these things, and are never deceived by appearances; but let me introduce you to these two young ladies, my daughters."

"We are happy to see you, sir," said one of the young ladies. They then enjoyed a very animated conversation, in the course of which they asked the "Commodore" all about

his family, and Lavinia managed to answer the questions in such a way as to avoid suspicion. The ladies then informed the "Commodore" that there was a sweet little lady living in their town only sixteen years old, and if he would visit them, they would introduce him; that her family was highly respectable, and she would make him a capital wife! Lavinia thanked them and promised to visit them if it should be convenient. As the ladies left the car, they shook hands with Lavinia, kissed her, and in a whisper said, "Good morning, sir." Meeting the husband of the lady, some weeks afterwards, I told him the joke, and he enjoyed it so highly that he will probably never let his wife and daughters hear the last of it.

I purchased a very splendid wardrobe for Miss Warren, including scores of the richest dresses that could be procured, costly jewels, and in fact everything that could add to the charms of her naturally charming little person. She was then placed on exhibition at the Museum and from the day of her début she was an extraordinary success. Commodore Nutt was on exhibition with her, and although he was several years her junior he evidently took a great fancy to her. One day I presented to Lavinia a diamond and emerald ring, and as it did not exactly fit her finger, I told her I would give her another one and that she might present this one to the Commodore in her own name. She did so, and an unlooked-for effect was speedily apparent; the little Commodore felt sure that this was a love-token, and poor Lavinia was in the greatest trouble, for she considered herself quite a woman, and regarded the Commodore only as a nice little boy. But she did not like to offend him, and while she did not encourage, she did not openly repel his attentions. Miss Lavinia Warren, however, was never destined to be Mrs. Commodore Nutt.

It was by no means an unnatural circumstance that I should be suspected of having instigated and brought about the marriage of Tom Thumb with Lavinia Warren. Had I done this, I should at this day have felt no regrets, for it has proved, in an eminent degree, one of the "happy marriages." I only say,

what is known to all of their immediate friends, that from first to last their engagement was an affair of the heart — a case of "love at first sight" — that the attachment was mutual, and that it only grows with the lapse of time. But I had neither part nor lot in instigating or in occasioning the marriage. And as I am anxious to be put right before the public, and so to correct whatever of false impression may have gained ground, I have procured the consent of all the parties to a sketch of the wooing, winning, and nuptials. Of course I should not lay these details before the public, except with the sanction of those most interested. In this they consent to pay the penalty of distinction. And if the wooings of kings and queens must be told, why not the courtship and marriage of General and Mrs. Tom Thumb? The story is an interesting one, and shall be told alike to exonerate me from the suspicion named, and to amuse those — and they count by scores of thousands — who are interested in the welfare of the distinguished couple.

In the autumn of 1862, when Lavinia Warren was on exhibition at the Museum, Tom Thumb had no business engagement with me; in fact, he was not on exhibition at the time at all; he was taking a "vacation" at his house in Bridgeport. Whenever he came to New York he naturally called upon me, his old friend, at the Museum. He happened to be in the city at the time referred to, and one day he called, quite unexpectedly to me, while Lavinia was holding one of her levees. Here he now saw her for the first time, and very naturally made her acquaintance. He had a short interview with her, after which he came directly to my private office and desired to see me alone. Of course I complied with his request, but without the remotest suspicion as to his object. I closed the door, and the General took a seat. His first question let in the light. He inquired about the family of Lavinia Warren. I gave him the facts, which I clearly perceived gave him satisfaction of a peculiar sort. He then said, with great frankness, and with no less earnestness:

"Mr. Barnum, that is the most charming little lady I ever

Courtesy of Robert Fridenberg.

TOM THUMB

Showing him in various rôles, as he appeared at his public performances. (From a Currier and Ives print.)

saw, and I believe she was created on purpose to be my wife! Now," he continued, "you have always been a friend of mine, and I want you to say a good word for me to her. I have got plenty of money, and I want to marry and settle down in life, and I really feel as if I must marry that young lady."

The little General was highly excited, and his general manner betrayed the usual anxiety, which, I doubt not, most of my readers will understand without a description. I could not repress a smile, nor forget my joke; and I said:

"Lavinia is engaged already."

"To whom — Commodore Nutt?" asked Tom Thumb, with much earnestness, and some exhibition of the "green-eyed monster."

"No, General, to me," I replied.

"Never mind," said the General, laughing, "you can exhibit her for a while, and then give up the engagement; but I do hope you will favor my suit with her."

I told the General that this was too sudden an affair; that he must take time to think of it; but he insisted that years of thought would make no difference, for his mind was fully made up.

"Well, General," I replied, "I will not oppose you in your suit, but you must do your own courting. I tell you, however, the Commodore will be jealous of you, and more than that, Miss Warren is nobody's fool, and you will have to proceed very cautiously if you can succeed in winning her affections."

The General thanked me, and promised to be very discreet. A change now came suddenly over him in several particulars. He had been (much to his credit) very fond of his country home in Bridgeport, where he spent his intervals of rest with his horses, and especially with his yacht, for his fondness for the water was his great passion. But now he was constantly having occasion to visit the city, and horses and yachts were strangely neglected. He had a married sister in New York, and his visits to her multiplied, for, of course, he came to New York "to see

his sister!" His mother, who resided in Bridgeport, remarked that Charles had never before shown so much brotherly affection, nor so much fondness for city life.

His visits to the Museum were very frequent, and it was noticeable that new relations were being established between him and Commodore Nutt. The Commodore was not exactly jealous, yet he strutted around like a bantam rooster whenever the General aproached Lavinia. One day he and the General got into a friendly scuffle in the dressing-room, and the Commodore threw the General upon his back in "double quick" time. The Commodore is lithe, wiry, and quick in his movements, but the General is naturally slow, and although he was considerably heavier than the Commodore, he soon found that he could not stand before him in a personal encounter. Moreover, the Commodore is naturally quick-tempered, and when excited, he brags about his knowledge of "the manly art of self-defence," and sometimes talks about pistols and bowie knives, etc. Tom Thumb, on the contrary, is by natural disposition decidedly a man of peace; hence, in this, agreeing with Falstaff as to what constituted the "better part of valor," he was strongly inclined to keep his distance, if the little Commodore showed any belligerent symptoms.

In the course of several weeks the General found numerous opportunities to talk with Lavinia, while the Commodore was performing on the stage, or was otherwise engaged; and, to a watchful discerner, it was evident he was making encouraging progress in the affair of the heart. He also managed to meet Lavinia on Sunday afternoons and evenings, without the knowledge of the Commodore; but he assured me he had not yet dared to suggest matrimony.

He finally returned to Bridgeport, and privately begged that on the following Saturday I would take Lavinia up to my house, and also invite him.

His immediate object in this was, that his mother might get acquainted with Lavinia, for he feared opposition from that source whenever the idea of his marriage should be suggested.

I could do no less than accede to his proposal, and on the following Friday, while Lavinia and the Commodore were sitting in the greenroom, I said:

"Lavinia, you may go up to Bridgeport with me to-morrow morning, and remain until Monday."

"Thank you," she replied; "it will be quite a relief to get into the country for a couple of days."

The Commodore immediately pricked up his ears, and said:

"Mr. Barnum, *I* should like to go to Bridgeport to-morrow."

"What for?" I asked.

"I want to see my little ponies; I have not seen them for several months," he replied.

I whispered in his ear, "You little rogue, *that* is the pony you want to see," pointing to Lavinia.

He insisted I was mistaken. When I remarked that he could not well be spared from the Museum, he said:

"Oh! I can perform at half past seven o'clock, and then jump on to the eight o'clock evening train, and go up by myself, reaching Bridgeport before eleven, and return early Monday morning."

I feared there would be a clashing of interests between the rival pigmies; but wishing to please him, I consented to his request, especially as Lavinia also favored it. I wished I could then fathom that little woman's heart, and see whether she (who must have discovered the secret of the General's frequent visits to the Museum) desired the Commodore's visit in order to stir up the General's ardor, or whether, as seemed to me the more likely, she was seeking in this way to prevent a *dénouement* which she was not inclined to favor. Certain it is, that though I was the General's confidant, and knew all his desires upon the subject, no person had discovered the slightest evidence that Lavinia Warren had ever entertained the remotest suspicion of his thoughts regarding marriage. If she had made the discovery, as I assume, she kept the secret well. In fact, I assured Tom Thumb that every indication, so far as any

of us could observe, was to the effect that his suit would be rejected. The little General was fidgety, but determined; hence he was anxious to have Lavinia meet his mother, and also see his possessions in Bridgeport, for he owned considerable land and numerous houses there.

The General met us at the depot in Bridgeport, on Saturday morning, and drove us to my house in his own carriage — his coachman being tidily dressed, with a broad velvet ribbon and silver buckle placed upon his hat expressly for the occasion. Lavinia was duly informed that this was the General's "turn-out"; and after resting half an hour at Lindencroft, he took her out to ride. He stopped a few moments at his mother's house, where she saw the apartments which his father had built expressly for him, and filled with the most gorgeous furniture — all corresponding to his own diminutive size. Then he took her to East Bridgeport, and undoubtedly took occasion to point out in great detail all of the houses which he owned, for he depended much upon having his wealth make some impression upon her. They returned, and the General stayed to lunch. I asked Lavinia how she liked her ride; she replied:

"It was very pleasant, but," she added, "it seems as if you and Tom Thumb owned about all of Bridgeport!"

The General took his leave and returned at five o'clock to dinner, with his mother. Mrs. Stratton remained until seven o'clock. She expressed herself charmed with Lavinia Warren; but not a suspicion passed her mind that little Charley was endeavoring to give her this accomplished young lady as a daughter-in-law. The General had privately asked me to invite him to stay over night, for, said he, "If I get a chance, I intend to 'pop the question' before the Commodore arrives." So I told his mother I thought the General had better stop with us over night, as the Commodore would be up in the late train, adding that it would be more pleasant for the little folks to be together. She assented, and the General was happy.

After tea Lavinia and the General sat down to play back-

gammon. As nine o'clock approached, I remarked that it was about time to retire, but somebody would have to sit up until nearly eleven o'clock, in order to let in the Commodore. The General replied:

"I will sit up with pleasure, if Miss Warren will remain also."

Lavinia carelessly replied, that she was accustomed to late hours, and she would wait and see the Commodore. A little supper was placed upon the table for the Commodore, and the family retired.

Now it happened that a couple of mischievous young ladies were visiting at my house, one of whom was to sleep with Lavinia. They were suspicious that the General was going to propose to Lavinia that evening, and, in a spirit of ungovernable curiosity, they determined, notwithstanding its manifest impropriety, to witness the operation, if they could possibly manage to do so on the sly. Of course this was inexcusable, the more so as so few of my readers, had they been placed under the same temptation, would have been guilty of such an impropriety! Perhaps I should hesitate to use the testimony of such witnesses, or even to trust it. But a few weeks after, they told the little couple the whole story, were forgiven, and all had a hearty laugh over it.

It so happened that the door of the sitting room, in which the General and Lavinia were left at the backgammon board, opened into the hall just at the side of the stairs, and these young misses, turning out the lights in the hall, seated themselves upon the stairs in the dark, where they had a full view of the cosy little couple, and were within easy ear-shot of all that was said.

The house was still. The General soon acknowledged himself vanquished at backgammon, and gave it up. After sitting a few moments, he evidently thought it was best to put a clincher on the financial part of his abilities so he drew from his pocket a policy of insurance, and handing it to Lavinia, he asked her if she knew what it was.

Examining it, she replied, "It is an insurance policy. I see you keep your property insured."

"But the beauty of it is, it is not my property," replied the General, "and yet I get the benefit of the insurance in case of fire. You will see," he continued, unfolding the policy, "this is the property of Mr. Williams, but here, you will observe, it reads, 'Loss, if any, payable to Charles S. Stratton, as his interest may appear.' The fact is, I loaned Mr. Williams three thousand dollars, took a mortgage on his house, and made him insure it for my benefit. In this way, you perceive, I get my interest, and he has to pay the taxes."

"That is a very wise way, I should think," remarked Lavinia.

"That is the way I do all my business," replied the General complacently, as he returned the huge insurance policy to his pocket. "You see," he continued, "I never lend any of my money without taking bond and mortgage security, then I have no trouble with taxes; my principle is secure, and I receive my interest regularly."

The explanation seemed satisfactory to Lavinia, and the General's courage began to rise. Drawing his chair a little nearer to hers, he said:

"So you are going to Europe soon?"

"Yes," replied Lavinia, "Mr. Barnum intends to take me over in a couple of months."

"You will find it very pleasant," remarked the General. "I have been there twice, in fact I have spent six years abroad, and I like the old countries very much."

"I hope I shall like the trip, and I expect I shall," responded Lavinia; "for Mr. Barnum says I shall visit all the principal cities, and he has no doubt I will be invited to appear before the Queen of England, the Emperor and Empress of France, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, and at the courts of any other countries which we may visit. Oh! I shall like that, it will be so new to me."

"Yes, it will be very interesting indeed. I have visited most of the crowned heads," remarked the General, with an evident

feeling of self-congratulation. "But are you not afraid you will be lonesome in a strange country?" asked the General.

"No, I think there is no danger of that, for friends will accompany me," was the reply.

"I wish I was going over, for I know all about the different countries, and could explain them all to you," remarked Tom Thumb.

"That would be very nice," said Lavinia.

"Do you think so?" said the General, moving his chair still closer to Lavinia's.

"Of course," replied Lavinia, coolly, "for, I being a stranger to all the habits and customs of the people, as well as to the country, it would be pleasant to have some person along who could answer all my foolish questions."

"I should like it first rate, if Mr. Barnum would engage me," said the General.

"I thought you remarked the other day that you had money enough, and was [*sic* — Ed.] tired of travelling," said Lavinia, with a slightly mischievous look from one corner of her eye.

"That depends upon my company while travelling," replied the General.

"You might not find my company very agreeable."

"I would be glad to risk it."

"Well, perhaps Mr. Barnum would engage you, if you asked him," said Lavinia.

"Would you really like to have me go?" asked the General, quietly insinuating his arm around her waist, but hardly close enough to touch her.

"Of course I would," was the reply.

The little General's arm clasped the waist closer as he turned his face nearer to hers, and said:

"Don't you think it would be pleasanter if we went as man and wife?"

The little fairy quickly disengaged his arm, and remarked that the General was a funny fellow to joke in that way.

"I am not joking at all," said the General, earnestly, "it is quite too serious a matter for that."

"I wonder why the Commodore don't come?" said Lavinia.

"I hope you are not anxious for his arrival, for I am sure *I* am not," responded the General, "and what is more, I do hope you will say 'yes' before he comes at all!"

"Really, Mr. Stratton," said Lavinia, with dignity, "if you are in earnest in your strange proposal, I must say I am surprised."

"Well, I hope you are not *offended*," replied the General, "for I was never more in earnest in my life, and I hope you will consent. The first moment I saw you I felt that you were created to be my wife."

"But this is so sudden."

"Not so very sudden; it is several months since we first met, and you know all about me, and my family, and I hope you find nothing to object to in me."

"Not at all; on the contrary, I have found you very agreeable, in fact I like you very much as a friend, but I have not thought of marrying, and —"

"And what, my dear?" said the General, giving her a kiss. "Now, I beg of you, don't have any 'buts' or 'ands' about it. You say you like me as a friend, why will you not like me as a husband? You ought to get married; I love you dearly, and I want you for a wife. Now, deary, the Commodore will be here in a few minutes, I may not have a chance to see you again alone; do say that we will be married, and I will get Mr. Barnum to give up your engagement."

Lavinia hesitated, and finally said:

"I think I love you well enough to consent, but I have always said I would never marry without my mother's consent."

"Oh! I'll ask your mother. May I ask your mother? Come, say 'yes' to that, and I will go and see her next week. May I do that, pet?"

Then there was a sound of something very much like the popping of several corks from as many beer bottles. The young

eavesdroppers had no doubt as to the character of these reports, nor did they doubt that they sealed the betrothal, for immediately after they heard Lavinia say:

"Yes, Charles, you may ask my mother." Another volley of reports followed, and then Lavinia said, "Now, Charles, don't whisper this to a living soul; let us keep our own secrets for the present."

"All right," said the General, "I will say nothing; but next Tuesday I shall start to see your mother."

"Perhaps you may find it difficult to obtain her consent," said Lavinia.

At that moment a carriage drove up to the door, and immediately the bell was rung, and the little Commodore entered.

"*You* here, General?" said the Commodore, as he espied his rival.

"Yes," said Lavinia, "Mr. Barnum asked him to stay, and we were waiting for you; come, warm yourself."

"I am not cold," said the Commodore. "Where is Mr. Barnum?"

"He has gone to bed," remarked the General, "but a nice supper has been prepared for you."

"I am not hungry, I thank you; I am going to bed. Which room does Mr. Barnum sleep in?" said the little bantam in a petulant tone of voice.

His question was answered; the young eavesdroppers scampered to their sleeping apartments, and the Commodore soon came to my room, where he found me indulging in the foolish habit of reading in bed.

"Mr. Barnum, does Tom Thumb board here?" asked the Commodore, sarcastically.

"No," said I, "Tom Thumb does not *board* here. I invited him to stop over night, so don't be foolish, but go to bed."

"Oh, it's no affair of mine. I don't care anything about it; but I thought he had taken up his board here," replied the Commodore, and off he went to bed, evidently in a bad humor.

Ten minutes afterwards Tom Thumb came rushing into my

room, and closing the door, he caught hold of my hand in a high state of excitement and whispered:

"We are engaged, Mr. Barnum! we are engaged! we are engaged!" and he jumped up and down in the greatest glee.

"Is that possible?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, indeed it is; but you must not mention it," he responded. "We agreed to tell nobody, so please don't say a word. I must tell *you*, of course, but 'mum is the word.' I am going, Tuesday, to get her mother's consent."

I promised secrecy, and the General retired in as happy a mood as I ever saw him. Lavinia also retired, but not a hint did she give to the young lady with whom she slept regarding the engagement. Indeed, our family plied her upon the subject the next day, but not a breath passed her lips that would give the slightest indication of what had transpired. She was quite sociable with the Commodore, and as the General concluded to go home the next morning, the Commodore's equanimity and good feelings were fully restored. The General made a call of half an hour Sunday evening, and managed to have an interview with Lavinia. The next morning she and the Commodore returned to New York in good spirits, I remaining at Bridgeport.

The General called on me Monday, however, bringing a very nice letter which he had written to Lavinia's mother. He had concluded to send this letter by his trusty friend, Mr. George A. Wells, instead of going himself, and he had just seen Mr. Wells, who had consented to go to Middleboro with the letter the following day, and to urge the General's suit, if it should be necessary.

The General went to New York on Wednesday, and was there to await Mr. Wells' arrival. On Wednesday morning the General and Lavinia walked into my office, and after closing the door, the little General said:

"Mr. Barnum, I want somebody to tell the Commodore that Lavinia and I are engaged, for I am afraid there will be a 'row' when he hears of it."

"Do it yourself, General," I replied.

"Oh," said the General, almost shuddering, "I would not dare to do it, he might knock me down."

"I will do it," said Lavinia; and it was at once arranged that I should call the Commodore and Lavinia into my office, and either she or myself would tell him. The General, of course, "vamosed."

When the Commodore joined us and the door was closed, I said:

"Commodore, do you know what this little witch has been doing?"

"No, I don't," he answered.

"Well, she has been cutting up one of the greatest pranks you ever heard of," I replied. "She almost deserves to be shut up, for daring to do it. Can't you guess what she has done?"

He mused a moment, and then looking at me, said in a low voice, and with a serious-looking face, "Engaged?"

"Yes," said I, "absolutely engaged to be married to General Tom Thumb. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"Is that so, Lavinia?" asked the Commodore, looking her earnestly in the face.

"That is so," said Lavinia; "and Mr. Wells has gone to obtain my mother's consent."

The Commodore turned pale, and choked a little, as if he was trying to swallow something. Then, turning on his heel, he said in a broken voice:

"I hope you may be happy."

As he passed out of the door, a tear rolled down his cheek.

"That is pretty hard," I said to Lavinia.

"I am very sorry," she replied, "but I could not help it. That diamond and emerald ring which you bade me present in my name, has caused all this trouble."

Half an hour after this incident, the Commodore came to my office, and said:

"Mr. Barnum, do you think it would be right for Miss Warren to marry Charley Stratton if her mother should object?"

I saw that the little fellow had still a slight hope to hang on, and I said:

"No, indeed, it would not be right."

"Well, she says she shall marry him any way; that she gives her mother the chance to consent, but if she objects, she will have her own way and marry him," said the Commodore.

"On the contrary," I replied, "I will not permit it. She is engaged to go to Europe for me, and I will not release her, if her mother does not fully consent to her marrying Tom Thumb."

The Commodore's eyes glistened with pleasure, as he replied:

"Between you and me, Mr. Barnum, I don't believe she will give her consent."

But the next day dissipated his hopes. Mr. Wells returned, saying that Lavinia's mother at first objected, for she feared it was a contrivance to get them married for the promotion of some pecuniary advantage; but, upon reading the letter from the General, and one still more urgent from Lavinia, and also upon hearing from Mr. Wells that, in case of their marriage, I should cancel all claims I had upon Lavinia's services, she consented.

After the Commodore had heard the news, I said to him:

"Never mind, Commodore, Minnie Warren is a better match for you; she is a charming little creature, and two years younger than you, while Lavinia is several years your senior."

"I thank you, sir," replied the Commodore, pompously, "I would not marry the best woman living; I don't believe in women, anyway."

I then suggested that he should stand with little Minnie, as groom [*sic* — Ed.] and bridesmaid, at the approaching wedding.

"No, sir!" replied the Commodore, emphatically. "I won't do it!"

That idea was therefore abandoned. A few weeks subsequently, when time had reconciled the Commodore, he told me

that Tom Thumb had asked him to stand as groom with Minnie, at the wedding, and he was going to do so.

"When I asked you, a few weeks ago, you refused," I said.

"It was not your business to ask me," replied the Commodore, pompously. "When the proper person invited me, I accepted."

Of course the approaching wedding was announced. It created an immense excitement. Lavinia's levees at the Museum were crowded to suffocation, and her photographic pictures were in great demand. For several weeks she sold more than three hundred dollars' worth of her *cartes-de-visite* each day. And the daily receipts at the Museum were frequently over three thousand dollars. I engaged the General to exhibit, and to assist her in the sale of pictures, to which his own photograph, of course, was added. I could afford to give them a fine wedding, and I did so.

The little couple made a personal application to Bishop Potter to perform the nuptial ceremony, and obtained his consent; but the matter became public, and outside pressure from some of the most squeamish of his clergy was brought to bear upon the bishop, and he rescinded his engagement.

This fact of itself, as well as the opposition that caused it, only added to the notoriety of the approaching wedding, and increased the crowds at the Museum. The financial result to me was a piece of good fortune, which I was, of course, quite willing to accept, though in this instance the "advertisement," so far as the fact of the betrothal of the parties, with its preliminaries, was concerned, was not of my seeking, as the recital now given shows. But seeing the turn it was taking in crowding the Museum, and pouring money into the treasury, I did not hesitate to seek continued advantage from the notoriety of the prospective marriage. Accordingly, I offered the General and Lavinia fifteen thousand dollars if they would postpone the wedding for a month, and continue their exhibitions at the Museum.

"Not for fifty thousand dollars," said the General, excitedly.

"Good for you, Charley," said Lavinia, "only you ought to have said not for a *hundred thousand*, for I would not!"

They both laughed heartily at what they considered my discomfiture, and such, looked at from a business point of view, it certainly was. The wedding day approached and the public excitement grew. For several days, I might say weeks, the approaching marriage of Tom Thumb was the New York "sensation." For proof of this I did not need what, however, was ample, the newspaper paragraphs. A surer index was in the crowds that passed into the Museum, and the dollars that found their way into the ticket office.

It was suggested to me that a small fortune in itself could be easily made out of the excitement. "Let the ceremony take place in the Academy of Music, charge a big price for admission, and the citizens will come in crowds." I have no manner of doubt that in this way twenty-five thousand dollars could easily have been obtained. But I had no such thought. I had promised to give the couple a genteel and graceful wedding, and I kept my word.

The day arrived, Tuesday, February 10, 1863. The ceremony was to take place in Grace Church, New York. The Rev. Junius Willey, Rector of St. John's Church in Bridgeport, assisted by the late Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Grace Church, was to officiate. The organ was played by Morgan. I know not what better I could have done, had the wedding of a prince been in contemplation. The church was comfortably filled by a highly select audience of ladies and gentlemen, none being admitted except those having cards of invitation. Among them were governors of several of the States, to whom I had sent cards, and such of those as could not be present in person were represented by friends, to whom they had given their cards. Members of Congress were present, also generals of the army, and many other prominent public men. Numerous applications were made from wealthy and distinguished persons for tickets to witness the ceremony, and as high as sixty dollars was offered for a single admission. But not a ticket was sold; and Tom Thumb

From an engraving (after a photograph).

MANAGER BARNUM AND FOUR FAMOUS MIDGETS

Left to right: George W. ("Commodore") Nutt; Charles S. Stratton ("General Tom Thumb"); Mrs. Stratton (Lavinia Warren); Mrs. Stratton's sister, Miss Minnie Warren.

and Lavinia Warren were pronounced "man and wife" before witnesses.

The following entirely authentic correspondence, the only suppression being the name of the person who wrote to Dr. Taylor and to whom Dr. Taylor's reply is addressed, shows how a certain would-be "witness" was not a witness of the famous wedding. In other particulars, the correspondence speaks for itself.

To the Rev. Dr. Taylor. — *Sir:* The object of my unwillingly addressing you this note is to inquire what right you had to exclude myself and other owners of pews in Grace Church from entering it yesterday, enforced, too, by a cordon of police for that purpose. If my pew is not my property, I wish to know it; and if it is, I deny your right to prevent me from occupying it whenever the church is open, even at a marriage of mountebanks, which I would not take the trouble to cross the street to witness.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

W*** S***

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804 Broadway, New York, Feb. 16, 1863.

Mr. W*** S*** — *Dear Sir:* I am sorry, my valued friend, that you should have written me the peppery letter that is now before me. If the matter of which you complain be so utterly insignificant and contemptible as "a marriage of mountebanks, which you would not take the trouble to cross the street to witness," it surprises me that you should have made such strenuous, but ill-directed efforts to secure a ticket of admission. And why — permit me to ask in the name of reason and philosophy — do you still suffer it to disturb you so sadly? It would perhaps be a sufficient answer to your letter, to say that your cause of complaint exists only in your imagination. You have never been excluded from your pew. As rector, I am the only custodian of the church, and you will hardly venture to say that you have ever applied to me for permission to enter, and been refused.

Here I might safely rest, and leave you to the comfort of your own reflections in the case. But as you, in common with many other worthy persons, would seem to have very crude notions as to your rights of "property" in pews, you will pardon me for saying that a pew in a church is property only in a peculiar and restricted sense. It is not property, as your house or your horse is property. It vests you with no fee in the soil; you cannot use it in any way, and in every way, and at all times, as your pleasure or caprice may dictate; you cannot put it to any common or unhallowed uses; you cannot remove it, nor injure it, nor destroy it. In short, you hold by purchase, and may sell the right to the undisturbed possession of that little space within the church edifice which you call your pew during the hours of divine service. But even that right must be exercised decorously, and with a decent regard for time and place, or else you may at any moment be ignominiously ejected from it.

I regret to be obliged to add that by the law of custom, you may, during those said hours of divine service (but at no other time), sleep in your pew; you must, however, do so noiselessly and never to the disturbance of your sleeping neighbors; your property in your pew has this extent and nothing more. Now, if Mr. W*** S*** were at any time to come to me and say, "Sir, I would that you should grant me the use of Grace Church for a solemn service (a marriage, a baptism, or a funeral, as the case may be), and as it is desirable that the feelings of the parties should be protected as far as possible from the impertinent intrusion and disturbance of a crowd from the streets and lanes of the city, I beg that no one may be admitted within the doors of the church during the very few moments that we expect to be there, but our invited friends only," — it would certainly, in such a case, be my pleasure to comply with your request, and to meet your wishes in every particular; and I think that even Mr. W*** S*** will agree that all this would be entirely reasonable and proper. Then, tell me, how would such a case differ from the instance of which you complain? Two young persons, whose only crimes would seem to be that they are neither so big, nor so stupid, nor so ill-mannered, nor so inordinately selfish as some other people, come to me and say, sir, we are about to be married, and we wish to throw around our marriage all the solemnities of religion. We are

strangers in your city, and as there is no clergyman here standing in a pastoral relation to us, we have ventured to ask the favor of the bishop of New York to marry us, and he has kindly consented to do so; may we then venture a little further, and request the use of your church in which the bishop may perform the marriage service? We assure you, sir, that we are no shams, no cheats, no mountebanks; we are neither monsters nor abortions; it is true we are little, but we are as God made us, perfect in our littleness. Sir, we are simply man and woman of like passions and infirmities with you and other mortals. The arrangements for our marriage are controlled by no "showman," and we are sincerely desirous that everything should be ordered with a most scrupulous regard to decorum. We hope to invite our relations and intimate friends, together with such persons as may in other years have extended civilities to either of us; but we pledge ourselves to you most sacredly that no invitation can be bought with money. Permit us to say further, that as we would most gladly escape from the insulting jeers, and ribald sneers and coarse ridicule of the unthinking multitude without, we pray you to allow us, at our own proper charges, so to guard the avenues of access from the street, as to prevent all unseemly tumult and disorder.

I tell you, sir, that whenever, and from whomsoever, such an appeal is made to my Christian courtesy, although it should come from the very humblest of the earth, I would go calmly and cheerfully forward to meet their wishes, although as many W*** S***'s as would reach from here to Kamtschatka, clothed in furs and frowns, should rise up to oppose me.

In conclusion, I will say that if the marriage of Charles S. Stratton and Lavinia Warren is to be regarded as a pageant, then it was the most beautiful pageant it has ever been my privilege to witness. If on the contrary, it is rather to be thought of as a solemn ceremony, then it was as touchingly solemn as a wedding can possibly be rendered. It is true the bishop was not present, but Mr. Stratton's own pastor, the Rev. Mr. Willey, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, read the service with admirable taste and impressiveness, and the bride was given away by her mother's pastor and her own "next friend," a venerable Congregational clergyman from Massachusetts. Surely, there never was a gathering of so many hundreds of our best people, when everybody appeared so de-

lighted with everything; surely it is no light thing to call forth so much innocent joy in so few moments of passing time; surely it is no light thing, thus to smooth the roughness and sweeten the acerbities which mar our happiness as we advance upon the wearing journey of life. Sir, it was most emphatically a high triumph of "Christian civilization"!

Respectfully submitted, by your obedient servant,

THOMAS HOUSE TAYLOR.

Several thousand persons attended the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb the same day at the Metropolitan Hotel. After this they started on a wedding tour, taking Washington in their way. They visited President Lincoln at the White House. After a couple of weeks they returned, and, as they then supposed, retired to private life.

Habit, however, is indeed second nature. The General and his wife had been accustomed to excitement, and after a few months' retirement they again longed for the peculiar pleasures of a public life, and the public were eager to welcome them once more. They resumed their public career, and have since travelled several years in Europe, and considerably in this country, holding public exhibitions more than half the time, and spending the residue in leisurely viewing such cities and portions of the country as they may happen to be in. Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, I should add, usually travel with them.

I met the little Commodore last summer,[1] after his absence in Europe of three years, and said:

"Are you not married yet, Commodore?"

"No, sir; my fruit is plucked," he replied.

"You don't mean to say you will never marry," I remarked.

"No, not exactly," replied the Commodore, complacently, "but I have concluded not to marry until I am thirty."

"I suppose you intend to marry one of your size?" I said.

"I am not particular in that respect," but seeing my jocose

[1] 1868. [Ed.]

mood, he continued, with a comical leer, "I think I should prefer marrying a good, green country girl, to anybody else."

This was said with a degree of nonchalance which none can appreciate who do not know him.

To make sure that a lack of memory has not misled me as to any of the facts in regard to the courtship and wedding of Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren, I will here say that, after writing out the story, I read it to the parties personally interested, and they give me leave to say that, in all particulars, it is a correct statement of the affair, except that Lavinia remarked:

"Well, Mr. Barnum, your story don't lose any by the telling"; and the Commodore denies the "rolling tear," when informed of the engagement of the little pair.

In June, 1869, the report was started, for the third or fourth time, in the newspapers, that Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren were married — this time at West Haven, in Connecticut. The story was wholly untrue, nor do I think that such a wedding is likely to take place, for, on the principle that people like their opposites, Minnie and the Commodore are likely to marry persons whom they can literally "look up to" — that is, if either of them marries at all it will be a tall partner.

Soon after the wedding of General Tom Thumb and Lavinia Warren, a lady came to my office and called my attention to a little six-paged pamphlet which she said she had written, entitled "Priests and Pigmies," and requested me to read it. I glanced at the title, and at once estimating the character of the publication, I promptly declined to devote any portion of my valuable time to its perusal.

"But you had better look at it, Mr. Barnum; it deeply interests you, and you may think it worth your while to buy it."

"Certainly, I will buy it, if you desire," said I, tendering her a sixpence, which I supposed to be the price of the little pamphlet.

"Oh! you quite misunderstand me; I mean buy the copyright

and the entire edition, with the view of suppressing the work. It says some frightful things, I assure you," urged the author.

I lay back in my chair and fairly roared at this exceedingly feeble attempt at blackmail.

"But," persisted the lady, "suppose it says that your Museum and Grace Church are all one, what then?"

"My dear madam," I replied, "you may say what you please about me or about my Museum; you may print a hundred thousand copies of a pamphlet stating that I stole the communion service, after the wedding, from Grace Church altar, or anything else you choose to write; only have the kindness to say something about me, and then come to me and I will properly estimate the money value of your services to me as an advertising agent. Good morning, madam," — and she departed.[2]

[2] Lavinia's full name was Mercy Lavinia Warren Bumpus. The "Bumpus" was dropped and for publicity purposes it was pointed out that "The name of Warren has been rendered illustrious in England and America by the remarkable talents and peculiar traits that have distinguished noticeable men on both sides of the Atlantic." Minnie married (1877) Major Newell (Edmund Newell, Jr.), who had been added to the Tom Thumb midget troupe in 1874, and who at the time of his marriage weighed 27 pounds and was 24 inches in height. [Ed.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII

POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

My Political Principles — Reasons for My Change of Parties — Kansas and Secession — Wide-Awakes — Grand Illumination of Lindencroft — Joke on a Democratic Neighbor — Peace Meetings — The Stepney Excitement — Tearing Down a Peace Flag — A Loyal Meeting — Reception in Bridgeport — Destruction of the "Farmer" Office — Elias Howe, Jr. — Saint Peter and Saltpetre — Draft Riots — Burglars at Lindencroft — My Election to the Legislature — Beginning of My War on Railroad Monopolies — Wire-Pulling — The XIVth Amendment to the United States Constitution — Striking the Word "White" from the Connecticut Constitution — My Speech.

I BEGAN my political life as a Democrat, and my newspaper, the "Herald of Freedom," was a Jackson-Democratic journal. While always taking an active interest in political matters, I had no desire for personal preferment, and, up to a late period, steadily declined to run for office. Nevertheless, in 1852 or 1853, prominent members of the party with which I voted, urged the submission of my name to the State Convention, as a candidate for the office of Governor, and although the party was then in the ascendancy, and a nomination would have been equivalent to an election, I peremptorily refused; in spite of this refusal, which was generally known, several votes were cast for me in the Convention. The Kansas strifes, in 1854, shook my faith in my party, though I continued to call myself a Democrat, often declaring that if I thought there was a drop of blood in me that was not Democratic, I would let it out if I had to cut the jugular vein. When, however, secession threatened in 1860, I thought it was time for a "new departure," and I identified myself with the Republican party.

During the active and exciting political campaign of 1860, which resulted in Mr. Lincoln's first election to the presidency,

it will be remembered that "Wide-Awake" associations, with their uniforms, torches, and processions, were organized in nearly every city, town, and village throughout the North. Arriving at Bridgeport from New York at five o'clock one afternoon, I was informed that the Wide-Awakes were to parade that evening and intended to march out to Lindencroft. So I ordered two boxes of sperm candles, and prepared for a general illumination of every window in the front of my house. Many of my neighbors, including several Democrats, came to Lindencroft in the evening to witness the illumination and see the Wide-Awake procession. My nearest neighbor, Mr. T., was a strong Democrat, and before he came to my house, he ordered his servants to stay in the basement, and not to show a light above ground, thus intending to prove his Democratic convictions and conclusions by the darkness of his premises; and so, while Lindencroft was all ablaze with a flood of light, the next house was as black as a coal-hole.

My neighbor Mr. James D. Johnson was also a Democrat, but I knew he would not spoil a good joke for the sake of politics, and I asked him to engage the attention of Mr. and Mrs. T., and to keep their faces turned towards Bridgeport and the approaching procession, the light of whose torches could already be seen in the distance, while another Democratic friend, Mr. George A. Wells, and I, ran over and illuminated Mr. T.'s house. This we did with great success, completing our work five minutes before the procession arrived. As the Wide-Awakes turned into my grounds and saw that the house of Mr. T. was brilliantly illuminated, they concluded that he had become a sudden convert to Republicanism, and gave three rousing cheers for him. Hearing his name thus cheered and wondering at the cause, he happened to turn and see that his house was lighted up from basement to attic, and uttering a single profane ejaculation, he rushed for home. He was not able, however, to put out the lights till the Wide-Awakes had gone on their way rejoicing under the impression that one more Republican had been added to their ranks.

A WAR-TIME INCIDENT

When the rebellion broke out in 1861, I was too old to go to the field, but I supplied four substitutes, and contributed liberally from my means for the cause of the Union. After the defeat at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, "peace meetings" began to be held in different parts of the Northern States, and especially in Fairfield and Litchfield Counties, in Connecticut. It was usual in these assemblies to display a white flag, bearing the word "Peace" above the National flag, and to make and listen to harangues denunciatory of the war. One of these meetings was advertised to be held, August 24th, at Stepney, ten miles north of Bridgeport. On the morning of that day, I met Elias Howe, Jr., who proposed to me that we should drive up to Stepney, attend the Peace meeting, and hear for ourselves whether the addresses were disloyal or not. We agreed to meet at the post-office, at twelve o'clock at noon, and I went home for my carriage. On the way I met several gentlemen to whom I communicated my intention, asking them to go also; and as Mr. Howe invited several of his friends to accompany us, when we met at noon, at least twenty gentlemen were at the place of rendezvous with their carriages, ready to start for Stepney. I am quite confident that not one of us had any other intention in going to this meeting, than to quietly listen to the harangues, and if they were found to be in opposition to the government, and calculated to create disturbance or disaffection in the community, and deter enlistments, it would be best to represent the matter to the government at Washingon, and ask that measures might be taken to suppress such gatherings.

As we turned into Main street, we discovered two large omnibuses filled with soldiers, who were at home on furlough, and who were going to Stepney. Our lighter carriages outran them, and so arrived at Stepney in time to see the white peace flag run up over the stars-and-stripes, when we quietly stood in the crowd while the meeting was organized. It was a very large gathering, and some fifty ladies were on the seats in front of the platform, on which were the officers and speakers of the meeting. A "preacher" — Mr. Charles Smith — was invited to

open the proceedings with prayer, and "The Military and Civil History of Connecticut, during the War of 1861–65," by W. A. Croffut and John M. Morris, thus continues the record of this extraordinary gathering:

"He (Smith) had not, however, progressed far in his supplication, when he slightly opened his eyes, and beheld, to his horror, the Bridgeport omnibuses coming over the hill, garnished with Union banners, and vocal with loyal cheers. This was the signal for a panic; Smith, and the undelivered orators, it is alleged, took refuge in a field of corn. The procession drove straight to the pole unresisted, the hostile crowd parting to let them pass; and a tall man — John Platz — amid some mutterings, climbed the pole, reached the halliards, and the mongrel banners were on the ground. Some of the peace-men, rallying, drew weapons on 'the invaders,' and a musket and a revolver were taken from them by soldiers at the very instant of firing. Another of the defenders fired a revolver, and was chased into the fields. Still others, waxing belligerent, were disarmed, and a number of loaded muskets found stored in an adjacent shed were seized. The stars-and-stripes were hoisted upon the pole, and wildly cheered. P. T. Barnum was then taken on the shoulders of the boys in blue, and put on the platform, where he made a speech full of patriotism, spiced with the humor of the occasion. Captain James E. Dunham also said a few words to the point. . . . 'The Star-Spangled Banner' was then sung in chorus, and a series of resolutions passed, declaring that 'loyal men are the rightful custodians of the peace of Connecticut.' Elias Howe, Jr., chairman, made his speech, when the crowd threatened to shoot the speakers: 'If they fire a gun, boys, burn the whole town, and I'll pay for it!' After giving the citizens wholesome advice concerning the substituted flag, and their duty to the government, the procession returned to Bridgeport, with the white flag trailing in the mud behind an omnibus. . . . They were received at Bridgeport by approving crowds, and were greeted with continuous cheers as they passed along."

On our way back to Bridgeport, the soldiers threatened a

descent upon the "Farmer" office, but I strongly appealed to them to refrain from such a riotous proceeding, telling them that as law-abiding citizens they should refrain from acts of violence and especially should make no appeal to the passions of a mob. So confident was I that the day's proceedings had ended with the reception of the soldiers on their return from Stepney, that in telegraphing a full account of the facts to the New York papers, I added that there was no danger of an attack upon the "Farmer" office, since leading loyal citizens were opposed to such action as unnecessary and unwise. But the enthusiasm with which the soldiers had been received, and the excitement of the day, prompted them to break through their resolutions, and, half an hour after my telegram had been sent to New York, they rushed into the "Farmer" office, tumbled the type into the street, and broke the presses. I did not approve of this summary suppression of the paper, and offered the proprietors a handsome subscription to assist in enabling them to renew the publication of the "Farmer." One of the editors of this paper went South, and connected himself with a journal in Augusta, Georgia; the remaining proprietor shortly afterwards re-issued the "Farmer," but the peace meetings which had been advertised for different towns were never held; the gathering at Stepney was the last of the kind.

Elias Howe, Jr., although he was a man of wealth and well advanced in years, enlisted as a private in the Seventeenth regiment of Connecticut volunteers and served in the Army of the Potomac. Once when his fellow-soldiers, not having been paid off, were in need of money, he advanced $13,000 due them, and when his regiment was disbanded and discharged from service, he chartered, at his own expense, a special train to bring them from New Haven to Bridgeport, where they had a public reception.

Mr. Howe, like all men of his reputed wealth and liberality, was constantly besieged by solicitors for all sorts of charities, nor was he free from such applications when he was serving as a common soldier in Virginia. On one occasion a worthy priest

came to him and asked for a subscription to a church which was then building. "Who is it," exclaimed Howe, "that talks of building churches in this time of war?" The priest ventured to say that he was trying to build in his parish a church which was to be known as St. Peter's.

"St. Peter's is it?" asked Howe. "Well, St. Peter was, in his way, a fighting man; he drew a sword once and cut off a man's ear; on the whole, I think," he added, as he gave a handsome sum of money to the priest, "I must do something for St. Peter, though about these days I am devoting my attention and money mainly to saltpetre."

After the draft riots in New York and in other cities, in July, 1863, myself and other members of the "Prudential Committee" which had been formed in Bridgeport were frequently threatened with personal violence, and rumors were especially rife that Lindencroft would some night be mobbed and destroyed. On several occasions, soldiers volunteered as a guard and came and stayed at my house, sometimes for several nights in succession, and I was also provided with rockets, so that in case of attempted attack I could signal to my friends in the city and especially to the night watchman at the arsenal, who would see my rockets at Lindencroft and give the alarm. Happily these signals were never needed, but the rockets came in play, long afterwards, in another way.

My house was provided with a magnetic burglar-alarm and one night the faithful bell sounded. I was instantly on my feet and summoning my servants, one ran and rung the large bell on the lawn which served in the day time to call my coachman from the stable, another turned on the gas, while I fired a gun out of the window and I then went to the top of the house and set off several rockets. The whole region round about was instantly aroused; dogs barked, neighbors half dressed, but armed, flocked over to my grounds, every time a rocket went up, and I was by no means sparing of my supply; the whole place was as light as day, and in the general glare and confusion we caught sight of two retreating burglars, one running one way, the other

ALARM AT LINDENCROFT

Lindencroft, named by Bayard Taylor, was Barnum's residence in 1860–1867. (From the 1869 "Struggles and Triumphs.")

another way, and both as fast as their legs could carry them; nor do I believe that the panic-stricken would-be plunderers stopped running till they reached New York.

It always seemed to me that a man who "takes no interest in politics" is unfit to live in a land where the government rests in the hands of the people. Consequently, whether I expressed them or not, I always had pronounced opinions upon all the leading political questions of the day, and no frivolous reason ever kept me from the polls. Indeed, on one occasion, I even hastened my return from Europe, so that I could take part in a presidential election. I was a party man, but not a partisan, nor a wire-puller, and I had never sought or desired office, though it had often been tendered to me. This was notoriously true, among all who knew me, up to the year 1865, when I accepted from the Republican party a nomination to the Connecticut legislature from the town of Fairfield, and I did this because I felt that it would be an honor to be permitted to vote for the then proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States to abolish slavery forever from the land.

I was elected,[1] however, and on arriving at Hartford the night before the session began, I found the wire-pullers at work laying their plans for the election of a Speaker of the House. Watching the movements closely, I saw that the railroad interests had combined in support of one of the candidates, and this naturally excited my suspicion. I never believed in making State legislation a mere power to support monopolies. I do not need to declare my full appreciation of the great blessings which railroad interests and enterprises have brought upon this country and the world. But the vaster the enterprise and its power

[1] "Any handicap due to his lack of political experience was more than offset by his broad knowledge of human nature, his extensive experience on the lecture platform, his long familiarity with large affairs, his ability to approach a problem and think it straight through in a simple, sane manner, and his large sense of humor. Add to this his boldness and the fact that his viewpoint was essentially modern — so much so that his stand and speeches on matters which came before him were wholly in line with present-day thought — and one begins to realize why, from the first day, he was the outstanding figure of the session." — H. W. Root, "Barnum as Legislator," in "Harper's" for September 1926. [Ed.]

for good, the greater its opportunity for mischief if its power is perverted. The time was when a whole community was tied to the track of one or two railway companies, and it was too truthful to be looked upon as satire to call New Jersey the "State of Camden and Amboy." A great railroad company, like fire, is a good servant, but a bad master; and when it is considered that such a company, with its vast number of men dependent upon it for their daily bread, can sometimes elect State officers and legislatures, the danger to our free institutions from such a force may well be feared.

Thinking of these things, and seeing in the combination of railroad interests to elect a speaker, no promise of good to the community at large, I at once consulted with a few friends in the legislature, and we resolved to defeat the railroad "ring," if possible, in caucus. I had not even seen either of the candidates for the speakership, nor had I a single selfish end in view to gratify by the election of one candidate or the other; but I felt that if the railroad favorite could be defeated, the public interest would be subserved. We succeeded; their candidate was not nominated, and the railroad men were taken by surprise. They had had their own way in every legislature since the first railroad was laid down in Connecticut, and to be beaten now fairly startled them.

Immediately after the caucus, I sought the successful nominee, Hon. E. K. Foster, of New Haven, and begged him not to appoint as chairman of the railroad committee the man who had held that office for several successive years, and who was, in fact, the great railroad factotum in the State. He complied with my request, and he soon found how important it was to check the strong and growing monopoly; for, as he said, the "outside pressure" from personal friends in both political parties, to secure the appointment of the person to whom I had objected, was terrible.

Though I had not foreseen nor thought of such a thing until I reached Hartford, I soon found that a battle with the railroad commissioners would be necessary, and my course was

shaped accordingly. It was soon discovered that a majority of the railroad commissioners were mere tools in the hands of the railroad companies, and that one of them was actually a hired clerk in the office of the New York and New Haven Railroad Company. It was also shown that the chairman of the railroad commissioners permitted most of the accidents which occurred on that road to be taken charge of and reported upon by the paid lobby agent of that railroad. This was so manifestly destructive to the interests of all parties who might suffer from accidents on the road, or have any controversy therefor with the company, that I succeeded in enlisting the farmers and other true men on the side of right; and we defeated the chairman of the railroad commissioners, who was a candidate for re-election, and elected our own candidate in his place. I also carried through a law that no person who was in the employ of any railroad in the State should serve as railroad commissioner.

But the great struggle which lasted nearly through the entire session was upon the subject of railroad passenger commutations. Commodore Vanderbilt had secured control of the Hudson River and Harlem railroads, and had increased the price of commuters' tickets from two hundred to four hundred per cent. Many men living on the line of these roads at distances of from ten to fifty miles from New York, had built fine residences in the country, on the strength of cheap transit to and from the city, and were compelled to submit to the extortion. Commodore Vanderbilt was a large shareholder in the New York and New Haven road; indeed, subsequent elections showed that he had a controlling interest, and it seemed evident to me that the same practice would be put in operation on the New Haven Railroad, that commuters were groaning under on the two other roads. I enlisted as many as I could in an effort to strangle this outrage before it became too strong to grapple with. Several lawyers in the Assembly had promised me their aid, but long before the final struggle came, every lawyer except one in that body was enlisted in favor of the railroads! What potent influence had been at work with these legal gentle-

men could only be surmised. Certain it is that all the railroad interests in the State were combined; and while they had plenty of money with which to carry out their designs and desires, the chances looked slim in favor of those members of the legislature who had no pecuniary interest in the matter, but were struggling simply for justice and the protection of the people.[2] But "Yankee stick-to-it-iveness" was always a noted feature in my character. Every inch of the ground was fought over, day after day, before the legislative railroad committee. Examinations and cross-examinations of railroad commissioners and lobbyists were kept up. Scarcely more than one man, Senator Ballard, of Darien, aided me personally in the investigations which took place. But he was a host in himself, and we left not a stone unturned; we succeeded by our persistence, in letting in considerable light upon a dark subject. The man whom I had prevented from being made chairman, succeeded in becoming a member of the railroad committee; but, from the mouths of unwilling witnesses, I exhibited his connection with railroad reports, railroad laws, and railroad lobbyings, in such a light that he took to his bed some ten days before the end of the session, and actually remained there, "sick," as he said, till the legislature adjourned.

The speaker offered me the chairmanship of any one of several committees, and I selected that of the agricultural committee, because it would occupy but little of my time, and give me the opportunity I so much desired to devote my attention to the railway combinations. The Republicans had a majority in both branches of the legislature; the Democrats, however, were watchful and energetic. The amendment to the United

[2] "Connecticut politics, and often the best interests of the state, were suffering much from the pernicious meddling of the railroads, a condition which had existed for some time and has not yet [1926] been entirely eradicated. But in contrast to the single ownership of to-day, Connecticut railroads were then the property of several independent companies which combined with, and against, one another to control legislation and secure to themselves many advantages. The evil was obvious, open, and scornful of any opposition." — Root, "Barnum as Legislator" ("Harper's Magazine," September 1926). [Ed.]

States Constitution, abolishing slavery, met with but little open opposition; but the proposed amendment to the State Constitution, striking out the word "white" from that clause which defined the qualifications of voters, was violently opposed by the Democratic members. The report from the minority of the committee to whom the question was referred, gave certain reasons for offering the contemplated amendment, and in reply to this, I spoke, May 26, 1865, as follows:

SPEECH OF P. T. BARNUM

ON THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

MR. SPEAKER: — I will not attempt to notice at any length the declamation of the honorable gentleman from Milford, for certainly I have heard nothing from his lips approaching to the dignity of argument. I agree with the gentleman that the right of suffrage is "dearly and sacredly cherished by the white man"; and it is because this right is so dear and sacred, that I wish to see it extended to every educated moral man within our State, without regard to color. He tells us that one race is a vessel to honor, and another to dishonor; and that he has seen on ancient Egyptian monuments the negro represented as "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water." This is doubtless true, and the gentleman seems determined always to *keep* the negro a "vessel of dishonor" and a "hewer of wood." We, on the other hand, propose to give him the opportunity of expanding his faculties and elevating himself to true manhood. He says he "hates and abhors and despises demagogism." I am rejoiced to hear it, and I trust we shall see tangible evidence of the truth of what he professes in his abandonment of that slavery to party which is the mere trick and trap of the demagogue.

When, a few days since, this honorable body voted unanimously for the Amendment of the United States Constitution abolishing human slavery, I not only thanked God from my heart of hearts, but I felt like going down on my knees to the

gentlemen of the opposition for the wisdom they had exhibited in bowing to the logic of events by dropping that dead weight of slavery which had disrupted the Democratic party, with which I had been so long connected. And on this occasion I wish again to appeal to the wisdom and loyalty of my Democratic friends. I say Democratic "friends," for I am and ever was a thorough, out-and-out Democrat. I supported General Jackson, and voted for every Democratic president after him, up to and including Pierce; for I really thought Pierce was a Democrat until he proved the contrary, as I conceived, in the Kansas question. My democracy goes for the greatest good to the greatest number, for equal and exact justice to all men, and for a submission to the will of the majority. If I thought I had one drop of blood in my veins which was not democratic, in the light of this definition, I would have it out, no matter at what trouble or sacrifice. It was the repudiation by the southern Democracy of this great democratic doctrine of majority rule which opened the rebellion.

And now, Mr. Speaker, let me remind our Democratic friends that the present question simply asks that a majority of the legal voters, the white citizens of this State, may decide whether or not colored men of good moral character, *who are able to read* and who possess all the qualifications of white voters, shall be entitled to the elective franchise. The opposition may have their own ideas, or may be in doubt upon this subject; but surely no true democrat will dare to refuse permission to our fellow-citizens to decide the question.

Negro slavery and its legitimate outgrowths of ignorance, tyranny, and oppression, have caused this gigantic rebellion which has cost our country thousands of millions of treasure, and hundreds of thousands of human lives in defending a principle. And where was this poor, down-trodden colored race in this rebellion? Did they seize the "opportunity" when their masters were engaged with a powerful foe, to break out in insurrection, and massacre those tyrants who had so long held them in the most cruel bondage? No, Mr. Speaker, they did not

do this. My "democratic" friends would have done it. I would have done it. Irishmen, Chinamen, Portuguese, would have done it; any white man would have done it; but the poor black man is like a lamb in his nature compared with the white man. The black man possesses a confiding disposition, thoroughly tinctured with religious enthusiasm, and not characterized by a spirit of revenge. No, the only barbarous massacres we heard of, during the war, were those committed by their white masters on their poor, defenceless white prisoners, and to the eternal disgrace of southern white "democratic" rebels be it said, these instances of barbarism were numerous all through the war. When this rebellion first broke out, the northern Democracy raised a hue-and-cry against permitting the negroes to fight; but when such a measure seemed necessary, in order to put down traitors, these colored men took their muskets in hand and made their bodies a wall of defence for the loyal citizens of the north. And now, when our grateful white citizens ask from this Assembly the privilege of deciding by their votes whether these colored men, who, at least, were partially our saviors in the war, may or may not, under proper restrictions, become participants in that great salvation, I am amazed that men calling themselves Democrats dare refuse to grant this democratic measure. We wish to educate ignorant men, white or black. Ignorance is incompatible with the genius of our free institutions. In the very nature of things it jeopardizes their stability, and it is always unsafe to transgress the laws of nature. We cannot safely shut ourselves up with ignorance and brutality; we must educate and Christianize those who are now by circumstances our social inferiors.

Years ago, I was afraid of foreign voters. I feared that when Europe poured her teeming millions of working people upon our shores, our extended laws of franchise would enable them to swamp our free institutions, and reduce us to anarchy. But much reflection has satisfied me that we have only to elevate these millions and their descendants to the standard of American citizenship, and we shall find sufficient of the leaven of

liberty in our system of government to absorb all foreign elements and assimilate them to a truly democratic form of government.

Mr. Speaker: We cannot afford to carry passengers and have them live under our government with no real vital interest in its perpetuity. Every man must be a joint owner.

The only safe inhabitants of a free country are educated citizens who vote. The gentleman from Milford lives near the old Washington toll-bridge, which spans the Housatonic River, and he doubtless remembers, as I do, when the Boston and New York stages crossed that bridge, and the coachman would always denounce the "infernal bridge monopoly" which compelled him to pay a dollar every time the stage crossed. The passengers would generally laugh and say: "Let him pay, it's nothing to us; we are only passengers." Some twenty years ago, one of the gentlemen accustomed to travel in that stage, was crossing the Atlantic in a steamship. At the hour of midnight, when nearly all were wrapt in sleep, the fearful cry of "Fire" rang through the ship. There were the poor passengers, threatened by the devouring element, and only a plank between them and death. Our passenger, not half awake, rubbed his eyes and probably fancying he was in the old stage-coach, cried out: "Fire away, I am only a passenger!" Fortunately, it was a false alarm; but when the gentleman was wide awake, he discovered that there could be no disinterested passengers on board a burning ship.

Nor in a free government can we afford to employ journeymen; they may be apprenticed until they learn to read, and study our institutions; and then let them become joint proprietors and feel a proportionate responsibility. The two learned and distinguished authors of the minority report have been studying the science of ethnology and have treated us with a dissertation on the races. And what have they attempted to show? Why, that a race which, simply on account of the color of the skin, has long been buried in slavery at the South, and even at the North have been tabooed and scarcely permitted to

rise above the dignity of whitewashers and boot-blacks, does not exhibit the same polish and refinement that the white citizens do who have enjoyed the advantages of civilization, education, Christian culture and self-respect which can only be attained by those who share in making the laws under which they live.

Do our Democratic friends assume that the negroes are not human? I have heard professed democrats claim even that; but do the authors of this minority report insist that the negro is a beast? Is his body not tenanted by an immortal spirit? If this is the position of the gentlemen, then I confess a beast cannot reason, and this minority committee are right in declaring that "the negro can develop no inventive faculties or genius for the arts." For although the elephant may be taught to plow, or the dog to carry your market-basket by his teeth, you cannot teach them to shave notes, to speculate in gold, or even to vote; whereas, the experience of all political parties shows that men may be taught to vote, even when they do not know what the ticket means.

But if the colored man is indeed a man, then his manhood with proper training can be developed. His soul may appear dormant, his brain inactive, but there is a vitality there; and Nature will assert herself if you will give her the opportunity.

Suppose an inhabitant of another planet should drop down upon this portion of our globe at mid-winter. He would find the earth covered with snow and ice and congealed almost to the consistency of granite. The trees are leafless, everything is cold and barren; no green thing is to be seen; the inhabitants are chilled, and stalk about shivering, from place to place;—he would exclaim, "Surely this is not life; this means annihilation! No flesh and blood can long endure this; this frozen earth is bound in the everlasting embraces of adamantine frost, and can never develop vegetation for the sustenance of any living thing." He little dreams of the priceless myriads of germs which bountiful Nature has safely garnered in the warm bosom of our mother earth; he sees no evidence of that vitality which

the beneficent sun will develop to grace and beautify the world. But let him remain until March or April, and as the snow begins to melt away, he discovers the beautiful crocus struggling through the half-frozen ground; the snow-drops appear in all their chaste beauty; the buds of the swamp-maple shoot forth; the beautiful magnolia opens her splendid blossoms; the sassafras adds its evidence of life; the pearl-white blossoms of the dog-wood light up every forest; — and while our stranger is rubbing his eyes in astonishment, the earth is covered with her emerald velvet carpet; rich foliage and brilliant colored blossoms adorn the trees; fragrant flowers are enwreathing every wayside; the swift-winged birds float through the air and send forth joyful notes of gratitude from every tree-top; the merry lambs skip joyfully around their velvet pasture grounds; and everywhere is our stranger surrounded with life, beauty, joy, and gladness.

So it is with the poor African. You may take a dozen specimens of both sexes from the lowest type of man found in Africa; their race has been buried for ages in ignorance and barbarism, and you can scarcely perceive that they have any more of manhood or womanhood than so many orang-outangs or gorillas. You look at their low foreheads, their thick skulls and lips, their woolly heads, their flat noses, their dull, lazy eyes, and you may be tempted to adopt the language of this minority committee, and exclaim: "Surely these people have no inventive faculties, no genius for the arts, or for any of those occupations requiring intellect and wisdom!" But bring them out into the light of civilization; let them and their children come into the genial sunshine of Christianity; teach them industry, self-reliance, and self-respect; let them learn what too few white Christians have yet understood, that cleanliness is akin to godliness, and a part of godliness; and the human soul will begin to develop itself. Each generation, blessed with churches and common schools, will gradually exhibit the result of such culture; the low foreheads will be raised and widened by an active and expanded brain; the vacant eye of barbarism, ignorance, and

idleness will light up with the fire of intelligence, education, ambition, activity, and Christian civilization; and you will find the immortal soul asserting her dignity, by the development of a man who would startle, by his intelligence, the honorable gentleman from Wallingford, who has presumed to compare beings made in God's image with "oxen and asses." That honorable gentleman, if he is rightly reported in the papers (I did not have the happiness to hear his speech), has mistaken the nature of the colored man. The honorable gentleman reminds me of the young man who went abroad, and when he returned, there was nothing in America that could compare with what he had seen in foreign lands. Niagara Falls was nowhere; the White Mountains were "knocked higher than a kite" by Mont Blanc; our rivers were so large that they were vulgar, when contrasted with the beautiful little streams and rivulets of Europe; our New York Central Park was eclipsed by the Bois de Bologne and the Champs-Élysées of Paris, or Hyde or Regent's Park of London, to say nothing of the great Phœnix Park at Dublin.

"They have introduced a couple of Venetian gondolas on the large pond in Central Park," remarked a friend.

"All very well," replied the verdant traveller, "but between you and me, these birds can't stand our cold climate more than one season." The gentleman from Wallingford evidently had as little idea of the true nature of the African as the young swell had of the pleasure-boats of Venice.

Mr. Johnson, of Wallingford: The gentleman misapprehends my remarks. The gentleman from Norwich had urged that the negroes should vote because they have fought in our battles. I replied that oxen and asses can fight, and therefore should, on the same grounds, be entitled to vote.

Mr. Barnum: I accept the gentleman's explanation. Doubtless General Grant will feel himself highly complimented when he learns that it requires no greater capacity to handle the musket, and meet armed battalions in the field, than "oxen and asses" possess.

Let the educated free negro feel that he is a man; let him be trained in New England churches, schools, and workshops; let him support himself, pay his taxes, and cast his vote, like other men, and he will put to everlasting shame the champions of modern democracy, by the overwhelming evidence he will give in his own person of the great Scripture truth that "God has made of one blood all the nations of men." A human soul "that God has created and Christ died for," is not to be trifled with. It may tenant the body of a Chinaman, a Turk, an Arab, or a Hottentot — it is still an immortal spirit; and amid all assumptions of caste, it will in due time vindicate the great fact that, without regard to color or condition, all men are equally children of the common Father.

A few years since, an English lord and his family were riding in his carriage in Liverpool. It was an elegant equipage; the servants were dressed in rich livery; the horses caparisoned in the most costly style; and everything betokened that the establishment belonged to a scion of England's proudest aristocracy. The carriage stopped in front of a palatial residence. At this moment a poor beggar woman rushed to the side of the carriage, and gently seizing the lady by the hand, exclaimed, "For the love of God, give me something to save my poor sick children from starvation! You are rich; I am your poor sister, for God is our common Father."

"Wretch!" exclaimed the proud lady, casting the woman's hand away. "Don't call me sister, I have nothing in common with such low brutes as you." And the great lady doubtless thought she was formed of finer clay than this suffering mendicant; but when a few days afterwards she was brought to a sick bed by the smallpox, contracted by touching the hand of that poor wretch, she felt the evidence that they belonged to the same great family, and were subject to the same pains and diseases.

The State of Connecticut, like New Jersey, is a border State of New York. New York has a great commercial city, where aldermen rob by the tens of thousands, and where principal is

studied much more than principle. I can readily understand how the negro has come to be debased at the North as well as at the South. The interests of the two sections in the product of negro labor were nearly identical. The North wanted Southern cotton and the South was ready in turn to buy from the North whatever was needed in the way of Northern supplies and manufactures. This community of commercial interests led to an identity in political principles especially in matters pertaining to the negro race — the working race of the South — which produced the cotton and consumed so much of what Northern merchants and manufacturers sold for plantation use. The Southern planters were good customers and were worth conciliating. So when Connecticut proposed in 1818 to continue to admit colored men to the franchise, the South protested against thus elevating the negroes, and Connecticut succumbed. No other New England State has ever so demeaned herself;[3] and now Connecticut democrats are asked to permit the white citizens of this State to express their opinion in regard to reinstating the colored man where our Revolutionary sires placed him under the Constitution. Now, gentlemen, "democrats" as you call yourselves, you who speak so flippantly of your "loyalty," your "love for the Union" and your "love for the people"; you who are generally talking right and voting wrong, we ask you to come forward and act "democratically," by letting your masters, the people, speak.

The word "white" in the Constitution cannot be strictly and literally construed. The opposition express great love for white blood. Will they let a mulatto vote half the time, a quadroon three-fourths, and an octoroon seven-eighths of the time? If not, why not? Will they enslave seven-eighths of a white man because one-eighth is not Caucasian? Is this democratic? Shall not the majority seven control the minority one? Out on such "democracy!"

[3] Barnum does not mention the disgraceful episode of the organized persecution of Prudence Crandall at Canterbury in 1833–1834 or the passage of the notorious "Black Law" — further discreditable entries in Connecticut's record. [Ed.]

But a Democratic minority committee (of two) seem to have done something besides study ethnology. They have also paid great attention to fine arts, and are particularly anxious that all voters shall have a "genius for the arts." I would like to ask them if it has always been political practice to insist that every voter in the great "unwashed" and "unterrified" of any party should become a member of the Academy of Arts before he votes the "regular" ticket? I thought he was received into the full fellowship of a political party if he could exhibit sufficient "inventive faculties and genius for the arts" to enable him to paint a black eye. Can a man whose "genius for the arts" enables him to strike from the shoulder scientifically, be admitted to full fellowship in a political party? Is it evident that the political artist has studied the old masters, if he exhibits his genius by tapping an opponent's head with a shillelagh? The oldest master in this school of art was Cain; and so canes have been made to play their part in politics, at the polls and even in the United States Senate chamber.[4]

Is "genius for the arts and those occupations requiring intellect and wisdom" sufficiently exemplified in adroitly stuffing ballot boxes, forging soldiers' votes, and copying a directory, as has been done, as the return list of votes? Is the "inventive faculty" of "voting early and often" a passport to political brotherhood? Is it satisfactory evidence of "artistic" genius, to head a mob? — and a mob which is led and guided by political passion, as numerous instances in our history prove, is the worst of mobs. Is it evidence of "high art" to lynch a man by hanging him to the nearest tree or lamp post? Is a "whiskey scrimmage" one of the lost arts restored? We all know how the "artists" of both political parties are prone to embellish elections and to enhance the excitements of political campaigns by inciting riots, and the frequency with which these disgraceful outbreaks have occurred of late, especially in some of the

[4] This is undoubtedly an allusion to the vicious and cowardly assault on Charles Sumner by Preston S. Brooks, a congressman from South Carolina (May 22, 1856). [Ed.]

populous cities, is cause for just alarm. It is dangerous "art."

Mr. Speaker: I repeat that I am a friend to the Irishman. I have travelled through his native country and have seen how he is oppressed. I have listened to the eloquent and patriotic appeals of Daniel O'Connell, in Conciliation Hall, in Dublin, and I have gladly contributed to his fund for ameliorating the condition of his countrymen. I rejoice to see them rushing to this land of liberty and independence; and it is because I am their friend that I denounce the demagogues who attempt to blind and mislead them to vote in the interests of any party against the interests of humanity, and the principles of true democracy. My neighbors will testify that at mid-winter I employ Irishmen by the hundred to do work that is not absolutely necessary, in order to help them support their families.

After hearing the minority report last week, I began to feel that I might be disfranchised, for I have no great degree of "genius for the arts"; I felt, therefore, that I must get "posted" on that subject as soon as possible. I at once sauntered into the Senate chamber to look at the paintings; there I saw portraits of great men, and I saw two empty frames from which the pictures had been removed. These missing paintings, I was told, were portraits of two ex-governors of the State, whose position on political affairs was obnoxious to the dominant party in the Legislature; and especially obnoxious were the supposed sentiments of these governors on the war. Therefore, the Senate voted to remove the pictures, and thus proved as it would seem, that there is an intimate connection between politics and art.

I have repeatedly travelled through every State in the South, and I assert, what every intelligent officer and soldier who has resided there will corroborate, that the slaves, as a body, are more intelligent than the poor whites. No man who has not been there can conceive to what a low depth of ignorance the poor snuff-taking, clay-eating whites of some portions of the South have descended. I trust the day is not far distant

when the "common school" shall throw its illuminating rays through this Egyptian pall.

I have known slave mechanics to be sold for $3,000 and even $5,000 each, and others could not be bought at all; and I have seen intelligent slaves acting as stewards for their masters, travelling every year to New Orleans, Nashville, and even to Cincinnati, to dispose of their masters' crops. The free colored citizens of Opelousas, St. Martinsville, and all the Attakapas country in Louisiana, are as respectable and intelligent as an ordinary community of whites. They speak the French and English languages, educate their children in music and "the arts," and they pay their taxes on more than fifteen millions of dollars.

Gentlemen of the opposition, I beseech you to remember that our State and our country ask from us something more than party tactics. It is absolutely necessary that the loyal blacks at the South should vote in order to save the loyal whites. Let Connecticut, without regard to party, set them an example that shall influence the action at the South, and prevent a new form of slavery from arising there, which shall make all our expenditure of blood and treasure fruitless.

But some persons have this color prejudice simply by the force of education, and they say, "Well, a nigger is a nigger, and he can't be anything else. I hate niggers, anyhow." Twenty years ago I crossed the Atlantic, and among our passengers was an Irish judge, who was coming out to Newfoundland as chief justice. He was an exceedingly intelligent and polished gentleman, and extremely witty. The passengers from the New England States and those from the South got into a discussion on the subject of slavery, which lasted three days. The Southerners were finally worsted, and when their arguments were exhausted, they fell back on the old story, by saying: "Oh! curse a nigger, he ain't half human anyhow; he had no business to be a nigger," etc. One of the gentlemen then turned to the Irish judge, and asked his opinion of the merits of the controversy. The judge replied:

"Gentlemen, I have listened with much edification to your arguments pro and con during three days. I was quite inclined to think the anti-slavery gentlemen had justice and right on their side, but the last argument from the South has changed my mind. I say a 'nigger has no business to be a nigger,' and we should kick him out of society and trample him under foot — always provided, gentlemen, you prove he was born black at his own particular request. If he had no word to say in the matter, of course he is blameless for his color, and is entitled to the same respect that other men are who properly behave themselves!"

Mr. Speaker: I am no politician. I came to this Legislature simply because I wished to have the honor of voting for the two constitutional amendments — one for driving slavery entirely out of our country; the other to allow men of education and good moral character to vote regardless of the color of their skins. To give my voice for these two philanthropic, just, and Christian measures is all the glory I ask legislativewise. I care nothing whatever for any sect or party under heaven, as such. I have no axes to grind, no logs to roll, no favors to ask. All I desire is to do what is right, and prevent what is wrong. I believe in no "expediency" that is not predicated of justice, for in all things — politics, as well as everything else — I know that "honesty is the best policy." A retributive Providence will unerringly and speedily search out all wrongdoing; hence, right is always the best in the long run. Certainly, in the light of the great American spirit of liberty and equal rights which is sweeping over this country, and making the thrones of tyrants totter in the old world, no party can afford to carry slavery, either of body or of mind. Knock off your manacles and let the man go free. Take down the blinds from his intellect, and let in the light of education and Christian culture. When this is done, you have developed a man. Give him the responsibility of a man and the self-respect of a man, by granting him the right of suffrage. Let universal education, and the universal franchise be the motto of free America, and the toiling millions

of Europe, who are watching you with such intense interest, will hail us as their saviors. Let us loyally sink "party" on this question, and go for "God and Our Country." Let no man attach an eternal stigma to his name by shutting his eyes to the great lesson of the hour, and voting against permitting the people to express their opinion on this important subject. Let us unanimously grant this truly democratic boon. Then, when our laws of franchise are settled on a just basis, let future parties divide where they honestly differ on State or national questions which do not trench upon the claims of manhood or American citizenship.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM IN RUINS

A Terrible Loss — How I Received the News — Burning of the American Museum — Details of the Disaster — Faith in Herring's Safes — Baked and Boiled Whales — The New York "Tribune" on the Destruction of the Museum — A Public Calamity — Sympathy of the Leading Editors — Amount of My Loss — Small Insurance — My Property — Intention to Retire to Private Life — Horace Greeley Advises Me to Go A-fishing — Benefit to the Museum Employees at the Academy of Music — My Speech — What the New York "Sun" Said about It — The New Up-Town Museum — Opening the Establishment to the Public.

On the thirteenth day of July, 1865, I was speaking in the Connecticut Legislature, in session at Hartford, against the railroad schemes, when a telegram was handed to me from my son-in-law, S. H. Hurd, my assistant manager in New York, stating that the American Museum was in flames and that its total destruction was certain. I glanced over the despatch, folded it, laid it on my desk, and calmly continued my speech as if nothing had happened. At the conclusion of my remarks, the bill I had been advocating was carried, and the House adjourned. I then handed the telegram, announcing my great loss in New York, to my friend and fellow-laborer, Mr. William S. Coe, of Winsted, who immediately communicated the intelligence to several members. Warm sympathizers at once crowded around me, and Mr. Henry B. Harrison, of New Haven, my strongest railroad opponent, pushing forward, seized me by the hand, and said:

"Mr. Barnum, I am really very sorry to hear of your great misfortune."

"Sorry," I replied, "why, my dear sir, I shall not have time to be 'sorry' in a week! It will take me that length of

time before I can get over laughing at having whipped you all so nicely in this attempted railroad imposition."

The Speaker of the House and my fellow-members all testified that neither my face nor my manner betrayed the slightest intimation when I read the telegram that I had received unpleasant intelligence. One of the local journals, speaking of this incident, two days after the fire, said:

> In the midst of Mr. Barnum's speech a telegram was handed to him, announcing that his Museum was in flames, with no hope of saving any portion of his cherished establishment. Without the slightest evidence of agitation, he laid the telegram upon his desk and finished his speech. When he went next day to New York he saw only a pile of black, smouldering ruins.

Immediately after adjournment that afternoon, I took the cars for Bridgeport, spending the night quietly at home, and the following morning I went to New York to see the ruins of my Museum, and to learn the full extent of the disaster. When I arrived at the scene of the calamity and saw nothing but the smouldering débris of what a few hours before was the American Museum, the sight was sad indeed. Here were destroyed, almost in a breath, the accumulated results of many years of incessant toil, my own and my predecessor's, in gathering from every quarter of the globe myriads of curious productions of nature and art — an assemblage of rarities which a half million of dollars could not restore, and a quarter of a century could not collect. In addition to these there were many Revolutionary relics and other links in our national history which never could be duplicated. Not a thousand dollars' worth of the entire property was saved; the destruction was complete; the loss was irreparable, and the total amount of insurance was but forty thousand dollars.

The fire probably originated in the engine room, where steam was constantly kept up to pump fresh air into the water of the aquaria and to propel the immense fans for cooling the atmosphere of the halls. The flames burst through into the

Burning of the American Museum (Broadway and Ann Street) on July 13, 1865

From a contemporary print.

manager's office, and rapidly extended to all parts of the building. The desk of my son-in-law, Mr. Hurd, was already in flames when he opened it and took out several thousands of dollars in bank bills, and reflecting upon the risk he might incur in carrying it through the surging crowd outside, with remarkable presence of mind, and faith in Herring's safes, he hastily thrust this money with the account books into my safe, which already held many thousand dollars, and locking the door, left the whole with entire confidence to the flames. Buttoning his coat, he safely made his way out of the burning building and through the excited throng in the streets.

Mr. Hurd's faith in Herring was well founded; for, when the safe was recovered from the ruins, its contents were discovered to be in perfect preservation. Of the curiosities and other contents of the establishment, nothing was saved. When I first gazed upon the ruins, I saw, down in the depths, the remains of the two white whales, which had arrived only a week before, and which were swimming in the great glass tank when the fire broke out. I had never seen these monsters alive, but the half-consumed carcasses presented to my mind the worst specimens of baked and boiled fish that could be conceived of. All the New York newspapers made a great "sensation" of the fire, and the full particulars were copied in journals throughout the country. A facetious reporter, Mr. Nathan D. Urner, of the "Tribune," wrote the following amusing account, which appeared in that journal, July 14, 1865, and was very generally quoted from and copied by provincial papers, many of whose readers accepted every line of the glowing narrative as "gospel truth":

Soon after the breaking out of the conflagration, a number of strange and terrible howls and moans proceeding from the large apartment in the third floor of the Museum, corner of Ann street and Broadway, startled the throngs who had collected in front of the burning building, and who were at first under the impression that the sounds must proceed from human beings unable to effect their escape. Their anxiety was

somewhat relieved on this score, but their consternation was by no means decreased upon learning that the room in question was the principal chamber of the menagerie connected with the Museum, and that there was imminent danger of the release of the animals there confined, by the action of the flames. Our reporter fortunately occupied a room on the north corner of Ann street and Broadway, the windows of which looked immediately into this apartment; and no sooner was he apprised of the fire than he repaired there, confident of finding items in abundance. Luckily the windows of the Museum were unclosed, and he had a perfect view of almost the entire interior of the apartment. The following is his statement of what followed, in his own language:

Protecting myself from the intense heat as well as I could, by taking the mattress from the bed and erecting it as a bulwark before the window, with only enough space reserved on the top so as to look out, I anxiously observed the animals in the opposite room. Immediately opposite the window through which I gazed, was a large cage containing a lion and lioness. To the right hand was the three-storied cage, containing monkeys at the top, two kangaroos in the second story, and a happy family of cats, rats, adders, rabbits, etc., in the lower apartment. To the left of the lion's cage was the tank containing the two vast alligators, and still further to the left, partially hidden from my sight was the grand tank containing the great white whale, which has created such a furore in our sight-seeing midst for the past few weeks. Upon the floor were caged the boa-constrictor, anacondas and rattlesnakes, whose heads would now and then rise menacingly through the top of the cage. In the extreme right was the cage, entirely shut from my view at first, containing the Bengal tiger and the Polar bear, whose terrific growls could be distinctly heard from behind the partition. With a simultaneous bound the lion and his mate sprang against the bars, which gave way and came down with a great crash, releasing the beasts, which for a moment, apparently amazed at their sudden liberty, stood in the middle of the floor lashing their sides with their tails and roaring dolefully.

A number of birds which were caged in the upper part of the building were set free by some charitably inclined person at the first alarm of fire and at intervals they flew out. There were many valuable tropical birds, parrots, cockatoos, mocking-birds, humming-birds, etc., as well as some vultures and eagles and one condor. Great excitement existed among the swaying crowds in the streets below as they took wing. There were confined in the same room a few serpents which also obtained their liberty; and soon after the rising and devouring flames began to enwrap the entire building, a splendid and emblematic sight was presented to the wondering and upgazing throngs. Bursting through the central casement, with flap of wings and lashing coils, appeared an eagle and a serpent wreathed in fight. For a moment they hung poised in mid-air, presenting a novel and terrible conflict. It was the earth and air (or their respective representatives) at war for mastery; the base and the lofty, the groveller and the soarer, were engaged in deadly battle. At length the flat head of the serpent sank; his writhing, sinuous form grew still; and, wafted upward by the cheers of the gazing multitude, the eagle, with a scream of triumph, and bearing his prey in his iron talons, soared toward the sun. Several monkeys escaped from the burning building to the neighboring roofs and streets; and considerable excitement was caused by the attempts to secure them. One of the most amusing incidents in this respect was in connection with Mr. James Gordon Bennett. The veteran editor of the "Herald" was sitting in his private office with his back to the open window, calmly discussing with a friend the chances that the "Herald" establishment would escape the conflagration, which at that time was threateningly advancing up Ann street, toward Nassau street. In the course of his conversation Mr. Bennett observed: "Although I have usually had good luck in cases of fire, they say that the devil is ever at one's shoulder, and" — Here an exclamation from his friend interrupted him, and turning quickly he was considerably taken aback at seeing the devil himself, or something like him, at his very shoulder as he spoke. Recovering his equanimity, with the ease and suavity which is usual with him in all company, Mr. Bennett was about to address the intruder when he perceived that what he had taken for the gentleman in black was nothing more than a frightened orang-outang. The poor creature, but recently released from

captivity, and doubtless thinking that he might fill some vacancy in the editorial corps of the paper in question, had descended by the water-pipe and instinctively taken refuge in the inner sanctum of the establishment. Although the editor — perhaps from the fact that he saw nothing peculiarly strange in the visitation — soon regained his composure, it was far otherwise with his friend, who immediately gave the alarm. Mr. Hudson rushed in and boldly attacked the monkey, grasping him by the throat. The book-editor next came in, obtaining a clutch upon the brute by the ears; the musical critic followed, and seized the tail with both hands, and a number of reporters, armed with inkstands and sharpened pencils, came next, followed by a dozen policemen with brandished clubs; at the same time, the engineer in the basement received the preconcerted signal and got ready his hose, wherewith to pour boiling hot water upon the heads of those in the streets, in case it should prove a regular systematized attack by gorillas, Brazil apes, and chimpanzees. Opposed to this formidable combination, the rash intruder fared badly, and was soon in durance vile. Numerous other incidents of a similar kind occurred; but some of the most amusing were in connection with the wax figures.

Upon the same impulse which prompts men in time of fire to fling valuable looking-glasses out of three-story windows and at the same time tenderly to lower down feather beds, — soon after the Museum took fire, a number of sturdy firemen rushed into the building to carry out the wax figures. There were thousands of valuable articles which might have been saved, if there had been less of solicitude displayed for the miserable effigies which are usually exhibited under the appellation of "wax figures." At it was, a dozen firemen rushed into the apartment where the figures were kept, amid a multitude of crawling snakes, chattering monkeys and escaped paroquets. The "Dying Brigand" was unceremoniously throttled and dragged toward the door; liberties were taken with the tearful "Señorita," who has so long knelt and so constantly wagged her doll's head at his side; the mules of the other bandits were upset, and they themselves roughly seized. The full-length statue of P. T. Barnum fell down of its own accord, as if disgusted with the whole affair. A red-shirted fireman seized with either hand Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan by their coat-collars, tucked the

Prince Imperial of France under one arm, and the Veiled Murderess under the other, and coolly departed for the street. Two ragged boys quarrelled over the Tom Thumb, but at length settled the controversy by one of them taking the head, the other satisfying himself with the legs below the knees. They evidently had Tom under their thumbs, and intended to keep him down. While a curiosity-seeking policeman was garroting Benjamin Franklin, with the idea of abducting him, a small monkey, flung from the window-sill by the strong hand of an impatient fireman, made a straight dive, hitting Poor Richard just below the waist-coat, and passing through his stomach, as the Harlequin in the "Green-Monster" pantomime ever pierced the picture with the slit in it, which always hangs so conveniently low and near. Patrick Henry had his teeth knocked out by a flying missile, and in carrying Daniel Lambert down stairs, he was found to be so large that they had to break off his head in order to get him through the door. At length the heat became intense, the "figgers" began to perspire freely, and the swiftly approaching flames compelled all hands to desist from any further attempt at rescue. Throwing a parting glance behind as we passed down the stairs we saw the remaining dignitaries in a strange plight. Some one had stuck a cigar in General Washington's mouth, and thus, with his chapeau crushed down over his eyes and his head reclining upon the ample lap of Moll Pitcher, the Father of his Country led the van of as sorry a band of patriots as not often comes within one's experience to see. General Marion was playing a dummy game of poker with General Lafayette; Gouverneur Morris was having a set-to with Nathan Lane [Hale? — Ed.] and James Madison was executing a Dutch polka with Madame Roland on one arm and Lucretia Borgia on the other. The next moment the advancing flames compelled us to retire.

We believe that all the living curiosities were saved; but the giant girl, Anna Swan, was rescued only with the utmost difficulty. There was not a door through which her bulky frame could obtain a passage. It was likewise feared that the stairs would break down, even if she should reach them. Her best friend, the living skeleton, stood by her as long as he dared, but then deserted her, while as the heat grew in intensity, the perspiration rolled from her face in little brooks and rivulets, which pattered musically upon the floor. At length, as a last resort, the em-

ployees of the place procured a lofty derrick which fortunately happened to be standing near, and erected it alongside the Museum. A portion of the wall was then broken off on each side of the window, the strong tackle was got in readiness, the tall woman was made fast to one end and swung over the heads of the people in the street, with eighteen men grasping the other extremity of the line, and lowered down from the third story, amid enthusiastic applause. A carriage of extraordinary capacity was in readiness, and entering this, the young lady was driven away to a hotel.[1]

When the surviving serpents, that were released by the partial burning of the box in which they were contained, crept along on the floor to the balcony of the Museum and dropped on the sidewalk, the crowd, seized with St. Patrick's aversion to the reptiles, fled with such precipitate haste that they knocked each other down and trampled on one another in the most reckless and damaging manner.

. . .

Broadway and its crossings have not witnessed a denser throng for months than assembled at the fire yesterday. Barnum's was always popular, but it never drew so vast a crowd before. There must have been forty thousand people on Broadway, between Maiden Lane and Chambers street, and a great portion stayed there until dusk. So great was the concourse of people that it was with difficulty pedestrians or vehicles could pass.

After the fire several high-art epicures groping among the ruins found choice morsels of boiled whale, roasted kangaroo and fricasseed crocodile, which, it is said, they relished; though the many would have failed to appreciate such rare edibles. Probably, the recherché epicures will declare the only true way to prepare those meats is to cook them in a museum wrapped in flames, in the same manner that the Chinese, ac-

[1] Thus the facetious Mr. Urner. The less facetious E. J. Wood (in "Giants and Dwarfs") states that Anna Swan "had a narrow escape." "She was found," says Wood, "at the head of the stairs in a swooning condition from the smoke, and was with difficulty got out of the building. She lost everything that she possessed except the clothes she wore; and in her trunk were twelve hundred dollars in gold, besides more in 'greenbacks,' and all her clothing." [Ed.]

cording to Charles Lamb, first discovered roast pig in a burning house, and ever afterward set a house on fire with a pig inside, when they wanted that particular food.

All the New York journals, and many more in other cities, editorially expressed their sympathy with my misfortune, and their sense of the loss the community had sustained in the destruction of the American Museum. The following editorial is from the "New York Tribune," of July 14, 1865:

The destruction of no building in this city could have caused so much excitement and so much regret as that of Barnum's Museum. The collection of curiosities was very large, and though many of them may not have had much intrinsic or memorial value, a considerable portion was certainly of great worth for any Museum. But aside from this, pleasant memories clustered about the place, which for so many years has been the chief resort for amusement to the common people who cannot often afford to treat themselves to a night at the more expensive theatres, while to the children of the city, Barnum's has been a fountain of delight, ever offering new attractions as captivating and as implicitly believed in as the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; Theatre, Menagerie and Museum, it amused, instructed, and astonished. If its thousands and tens of thousands of annual visitors were bewildered sometimes with a Woolly Horse, a What is It? or a Mermaid, they found repose and certainty in a Giraffe, a Whale or a Rhinoceros. If wax effigies of pirates and murderers made them shudder lest those dreadful figures should start out of their glass cases and repeat their horrid deeds, they were reassured by the presence of the mildest and most amiable of giants, and the fattest of mortal women, whose dead weight alone could crush all the wax figures into their original cakes. It was a source of unfailing interest to all country visitors, and New York to many of them was only the place that held Barnum's Museum. It was the first thing — often the only thing — they visited when they came among us, and nothing that could have been contrived, out of our present resources, could have offered so many attractions unless some more ingenious showman had undertaken to add to Barnum's collection of waxen criminals

by putting in a cage the live Boards of the Common Council. We mourn its loss, but not as without consolation. Barnum's Museum is gone, but Barnum himself, happily, did not share the fate of his rattlesnakes and his, at last, most un-"Happy Family." There are fishes in the seas and beasts in the forest; birds still fly in the air and strange creatures still roam in the deserts; giants and pigmies still wander up and down the earth; the oldest man, the fattest woman, and the smallest baby are still living, and Barnum will find them.

Or even if none of these things or creatures existed, we could trust to Barnum to make them out of hand. The Museum, then, is only a temporary loss, and much as we sympathize with the proprietor, the public may trust to his well-known ability and energy to soon renew a place of amusement which was a source of so much innocent pleasure, and had in it so many elements of solid excellence.

As already stated, my insurance was but $40,000, while the collection, at the lowest estimate, was worth $400,000, and as my premium was five per cent. I had paid the insurance companies more than they returned to me. When the fire occurred, my summer pantomime season had just begun and the Museum was doing an immensely profitable business. My first impulse, after reckoning up my losses, was to retire from active life and from all business occupation beyond what my large real estate interests in Bridgeport and my property in New York would compel. I felt that I had still a competence and that after a most active and busy life, at fifty-five years, I was entitled to retirement, to comparative rest for the remainder of my days. I called on my old friend, the editor of the "Tribune," for advice on the subject.

"Accept this fire as a notice to quit, and go a-fishing," said Mr. Greeley.

"A-fishing!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, a-fishing; I have been wanting to go a-fishing for thirty years, and have not yet found time to do so," replied Mr. Greeley.

I really felt that his advice was good and wise, and had I

consulted only my own ease and interest I should have acted upon it. But, two considerations moved me to pause: First, one hundred and fifty employees, many of whom depended upon their exertions for their daily bread, were thrown out of work at a season when it would be difficult for them to get engagements elsewhere. Second, I felt that a large city like New York needed a good Museum, and that my experience of a quarter of a century in that direction afforded extraordinary facilities for founding another establishment of the kind, and so I took a few days for reflection.

Meanwhile, the Museum employees were tendered a benefit at the Academy of Music, at which most of the dramatic artists in the city volunteered their services. I was called out, and made some off-hand remarks in which I stated that nothing which I could utter in behalf of the recipients of that benefit, could plead for them half so eloquently as the smoking ruins of the building where they had so long earned their support by their efforts to gratify the public. At the same time I announced that, moved by the considerations I have mentioned, I had concluded to establish another Museum, and that in order to give present occupation to my employees, I had engaged the Winter Garden Theatre for a few weeks, and I hoped to open a new establishment of my own in the ensuing fall.

The New York "Sun" commented upon the few remarks which I was suddenly and quite unexpectedly called upon to make, in the following flattering manner:

One of the happiest impromptu oratorical efforts that we have heard for some time, was that made by Barnum at the benefit performance given for his employees on Friday afternoon. If a stranger wanted to satisfy himself how the great showman had managed so to monopolize the ear and eye of the public during his long career, he could not have had a better opportunity of doing so than by listening to this address. Every word, though delivered with apparent carelessness, struck a key note in the hearts of his listeners. Simple, forcible and touching, it

showed how thoroughly this extraordinary man comprehends the character of his countrymen, and how easily he can play upon their feelings.

Those who look upon Barnum as a mere charlatan, have really no knowledge of him. It would be easy to demonstrate that the qualities that have placed him in his present position of notoriety and affluence would, in another pursuit, have raised him to far greater eminence. In his breadth of views, his profound knowledge of mankind, his courage under reverses, his indomitable perseverance, his ready eloquence and his admirable business tact, we recognize the elements that are conducive to success in most other pursuits. More than almost any other living man, Barnum may be said to be a representative type of the American mind.

I very soon secured by lease the premises, numbers 535,537, and 539 Broadway, seventy-five feet front and rear, by two hundred feet deep, and known as the Chinese Museum buildings.[2] In less than four months, I succeeded in converting this building into a commodious Museum and lecture room, and meanwhile I sent agents through America and Europe to purchase curiosities. Besides hundreds of small collections, I bought up several entire museums, and with many living curiosities and my old company of actors and actresses, I opened to the public, November 13, 1865, "Barnum's New American Museum," thus beginning a new chapter in my career as a manager and showman.

[2] This location was on the west side of Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets. [Ed.]

CHAPTER XL

MY WAR ON THE RAILROADS

Scenes in the Legislature — Sharp-Shooting — Propositions for a New Capital of Connecticut — The Rivalry of Cities — Culmination of the Railroad Controversy — Excitement among the Lobbyists — A Bill for the Benefit of Commuters — People Protected from the Plunderers — How Settlers Are Drawn into a State and Then Cheated by the Railroad Companies — Equal Rights for Commuters and Transient Passengers — What Commodore Vanderbilt Did — What the New York and New Haven Railroad Company Wanted to Do — Exposure of Their Plot — Consternation of the Conspirators — My Victory — Again Elected to the Legislature — United States Senator Ferry — Ex-Governor W. A. Buckingham — Theodore Tilton — Governor Hawley — Friends at Lindencroft — Nominated for Congress and Defeated.

DURING my membership in the Connecticut Legislature of 1865, I made several new friends and agreeable acquaintances, and many things occurred, sometimes in the regular proceedings, and sometimes as episodes, which made the session memorable. On one occasion, a representative who was a lawyer introduced resolutions to reduce the number of representatives, urging that the "House" was too large and ponderous a body to work smoothly; that a smaller number of persons could accomplish business more rapidly and completely; and, in fact, that the Connecticut Legislature was so large that the members did not have time to get acquainted with each other before the body adjourned *sine die*.

I replied, that the larger the number of representatives, the more difficult it would be to tamper with them; and if they all could not become personally acquainted, so much the better, for there would be fewer "rings," and less facilities for forcing improper legislation.

"As the house seems to be thin now, I will move to lay my

resolutions on the table," remarked the member; "but I shall call them up when there is a full house."

"According to the gentleman's own theory," I replied, "the smaller the number, the surer are we to arrive at correct conclusions. Now, therefore, is just the time to decide; and I move that the gentleman's resolutions be considered." This proposition was seconded amid a roar of laughter; and the resolutions were almost unanimously voted down, before the member fairly comprehended what was going on. He afterwards acknowledged it as a pretty fair joke, and at any rate, as an effective one.

The State House at Hartford was a disgrace to Connecticut; the Hall of Representatives was too small; there were no committee rooms, and the building was utterly unfit for the purposes to which it was devoted. The State House at New Haven was very little better, and I made a strong effort to secure the erection of new edifices in both cities. I was chairman of the committee on new State Houses, and during our investigations it was ascertained that Bridgeport, Middletown, and Meriden would each be willing to erect a State House at its own cost, if the city should be selected as the new capital of the State. These movements aroused the jealousy of Hartford and New Haven, which at once appointed committees to wait upon us. The whole matter, however, finally went by default, and the question was never submitted to the people. It is quite possible, however, that ere long the citizens of Bridgeport or Meriden will offer to build a capitol, and that one of these two cities with the entire consent of the rest of the State, including the inhabitants of Hartford and New Haven, will become the capital of Connecticut.

As the session drew near its close, the railroad controversy culminated by my introduction of a bill to amend the act for the regulation of railroads by the interpolation of the following:

SECTION 508. No railroad company which has had a system of commutation fares in force for more than four years,

shall abolish, alter, or modify the same, except for the regulation of the price charged for such commutation; and such price shall in no case be raised to an extent that shall alter the ratio between such commutation and the rates then charged for way fare, on the railroad of such company.

The New York and New Haven Railroad Company seemed determined to move heaven and earth to prevent the passage of this law. The halls of legislation were thronged with railroad lobbyists, who button-holed nearly every member. My motives were attacked, and the most foolish slanders were circulated. Not only every legal man in the House was arrayed against me, but occasionally a "country member" who had promised to stick by and aid in checking the cupidity of railroad managers, would drop off, and be found voting on the other side. I devoted many hours, and even days, to explaining the true state of things to the members from the rural regions, and although the prospect of carrying this great reform looked rather dark, I felt that I had a majority of the honest and disinterested members of the House with me. Finally, Senator Ballard informed me that he had canvassed the Senate and was convinced that the bill could be carried through that body if I could be equally successful with the House. At last it was known that the final debate would take place and the vote be taken on the morning of July 13.

When the day arrived the excitement was intense. The passages leading to the hall were crowded with railroad lobbyists; for nearly every railroad in the State had made common cause with the New York and New Haven Company, and every representative was in his seat, excepting the sick man, who had doctored the railroads till he needed doctoring himself. The debate was led off by skirmishers on each side, and was finally closed on the part of the railroads by Mr. Harrison, of New Haven, who was chairman of the railroad committee. Mr. Henry B. Harrison was a close and forcible debater and a clear-headed lawyer. His speech exhibited considerable thought, and his earnestness and high character as a gentleman of honor car-

ried much weight. Besides, his position as chairman of the committee naturally influenced some votes. He claimed to understand thoroughly the merits of the question, from having, in his capacity as chairman, heard all the testimony and arguments which had come before that committee; and a majority of the committee, after due deliberation, had reported against the proposed bill.

On closing the debate, I endeavored to state briefly the gist of the case, — that, only a few years before, the New York and New Haven Company had fixed their own price for commuters' tickets along the whole line of the road, and had thus induced hundreds of New York citizens to remove to Connecticut with their families, and build their houses on heretofore unimproved property, thus vastly increasing the value of the lands, and correspondingly helping our receipts for taxes. I urged that there was a tacit understanding between the railroad and these commuters and the public generally, that such persons as chose thus to remove from a neighboring State, and bring their families and capital within our borders, should have the right to pass over the railroad on the terms fixed at the time by the president and directors; — that any claim that the railroad could not afford to commute at the prices they had themselves established was absurd, from the fact that even now, if one thousand families who reside in New York, and had never been in our own State, should propose to the railroad to remove these families (embracing in the aggregate five thousand persons), to Connecticut, and build one thousand new houses on the line of the New York and New Haven Railroad, provided the railroad would carry the male head of the family at all times for nothing, the company could well afford to accept the proposition, because they would receive full prices for transporting all other members of these families, at all times, as well as full prices for all their visitors and servants.

"And now, what are the facts? Do we desire the railroad to carry even one-fifth of these newcomers for nothing? Do we, indeed, desire to compel them to transport them for any defi-

nitely fixed price at all? On the contrary, we find that during the late rebellion, when gold was selling for two dollars and eighty cents per dollar, this company doubled its prices of commutation, and retains the same prices now, although gold is but one-half that amount ($1.40). We don't ask them to go back to their former prices; we don't compel them to rest even here; we simply say: Increase your rates, pile up your demands just as high as you desire, only you shall not make fish of one and fowl of another. You have fixed and increased your prices to passengers of all classes just as you liked, and established your own ratio between those who pay by the year, and those who pay by the single trip; and now all we ask is, that you shall not change the ratio. Charge ten dollars per passenger from New York to New Haven, if you have the courage to risk the competition of the steamboats; and whatever percentage you choose to increase the fare of transient passengers, we permit you to increase the rates of commuters in the same ratio.

"The interests of the State, as well as commuters, demand this law; for if it is once fixed by statute that the prices of commutation are not to be increased, many persons will leave the localities where extortion is permitted on the railroads, and will settle in our State. But these railroad gentlemen say they have no intention to increase their rates of commutation, and they deprecate what they term 'premature legislation,' and an uncalled-for meddling with their affairs. Mr. Speaker, 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.' Men engaged in plots against public interests always ask to be 'let alone.' Jeff Davis only asked to be 'let alone,' when the North was raising great armies to prevent the dissolution of the Union. The people cannot afford to let these railroads alone. This hall, crowded with railroad lobbyists, as the frogs thronged Egypt, is an admonition to all honest legislators, that it is unsafe to allow the monopolies the chance to rivet the chains which already fetter the limbs of those whom circumstances place in the power of these companies."

It was at this point in my remarks when I received the telegram from my son-in-law in New York, announcing the burning of the American Museum. Reading the despatch, and laying it on my desk without further attention, I continued:

"These railroad gentlemen absolutely deny any intention of raising the fares of commuters, and profess to think it very hard that disinterested and conscientious gentlemen like them should be judged by the doings of the Hudson River and Harlem railroads. But now, Mr. Speaker, I am going to expose the duplicity of these men. I have had detectives on their track, for men who plot against public interests deserve to be watched. I have in my pocket positive proofs that they did, and do, intend to spring their trap upon the unprotected commuters on the New York and New Haven Railroad."

I then drew from my pocket and read two telegrams received that morning, one from New York and the other from Bridgeport, announcing that the New York and New Haven Railroad directory had held a secret meeting in New York, the day before, for the purpose of immediately raising the fares of commuters twenty per cent., so that in case my bill became a law they could get ahead of me. I continued:

"Now, Mr. Speaker, I know that these despatches are true; my information is from the inside of the camp. I see a director of the New York and New Haven Railroad sitting in this hall; I know that he knows these despatches are true; and if he will go before the railroad committee and make oath that he don't know that such a meeting took place yesterday for exactly this purpose, I will forfeit and pay one thousand dollars to the families of poor soldiers in this city. In consideration of this attempt to forestall the action of this Legislature, I offer an amendment to the bill now under consideration by adding after the word 'ratio,' the words 'as it existed on the first day of July, 1865.' In this way, we shall cut off any action which these sleek gentlemen may have taken yesterday. It is now evident that these railroad gentlemen have set a trap for this Legislature; and I propose that we now spring the trap, and see if we

cannot catch these wily railroad directors in it. Mr. Speaker, I move the previous question."

The opposition were astounded at the revelation and the previous question was ordered. The bill as amended was carried almost with a "hurrah." It is now an act in the statute book of the State, and it annually adds many dollars to the assessment roll of Connecticut, since the protection afforded to commuters against the extortions practised by railway companies elsewhere is a strong inducement to permanent settlers along the lines of Connecticut railways.[1]

In the spring of 1866, I was again elected to represent the town of Fairfield in the Connecticut Legislature. I had not intended to accept a nomination for that office a second time, but one of the directors of the New York and New Haven Railroad, who was a citizen of Fairfield and had been a zealous lobby member of the preceding Legislature, had declared that I should not represent the town again. As the voters of Fairfield seemed to think that the public interests were of more importance than the success of railroad conspiracies, combinations, and monopolies, I accepted their nomination.

Almost the only exciting question before that legislature was the election of an United States senator. President Johnson had begun to show disaffection towards the Republican party, which elected him, and the zealous members of that party were watching with anxious hearts the actions of those who offered themselves as candidates for offices of trust and responsibility. One of the Republican United States senators had already abandoned the party and affiliated with Johnson. The other senator was a candidate for re-election. He had been a favorite candidate with me, but when I became convinced that he sympa-

1 "Only those who are familiar with the manner in which railroads ever since they existed in Connecticut have controlled its Legislature and with the far-reaching and daring methods which they have employed to accomplish their purpose can fully appreciate the amount of character and ability it took to stand up and openly defy them and expose their schemes as Barnum did in the early summer of 1865." — Root, "Barnum as Legislator" ("Harper's," September 1926). [Ed.]

thized with the recreant senator and President Johnson, no importunities of political friends or any other inducement could change my determination to defeat him, if possible. I devoted days and nights to convincing some of my fellow-members that the interests of the State and the country demanded the election of Hon. O. S. Ferry to that important office.

Excitement ran high. Ex-Governor William A. Buckingham was also a candidate. I knew he would make an excellent senator but he had filled the gubernatorial chair for eight years; and as the present senator had held his office twelve years, and he was from the same city as Governor Buckingham, I urged that Norwich should not carry off all the honors; that Fairfield County was entitled to the office; and both before and at the Republican nominating caucus I set forth, so far as I was able, what I considered the merits and peculiar claims of Mr. Ferry. I suggested that Mr. Buckingham might rest on his laurels for a couple of years and be elected to fill the place of the next retiring senator in 1868. Mr. Ferry started in the ballotings with a very small vote indeed, and it required the most delicate management to secure a majority for him in that caucus. But it was done; and as the great strife was between the two other rival candidates, Mr. Ferry had scarcely a hope of the nomination and was much surprised the next morning to hear of his success. He was elected for the term beginning March 4, 1866, and one of his opposing candidates in the caucus, ex-Governor William A. Buckingham, was elected, two years afterwards, for the senatorial term commencing March 4, 1869.

I was again chairman of the committee on agriculture, and on the whole the session at New Haven, in 1866, was very agreeable to me; there were many congenial spirits in the House and our severer labors were lightened by some very delightful episodes.

. . .

During the summer Governor Hawley appointed me a commissioner to the Paris Exposition, but I was unable to attend.

POLITICS DISTASTEFUL

In the spring of 1867, I received from the Republican convention in the Fourth District in Connecticut the nomination for Congress. As I have already remarked, politics were always distasteful to me. I possess naturally too much independence of mind, and too strong a determination to do what I believe to be right, regardless of party expediency, to make a lithe and oily politician. To be called on to favor applications from office-seekers, without regard to their merits, and to do the dirty work too often demanded by political parties; to be "all things to all men" though not in the apostolic sense; to shake hands with those whom I despised, and to kiss the dirty babies of those whose votes were courted, were political requirements which I felt I could never acceptably fulfil. Nevertheless, I had become, so far as business was concerned, almost a man of leisure; and some of my warmest personal friends insisted that a nomination to so high and honorable a position as a member of Congress was not to be lightly rejected, and so I consented to run. Fairfield and Litchfield counties composed the district, which in the preceding Congressional election, in 1865, and just after the close of the war, was Republican. In the year following, however, the district in State election went Democratic, although the Republican State ticket was elected. I had this Democratic majority to contend against in 1867, and as the whole State turned over and elected the Democratic ticket, I lost my election. In the next succeeding Congressional election, in 1869, the Fourth District also elected the only Democratic congressman chosen from Connecticut that year, although the State itself was Republican again by a considerable majority.

I was neither disappointed nor cast down by my defeat. The political canvass served the purpose of giving me a new sensation, and introducing me to new phases of human nature — a subject which I had always great delight in studying. The filth and scandal, the slanders and vindictiveness, the plottings and fawnings, the fidelity, treachery, meanness, and manliness which by turns exhibited themselves in the exciting scenes pre-

ceding the election, were novel to me, and were so far interesting. My personal efforts in the canvass were mainly confined to the circulation of documents, and I did not spend a dollar to purchase a vote.

Shortly after my opponent was nominated, I sent him the following letter, which was also published in the Bridgeport "Standard":

BRIDGEPORT, CONN., Feb. 21, 1867.

W. H. BARNUM, Esq., Salisbury, Conn.

DEAR SIR: Observing that the Democratic party has nominated you for Congress from this district, I desire to make you a proposition.

The citizens of this portion of our State will be compelled on the first Monday in April next, to decide whether you or myself shall represent their interests and their principles in the Fortieth Congress of the United States.

The theory of our government is, that the will of the people shall be the law of the land. It is important, therefore, that the people shall vote understandingly and especially at this important crisis in our national existence. In order that the voters of this district shall fully comprehend the principles by which each of their congressional candidates is guided, I respectfully invite you to meet me in a serious and candid discussion of the important political issues of the day, at various towns in the Fourth Congressional District of Connecticut, on each week-day evening, from the fourth day of March until the thirtieth day of the same month, both inclusive.

If you will consent to thus meet me in a friendly discussion of those subjects, now so near and dear to every American heart, and, I may add, possessing at this time such momentous interest to all civilized nations in the world, who are suffering from misrule, I pledge myself to conduct my portion of the debate with perfect fairness, and with all due respect for my opponent, and doubt not you will do the same.

Never, in my judgment, in our past history as a nation, have interests and questions more important appealed to the people for their wise and careful consideration. It is due to the voters of the Fourth Congressional District that they have an early and full opportunity to examine

their candidates in regard to these important problems, and I shall esteem it a great privilege if you will accept this proposition.

Please favor me with an early answer, and oblige,

Truly yours,

P. T. BARNUM.

To this letter Mr. William H. Barnum replied, declining to accept my proposition to go before the people of the district, and discuss the political questions of the day.

During the canvass I received the following letter, which, together with my reply, was published in the Bridgeport "Standard" and in the New York "Tribune":

LITCHFIELD CO., CONN., Feb. 20, 1867.

P. T. BARNUM. — Dear Sir: Although Fairfield County was entitled to the nomination of the Copperhead candidate for Congress from the Fourth District, and under ordinary circumstances it would have been given to William F. Taylor, of Danbury, you are, perhaps, aware that they have changed their tactics and nominated a wealthy namesake of yours, simply for the purpose of using his money against you. A Democratic ex-Congressman is said to be preparing a tariff of prices to be paid for votes, and they boast that their candidate will expend $50,000 to secure his election. Already, I am credibly informed, the greenbacks are being freely circulated by his friends. I write to ask what your intentions are in regard to counteracting this effort of the Copperhead party. Do you intend to fight fire with fire? The day of election is fast approaching, and we are confident of success, as all our friends are wide awake.

Respectfully yours,

———

The New York "Tribune," commenting upon the correspondence, said:

Mr. P. T. Barnum, Union candidate for Congress in the Fourth District of Connecticut, was lately solicited by a friend to spend money

in a manner deemed objectionable by Mr. Barnum, and he responded as became a patriot.

The following was my reply to the above letter:

BRIDGEPORT, Feb. 23, 1867.

—— ESQ. — *Dear Sir:* Your kind letter of the 20th inst. has caused me painful emotions. I now wish to say, once for all, that under no conceivable circumstances will I permit a dollar of mine to be used to purchase a vote, or to induce a voter to act contrary to his honest convictions.

The idea that the intelligent reading men of New England can be bought like sheep in the shambles, and that the sacred principles which have so far guided them in the terrible struggle between liberty and slavery can now, in this eventful hour of national existence, be set up at auction and knocked down to the highest bidder, seems to me as preposterous as it is shameful and humiliating. But if it is possible that occasionally a degraded voter can thus be induced to "sell his birthright for a mess of pottage," God grant that I may be a thousand times defeated sooner than permit one grain of gold to be accursed by using it so basely!

I will not believe that American citizens can lend themselves to the contemptible meanness of sapping the very life-blood of our noble institutions by encouraging a fatal precedent, which ignores all principle, and would soon prevent any honest man, however distinguished for his intelligence and loyalty, from representing his district in our national councils. None could then succeed except unprincipled vagabonds, who, by the lavish expenditure of money, would debauch and degrade the freemen whose votes they coveted.

No, sir! Grateful as I am for the distinguished honor of receiving a unanimous nomination for Congress from the loyal Union party in my district, I have no aspiration for that high position if it is only to be attained by bringing into disgrace the noble privilege of the *free elective franchise*. Think for a moment what a deadly weapon is being placed in the hands of tyrants throughout the civilized world, with which to

destroy such apostles of liberty as John Bright and Garibaldi, if it can be said with truth that American citizens have become so corrupt and degraded, so lost to a just estimate of the value and true nobility of the ballot, that it is bought and sold for money.

My dear sir, any party that can gain a temporary ascendancy by such atrocious means, not only poisons the body politic of a free and impartial government, but is also sure to bring swift destruction upon itself. And so it should be.

I am unaccustomed to political life, and know but little of the manner of conducting a campaign like the present. I believe, however, it is customary for the State Central Committee to assess candidates, in order that they shall defray a proper portion of the expenses incurred for speakers and documents to *enlighten* the voters upon the political issues of the day. To that extent I am willing and anxious to be taxed; for "light and knowledge" are always desired by the friends of human rights and of public order.

But I trust that all money used for any other purpose, in the pending election will come from the pockets of those who now (as during the rebellion) are doing their utmost to aid traitors, and who, still unrepenting, are vindictively striving to secure at the ballot-box what their Southern allies failed to accomplish on the field of battle. If any of our friends misapprehend my true sentiments upon the subject of bribery, corruption, and fraud, I hope you will read them this letter.

Truly yours,

P. T. Barnum.

P. S. — The following is the law of Connecticut on the bribery of electors:

Section 64. No person shall offer or receive any money, or other thing, by way of gift, fee or reward, for giving, or refusing to give, a vote for electing members of the General Assembly, or any officer chosen at an electors' meeting, nor promise, procure, or in any way confer, any gratuity, reward or preferment, for any vote given or to be given, in any election; and every person guilty of so doing shall forfeit the sum of $17, one-half to him who shall prosecute to effect, and the

other half to the treasury of the town where the offence is committed, and every person who shall be convicted a second time of a like offence shall be disfranchised.

That section commends itself to the obedience of every law-abiding voter, and I shall be the last to consent to its violation.

P. T. B.

When Congress met, I was surprised to see by the newspapers that the seat of my opponent was to be contested on account of alleged bribery, fraud, and corruption in securing his election. This was the first intimation that I had ever received of such an intention, and I was never, at any time before or afterwards, consulted upon the subject. The movement proved to have originated with neighbors and townsmen of the successful candidate, who claimed to be able to prove that he had paid large sums of money to purchase votes. They also claimed that they had proof that men were brought from an adjoining State to vote, and that in the office of the successful candidate naturalization papers were forged to enable foreigners to vote upon them. But, I repeat, I took no part nor lot in the matter, but concluded that if I had been defeated by fraud, mine was the real success.

CHAPTER XLI

BENNETT AND THE "HERALD"

The American Museum Lease — Its Value — Bennett of the "Herald" Buys It for $200,000 — He Purchases the Property — Overestimate of Its Worth — Max Maretzek — Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's Estimate of Certain People — The Power behind the "Herald" Throne — The "Herald's" Influence — Bennett Kicked and Cowhided — His Lawyer Insists upon My Taking Back the Museum Lease — I Decline — Bennett Refuses My Advertisements — Interview with Mr. Hudson — War of the Managers upon the "Herald" — Bennett Humbled — Loss of the "Herald's" Prestige — Money — Damage to Bennett's Establishment — The Editor Sued — Peace between the "Herald" and the Managers.

WHEN the old American Museum burned down, and while the ruins were still smoking, I had numerous applications for the purchase of the lease of the two lots, fifty-six by one hundred feet, which had still nearly eleven years to run. It will be remembered that in 1847 I came back from England, while my second lease of five years had yet three years more to run, and renewed that lease for twenty-five years from 1851 at an annual rental of $10,000. It was also stipulated that in case the building was destroyed by fire the proprietor of the property should expend twenty-four thousand dollars towards the erection of a new edifice, and at the end of the term of lease he was to pay me the appraised value of the building, not to exceed $100,000. Rents and real estate values had trebled since I took this twenty-five years' lease, and hence the remaining term was very valuable. I engaged an experienced and competent real estate broker in Pine street to examine the terms of my lease, and in view of his knowledge of the cost of erecting buildings and the rentals they were commanding in Broadway, I enjoined him to take his time, and make a careful estimate of what the

lease was worth to me, and what price I ought to receive if I sold it to another party. At the end of several days, he showed me his figures, which proved that the lease was fully worth $275,000. As I was inclined to have a museum higher up town, I did not wish to engage in erecting two buildings at once, so I concluded to offer my museum lease for sale. Accordingly, I put it into the hands of Mr. Homer Morgan, with directions to offer it for $225,000, which was $50,000 less than the value at which it had been estimated.

The next day I met Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who told me that he desired to buy my lease, and at the same time to purchase the fee of the museum property, for the erection thereon of a publication building for the New York "Herald." I said I thought it was very fitting the "Herald" should be the successor of the Museum; and Mr. Bennett asked my price.

"Please to go or send immediately to Homer Morgan's office," I replied, "and you will learn that Mr. Morgan has the lease for sale at $225,000. This is $50,000 less than its estimated value; but to you I will deduct $25,000 from my already reduced price, so you may have the lease for $200,000."

Bennett replied that he would look into the affair closely; and the next day his attorney sent for my lease. He kept it several days, and then appointed an hour for me to come to his office. I called according to appointment. Mr. Bennett and his attorney had thoroughly examined the lease. It was the property of my wife. Bennett concluded to accept my offer. My wife assigned the lease to him, and his attorney handed me Mr. Bennett's check on the Chemical Bank for $200,000. That same day I invested $50,000 in United States bonds; and the remaining $150,000 was similarly invested on the following day. I learned at that time that Bennett had agreed to purchase the fee of the property for $50,000. He had been informed that the property was worth some $350,000 to $400,000, and he did not mind paying $100,000 extra for the purpose of carrying out his plans. But the parties who estimated for him the value of the land knew nothing of the fact that there was a

lease upon the property, else of course they would in their estimate have deducted the $200,000 which the lease would cost. When, therefore, Mr. Bennett saw it stated in the newspapers that the sum which he had paid for a piece of land measuring only fifty-six by one hundred feet was more than was ever before paid in any city in the world for a tract of that size, he discovered the serious oversight which he had made; and the owner of the property was immediately informed that Bennett would not take it. But Bennett had already signed a bond to the owner, agreeing to pay $100,000 cash, and to mortgage the premises for the remaining $400,000.

Supposing that by this step he had shaken off the owner of the fee, Bennett was not long in seeing that, as he was not to own the land, he would have no possible use for the lease, for which he had paid the $200,000; and accordingly his next step was to shake me off also, and get back the money he had paid me.

At this time Bennett was ruling the managers of the theatres and other amusements with a rod of iron. He had established a large job printing office in connection with the "Herald" office; and woe to the manager who presumed to have his bills printed elsewhere. Any manager who dared to decline employing Bennett's job office to print his small bills and posters, at Bennett's exorbitant prices, was ignored in the "Herald"; his advertisements were refused, and generally he and his establishment were black-balled and blackguarded in the columns of the "Herald." Of course most of the managers were somewhat sensitive to such attacks, and therefore submitted to his impositions in the job office, his double price for newspaper advertisements, and any other overbearing conditions the "Herald" might choose to dictate. The advertisements of the Academy of Music, then under the direction of Mr. Max Maretzek, had been refused on account of some dissatisfaction in the "Herald" office in regard to free boxes, and also because the prima donna, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, had certain ideas of her own with regard to social intercourse with certain people,

as Miss Jenny Lind had with regard to the same people, when she was under my management, and to some degree under my advice, and these ideas were not particularly relished by the power behind the "Herald" throne.[1]

For my own part, I thoroughly understood Bennett and his concern, and I never cared one farthing for him or his paper. I had seen for years, especially as Bennett's enormously overestimated "influence" applied to public amusements, that whatever the "Herald" praised, sickened, drooped, and if the "Herald" persisted in praising it, finally died; while whatever the "Herald" attacked prospered, and all the more, the more it was abused. It was utterly impossible for Bennett to injure me, unless he had some more potent weapon than his "Herald." And that this was the general opinion was quite evident from the fact that several years had elapsed since gentlemen were in the almost daily habit of cuffing, kicking and cowhiding Bennett in the streets and other public places for his scurrilous attacks upon them, or upon members of their families. It had come to be seen that what the "Herald" said, good or bad, was, like the editor himself, literally of "no account."[2]

My business for many years, as manager of the Museum and other public entertainments, compelled me to court notoriety; and I always found Bennett's abuse far more remunerative than

[1] Clara Louise Kellogg (Mrs. Carl Strakosch) (1842–1916), the opera-singer, made her first New York appearance in 1861. She sang many soprano rôles; and in 1874 she organized a company, known by her name, for presenting grand opera in English. This company's successful tours did considerable to advance musical taste in the United States. — The Academy of Music, at the corner of 14th street and Irving Place, was opened in 1854 and until 1882 was the city's undisputed home of opera — scene of the triumphs of Christine Nilsson, Parepa-Rosa, Emma Nevada, Annie Louise Cary (Mrs. Raymond), Patti, and other *divas*, as well as of Miss Kellogg. The building was torn down in 1926. [Ed.]

[2] Bennett was repeatedly attacked by James Webb, publisher of the "Courier and Enquirer" and a physical giant. Personal encounters were quite the mode in the New York journalism of that day. William Liggett, who had been editor of the "Evening Post," committed assault and battery on David Hale, editor of the "Journal of Commerce"; and Bryant, while editor of the "Post," horsewhipped Col. W. L. Stone of the "Commercial Advertiser." [Ed.]

his praise, even if I could have had the praise at the same price, that is, for nothing. Especially was it profitable to me when I could be the subject of scores of lines of his scolding editorials free of charge, instead of paying him forty cents a line for advertisements, which would not attract a tenth part so much attention. Bennett had tried abusing me, off and on, for twenty years, on one occasion refusing my advertisement altogether for the space of about a year; but I always managed to be the gainer by his course. Now, however, when new difficulties threatened, all the leading managers in New York were members of the "Managers' Association," and as we all submitted to the arbitrary and extortionate demands of the "Herald," Bennett thought he had but to crack his whip, in order to keep any and all of us within the traces. The great Ogre of the "Herald" supposed he could at all times frighten the little managerial boys into any holes which might be left open for them to hide in. Accordingly, one day Bennett's attorney wrote me a letter, saying that he would like to have me call on him at his office the following morning. Not dreaming of the object, I called as desired, and after a few pleasant commonplace remarks about the weather, and other trifles, the attorney said:

"Mr. Barnum, I have sent for you to say that Mr. Bennett has concluded not to purchase the Museum lots, and therefore that you had better take back the lease, and return the $200,000 paid for it."

"Are you in earnest?" I asked with surprise.

"Certainly, quite so," he answered.

"Really," I said, smiling, "I am sorry I can't accommodate Mr. Bennett; I have not got the little sum about me; in fact, I have spent the money."

"It will be better for you to take back the lease," said the attorney seriously.

"Nonsense," I replied, "I shall do nothing of the sort, I don't make child's bargains. The lease was cheap enough, but I have other business to attend to, and shall have nothing to do with it."

The attorney said very little in reply; but I could see, by the almost benignant sorrow expressed upon his countenance, that he evidently pitied me for the temerity that would doubtless lead me into the jaws of the insatiable monster of the "Herald." The next morning I observed that the advertisement of my entertainments with my Museum Company at Winter Garden was left out of the "Herald" columns. I went directly to the editorial rooms of the "Herald"; and learning that Bennett was not in, I said to Mr. Hudson, then managing editor:

"My advertisement is left out of the 'Herald'; is there a screw loose?"

"I believe there is," was the reply.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"You must ask the Emperor," said Mr. Hudson, meaning, of course, Bennett.

"When will the 'Emperor' be in?" I inquired. "Next Monday," was the answer.

"Well, I shall not see him," I replied; "but I wish to have this thing settled at once. Mr. Hudson, I now tender you the money for the insertion of my Museum advertisement on the same terms as are paid by other places of amusement. Will you publish it?"

"I will not," Mr. Hudson peremptorily replied.

"That is all," I said. Mr. Hudson then smilingly and blandly remarked, "I have formally answered your formal demand, because I suppose you require it; but you know, Mr. Barnum, I can only obey orders." I assured him that I understood the matter perfectly, and attached no blame to him in the premises. I then proceeded to notify the Secretary of the "Managers' Association" to call the managers together at twelve o'clock the following day; and there was a full meeting at the appointed time. I stated the facts in the case in the "Herald" affair, and simply remarked, that if we did not make common cause against any newspaper publisher who excluded an advertisement from his columns simply to gratify a private pique, it

was evident that either and all of us were liable to imposition at any time.

One of the managers immediately made a motion that the entire Association should stop their advertising and bill printing at the "Herald" office, and have no further connection with that establishment. Mr. Lester Wallack advised that this motion should not be adopted until a committee had waited upon Bennett, and had reported the result of the interview to the Association. Accordingly, Messrs. Wallack, Wheatley, and Stuart were delegated to go down to the "Herald" office to call on Mr. Bennett.

The moment Bennett saw them, he evidently suspected the object of their mission, for he at once commenced to speak to Mr. Wallack in a patronizing manner; told him how long he had known, and how much he respected his late father, who was "a true English gentleman of the old school," with much more in the same strain. Mr. Wallack replied to Bennett that the three managers were appointed a committee to wait upon him to ascertain if he insisted upon excluding from his columns the Museum advertisements not on account of any objection to the contents of the advertisements, or to the Museum itself, but simply because he had a private business disagreement with the proprietor — intimating that such a proceeding, for such a reason, and no other, might lead to a rupture of business relations with other managers. In reply, Mr. Bennett had something to say about the fox that had suffered tailwise from a trap, and thereupon advised all other foxes to cut their tails off; and he pointed the fable by setting forth the impolicy of drawing down upon the Association the vengeance of the "Herald." The committee, however, coolly insisted upon a direct answer to their question.

Bennett then answered: "I will not publish Barnum's advertisement; I do my business as I please, and in my own way."

"So do we," replied one of the managers, and the committee withdrew.

The next day the Managers' Association met, heard the re-

port, and unanimously resolved to withdraw their advertisements from the "Herald," and their patronage from the "Herald" job establishment, and it was done. Nevertheless, the "Herald" for several days continued to print gratuitously the advertisements of Wallack's Theatre and Niblo's Garden, and inordinately puffed these establishments, evidently in order to ease the fall, and to convey the idea that some of the theatres patronized the "Herald," and perhaps hoping by praising these managers to draw them back again, and so to nullify the agreement of the Association in regard to the "Herald." Thereupon, the managers headed their advertisements in all the other New York papers with the line, "This Establishment does not advertise in the New York 'Herald,'" and for many months this announcement was kept at the top of every theatrical advertisement and on the posters and playbills.

The "Herald" then began to abuse and vilify the theatrical and opera managers, their artists and their performances, and by way of contrast profusely praised Tony Pastor's Bowery show, and sundry entertainments of a similar character, thereby speedily bringing some of these side-shows to grief and shutting up their shops. Meanwhile, the first-class theatres prospered amazingly under the abuse of Bennett. Their receipts were never larger, and their houses never more thronged. The public took sides in the matter with the managers and against the "Herald," and thousands of people went to the theatres merely to show their willingness to support the managers and to spite "Old Bennett." The editor was fairly caught in his own trap; other journals began to estimate the loss the "Herald" sustained by the action of the managers, and it was generally believed that this loss in advertising and job printing was not less than from $75,000 to $100,000 a year. The "Herald's" circulation also suffered terribly, since hundreds of people, at the hotels and elsewhere, who were accustomed to buy the paper solely for the sake of seeing what amusements were announced for the evening, now bought other papers. This was the hardest blow of all, and it fully accounted for the

abuse which the "Herald" daily poured out upon the theatres.

But the more Bennett raved the more the people laughed, and the more determined did they seem to patronize the managers. Many a party came to the Museum, and said they came expressly to show us that the public were with us and against the "Herald." The other managers stated their experience to be the same in this respect. In fact, it was a subject of general remark, that, without exception, the associated managers never had done such a thriving business as during the two years in which they gave the "Herald" the cold shoulder.

Bennett evidently felt ashamed of the whole transaction; he would never publish the facts in his columns, though he once stated in an editorial that it had been reported that he had been cheated in purchasing the Broadway property; that the case had gone to court, and the public would soon know all the particulars. Some persons supposed by this that Bennett had sued me; but this was far from being the case. The owner of the lots sued Bennett, to compel him to take the title and pay for the property as per agreement; and that was all the "law" there was about it. He held James Gordon Bennett's bond, that he would pay him half a million of dollars for the land, as follows: $100,000 cash, and a bond and mortgage upon the premises for the remaining $400,000. The day before the suit was to come to trial, Bennett came forward, took the deed, and paid $100,000 cash and gave a bond and mortgage of the entire premises for $400,000. That lien still exists against the "Herald" property.

Had I really taken back the lease as Bennett desired, he would have been in a worse scrape than ever; for having been compelled to take the property, he would have been obliged, as my landlord, to go on and assist in building a museum for me according to the terms of my lease, and a museum I should certainly have built on Bennett's property, even if I had owned a dozen museums up town. As it was, Bennett was badly beaten on every side, and especially by the managers, who forever established the fact that the "Herald's" abuse was profitable,

and its patronage fatal to any enterprise; and who taught Mr. Bennett personally the lesson of his own insignificance, as he had not learned it since the days when gentlemen used to kick and cowhide him up and down the whole length of Nassau street. In the autumn of 1868, the associated managers came to the conclusion that the punishment of Bennett for two years was sufficient, and they consented to restore their advertisements to the "Herald." I was then associated with the Van Amburgh Company in my new Museum, and we concluded that the cost of advertising in the "Herald" was more than it was worth, and so we did not enter into the new arrangement made by the Managers' Association.

Mr. Bennett died in 1872. In these pages I have not been sparing of criticism upon his business plans and schemes, but cannot forbear acknowledgment of the extraordinary talent and tact of this great journalist. By enterprise and energy he attained a world-wide reputation and a fortune of large proportions. Let personal conflicts be buried in forgiving forgetfulness.

CHAPTER XLII

PUBLIC LECTURING

My Tour at the West — The Curiosity Exhibitor Himself a Curiosity — Buying a Farm in Wisconsin — Helping Those Who Help Themselves — A Ride on a Locomotive — Punctuality in My Engagements — Temperance — How I Became a Teetotaler — Moderate Drinking and Its Dangers — Doctor Chapin's Lecture in Bridgeport — My Own Efforts in the Temperance Cause — Lecturing throughout the Country — Newspaper Articles — The Story of Vineland, in New Jersey.

DURING the summer of 1866, Mr. Edwin L. Brown, corresponding secretary of the "Associated Western Literary Societies," opened a correspondence with me relative to delivering, in the ensuing season, my lecture on "Success in Life," before some sixty lyceums, Young Men's Christian Associations, and literary societies belonging to the union which Mr. Brown represented. The scheme embraced an extended tour through Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, and Iowa, and I was to receive one hundred dollars for every repetition of my lecture, with all my travelling expenses on the route. Agreeing to these terms, I commenced the engagement at the appointed time, and, averaging five lectures a week, I finished the prescribed round just before New Year's. Before beginning this engagement, however, I gave the lecture for other associations at Wheeling, West Virginia; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Louisville, Kentucky. I also delivered the lecture in Chicago, for Professor Eastman, who at that time had one of his business colleges in that city. He engaged the celebrated Crosby Opera House for the occasion, and I think, with, perhaps, two exceptions, I never spoke before so large and intelligent an audience as was there assembled. It was estimated that from five to six thousand ladies and gentlemen were gathered

in that capacious building; and nearly as many more went away unable to obtain admission. I was glad to observe by the action of the audience, and by the journals of the following day, that my efforts on that occasion were satisfactory. Indeed, though it is necessarily egotistical, I may truly say that with this lecture I always succeeded in pleasing my hearers. I may add, that I have invariably, as a rule, devoted to charitable purposes every penny I ever received for lecturing, except while I was under the great Jerome Clock cloud in England, when I needed all I could earn.

My western tour was delightful; indeed it was almost an ovation. I found, in fact, that when I had strayed so far from home, the curiosity exhibitor himself became quite a curiosity. On several occasions, in Iowa, I was introduced to ladies and gentlemen who had driven thirty miles in carriages to hear me. I insisted, however, that it was more to see than to hear; and I asked them if that was not really the case. In several instances they answered in the affirmative. In fact, one quaint old lady said: "Why, to tell you the truth, Mr. Barnum, we have read so much about you, and your Museum and your queer carryings-on, that we were not quite sure but you had horns and cloven feet, and so we came to satisfy our curiosity; but, la me! I don't see but what you look a good deal like other folks, after all."

* * *

On my tour, in attempting to make the connection from Cleveland, Ohio, to Fort Wayne, Indiana, *via* Toledo, I arrived at the latter city at one o'clock, P.M., which was about two hours too late to catch the train in time for the hour announced for my lecture that evening. I went to Mr. Andrews, the superintendent of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railway, and told him I wanted to hire a locomotive and car to run to Fort Wayne, as I must be there at eight o'clock at night.

"It is an impossibility," said Mr. Andrews. "The distance

is ninety-four miles, and no train leaves here till morning. The road is much occupied by freight trains, and we never run extra trains in this part of the country, unless the necessity is imperative."

I supposed I looked astonished, as well as chagrined. I knew that if I missed lecturing in Fort Wayne that evening, I could not appoint another time for that purpose, for every night was engaged during the next two months. I also felt that a large number of persons in Fort Wayne would be disappointed, and I grew desperate. Drawing my wallet from my pocket, I said:

"I will give you two hundred dollars, and even more, if you say so, to be put into Fort Wayne before eight o'clock to-night; and, really, I hope you will accommodate me."

The superintendent looked me thoroughly over in half a minute, and I fancied he had come to the conclusion that I was a burglar, a counterfeiter, or something worse, fleeing from justice. My surmise was confirmed, when he slowly remarked:

"Your business must be very pressing, sir."

"It is indeed," I replied; "I am Barnum, the Museum man, and am engaged to speak in Fort Wayne to-night."

He evidently did not catch the whole of my response, for he immediately said:

"Oh, it is a show, eh? Where is old Barnum himself?"

"I am Barnum," I replied, "and it is a lecture which I am advertised to give to-night; and I would not disappoint the people for anything."

"Is this P. T. Barnum?" said the superintendent, starting to his feet.

"I am sorry to say it is," I replied.

"Well, Mr. Barnum," said he, earnestly, "if you can stand it to ride to Fort Wayne in the caboose of a freight train, your well-established reputation for punctuality in keeping your engagements shall not suffer on account of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railroad."

"Caboose!" said I, with a laugh. "I would ride to Fort Wayne astride of the engine, or boxed up and stowed away in

a freight car, if necessary, in order to meet my engagement."

A freight train was on the point of starting for Fort Wayne; all the cars were at once ordered to be switched off, except two, which the superintendent said were necessary to balance the train; the freight trains on the road were telegraphed to clear the track, and the polite superintendent, pointing to the caboose, invited me to step in. I drew out my pocket-book to pay, but he smilingly shook his head, and said: "You have a through ticket from Cleveland to Fort Wayne; hand it to the freight agent on your arrival, and all will be right." I was much moved by this unexpected mark of kindness, and expressing myself to that effect, I stepped into the caboose, and we started.

The excited state of mind which I had suffered while under the impression that the audience in Fort Wayne must be disappointed now changed, and I felt as happy as a king. In fact, I enjoyed a new sensation of imperial superiority, in that I was "monarch of all I surveyed," emperor of my own train, switching all other trains from the main track, and making conductors all along the line wonder what grand mogul had thus taken complete possession and control of the road. Indeed, as we sped past each train, which stood quietly on a side track waiting for us to pass, I could not help smiling at the glances of excited curiosity which were thrown into our car by the agent and brakemen of the train which had been so peremptorily ordered to clear the track; and always stepping at [*sic* — Ed.] the caboose door, I raised my hat, receiving in return an almost reverent salute, which the occupants of the waiting train thought due, no doubt, to the distinguished person for whom they were ordered by special telegram to make way.

I now began to reflect that the Fort Wayne lecture committee, upon discovering that I did not arrive by the regular passenger train, would not expect me at all, and that probably they might issue small bills announcing my failure to arrive. I therefore prepared the following telegram which I despatched to them on our arrival at Napoleon, the first station at which we stopped:

Lecture Committee, Fort Wayne: — Rest perfectly tranquil. I am to be delivered at Fort Wayne by contract by half-past seven o'clock — special train.

At the same station I received a telegram from Mr. Andrews, the superintendent, asking me how I liked the caboose. I replied:

The springs of the caboose are softer than down; I am as happy as a clam at high water; I am being carried towards Fort Wayne in a style never surpassed by Cæsar's triumphal march into Rome. Hurrah for the Toledo and Wabash Railroad!

At the invitation of the engineer, I took a ride of twenty miles upon the locomotive. It fairly made my head swim. I could not reconcile my mind to the idea that there was no danger; and intimating to the engineer that it would be a relief to get where I could not see ahead, I was permitted to crawl back again to the caboose.

I reached Fort Wayne in ample time for the lecture; and as the committee had discreetly kept to themselves the fact of my non-arrival by the regular train, probably not a dozen persons were aware of the trouble I had taken to fulfil my engagement, till in the course of my lecture, under the head of "perseverance," I recounted my day's adventures, as an illustration of exercising that quality when real necessity demanded. The Fort Wayne papers of the next day published accounts of "Barnum on a Locomotive," and "A Journey in a Caboose"; and as I always had an eye to advertising, these articles were sent marked to newspapers in towns and cities where I was to lecture, and of course were copied, — thus producing the desired effects, first, of informing the public that the "showman" was coming, and next, assuring the lecture committee that Barnum would be punctually on hand as advertised, unless prevented by "circumstances over which he had no control."

I fulfilled my entire engagement, which covered the lecturing season, and returned to New York greatly pleased with my Western tour. Public lecturing was by no means a new experience with me; for, apart from my labors in that direction in England, and occasional addresses before literary and agricultural associations at home, I had been prominently in the field for many years as a lecturer on temperance. My attention was turned to this subject in the following manner:

In the fall of 1847, while exhibiting General Tom Thumb at Saratoga Springs, where the New York State Fair was then being held, I saw so much intoxication among men of wealth and intellect, filling the highest positions in society, that I began to ask myself the question, What guarantee is there that *I* may not become a drunkard? and I forthwith pledged myself at that time never again to partake of any kind of spirituous liquors as a beverage. True, I continued to partake of wine, for I had been instructed, in my European tour, that this was one of the innocent and charming indispensables of life. I however regarded myself as a good temperance man, and soon began to persuade my friends to refrain from the intoxicating cup. Seeing need of reform in Bridgeport, I invited my friend, the Reverend Doctor E. H. Chapin, to visit us, for the purpose of giving a public temperance lecture. I had never heard him on that subject, but I knew that on whatever topic he spoke, he was as logical as he was eloquent.

He lectured in the Baptist church in Bridgeport. His subject was presented in three divisions: The liquor-seller, the moderate drinker, and the indifferent man. It happened, therefore, that the second, if not the third clause of the subject, had a special bearing upon me and my position. The eloquent gentleman overwhelmingly proved that the so-called respectable liquor-seller, in his splendid saloon or hotel bar, and who sold only to "gentlemen," inflicted much greater injury upon the community than a dozen common groggeries — which he abundantly illustrated. He then took up the "moderate drinker" and urged that he was the great stumbling-block to the tem-

perance reform. He it was, and not the drunkard in the ditch, that the young man looked at as an example when he took his first glass. That when the drunkard was asked to sign the pledge, he would reply, "Why should I do so? What harm can there be in drinking, when such men as respectable Mr. A and moral Mr. B drink wine under their own roof?" He urged that the higher a man stood in the community, the greater was his influence either for good or for evil. He said to the moderate drinker: "Sir, you either do or you do not consider it a privation and a sacrifice to give up drinking. Which is it? If you say that you can drink or let it alone, that you can quit it forever without considering it a self-denial, then I appeal to you as a man, to do it for the sake of your suffering fellow-beings." He further argued that if it was a self-denial to give up wine-drinking, then certainly the man should stop, for he was in danger of becoming a drunkard.

What Doctor Chapin said produced a deep impression upon my mind, and after a night of anxious thought, I rose in the morning, took my champagne bottles, knocked off their heads, and poured their contents upon the ground. I then called upon Doctor Chapin, asked him for the teetotal pledge, and signed it.[1] He was greatly surprised in discovering that I was not already a teetotaler. He supposed such was the case, from the fact that I had invited him to lecture, and he little thought, at the time of his delivering it, that his argument to the moderate drinker was at all applicable to me. I felt that I had now a duty to perform — to save others, as I had been saved, and on the very morning when I signed the pledge, I obtained over twenty

[1] The "Life" of 1855 contained this paragraph: "God knows I am determined never to break that pledge, and my gratitude is so deep at being thus placed in a position to benefit my fellow-man, as well as perhaps to save myself, that I trust there is little danger of my ever again being brought within the charmed circle of the cup. Upon informing my wife that I had signed the teetotal pledge, I was surprised to see tears running down her cheeks. I was afterwards astonished to know from her, that she had passed many a weeping night, fearing that my wine-bibbing was leading me to a drunkard's path. I reproached her for not telling me her fears, but she replied that she knew I was self-deluded, and that any such hint from her would have been received in anger." [Ed.]

signatures in Bridgeport. I talked temperance to all whom I met, and very soon commenced lecturing upon the subject in the adjacent towns and villages. I spent the entire winter and spring of 1851–2 in lecturing through my native State, always travelling at my own expense, and I was glad to know that I aroused many hundreds, perhaps thousands, to the importance of the temperance reform. I also lectured frequently in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, as well as in other towns in the neighboring States.

While in Boston with Jenny Lind, I was earnestly solicited to deliver two temperance lectures in the Tremont Temple, where she gave her concerts. I did so; and though an admission fee was charged for the benefit of a benevolent society, the building on each occasion was crowded. In the course of my tour with Jenny Lind, I was frequently solicited to lecture on temperance on evenings when she did not sing. I always complied when it was in my power. In this way I lectured in Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other cities, also in the ladies' saloon of the steamer "Lexington," on Sunday morning. In August, 1853, I lectured in Cleveland, Ohio, and several other towns, and afterwards in Chicago, Illinois, and in Kenosha, Wisconsin. An election was to be held in Wisconsin in October, and the friends of prohibition in that State solicited my services for the ensuing month, and I could not refuse them. I therefore hastened home to transact some business which required my presence for a few days, and then returned, and lectured on my way in Toledo; Norwalk, Ohio; and Chicago, Illinois. I made the tour of the State of Wisconsin, delivering two lectures per day for four consecutive weeks, to crowded and attentive audiences.

My lecture in New Orleans, when I was in that city, was in the great Lyceum Hall, in St. Charles street, and I lectured by the invitation of Mayor Crossman and several other influential gentlemen. The immense hall contained more than three thousand auditors, including the most respectable portion of the

New Orleans public. I was in capital humor, and had warmed myself into a pleasant state of excitement, feeling that the audience was with me. While in the midst of an argument illustrating the poisonous and destructive nature of alcohol to the animal economy, some opponent called out, "How does it affect us, externally or internally?"

"*E*-ternally," I replied.

Scarcely ever have I heard such tremendous and simultaneous merriment as followed this reply. I was not allowed to proceed for several minutes, on account of the repetition of applause. I heard no more from the inquisitive gentleman, and have not the remotest idea who he was. My reply, however, was so sudden, that one gentleman who considered himself "up to snuff" remarked the next day in the Verandah Hotel that if the truth could be known, he would wager a thousand dollars that I placed the man there on purpose to put the question. "By heavens," said he, "Barnum got out 'eternally' before the fellow had finished 'internally'!" The gentleman's suspicion, although wholly unfounded, I regarded as a compliment.

While lecturing in front of the Court House in Cleveland, Ohio, one afternoon in 1853, in presence of a large crowd, including many farmers, an auditor, who I afterwards learned was an extensive liquor dealer, called out, "What will become of all the grain, if you stop the distilleries?"

"Feed it to the drunkard's wife and children; they have been without it long enough," I replied. "The husband and father will then be a sober man," I continued, "and will be able and willing to pay for it. You will find that the sober, industrious man and his family will require more grain than is now necessary to rot into whiskey to keep him drunk."

I then related the anecdote, that soon after the enactment of the Maine Law, a gentleman met a little girl in the streets of Portland, who had been in the habit of coming to his house as a beggar. "Why don't you come to our house nowadays for cold victuals?" said he.

"Because father can't get any liquor, and he is sober and works every day, and we have plenty of *warm* victuals at our house now, I thank you, sir," replied the little girl.

The old farmers greatly enjoyed that reply, and "the liquor seller [said a correspondent of the New York "Tribune"] hauled off to repair damages."

On the first evening when I lectured in Cleveland, Ohio (it was in the Baptist church), I commenced in this wise: "If there are any ladies or gentlemen present who have never suffered in consequence of the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, either directly, or in the person of a dear relative or friend, I will thank them to rise." A man with a tolerably glowing countenance arose. "Had you never a friend who was intemperate?" I asked.

"Never!" was the positive reply.

A giggle ran through the opposition portion of the audience. "Really, my friends," I said, "I feel constrained to make a proposition which I did not anticipate. I am, as you are all aware, a showman, and I am always on the lookout for curiosities. This gentleman is a stranger to me, but if he will satisfy me to-morrow morning that he is a man of credibility, and that no friend of his was ever intemperate, I will be glad to engage him for ten weeks at $200 per week, to exhibit him in my American Museum in New York, as the greatest curiosity in this country."

A laugh that was a laugh followed this announcement.

"They may laugh, but it is a fact," persisted my opponent with a look of dogged tenacity.

"The gentleman still insists that it is a fact," I replied. "I would like, therefore, to make one simple qualification to my offer, I made it on the supposition that, at some period of his life, he had friends. Now if he never had any friends, I withdraw my offer; otherwise, I will stick to it."

This, and the shout of laughter that ensued, was too much for the gentleman, and he sat down. I noticed throughout my speech that he paid strict attention, and frequently indulged in a

hearty laugh. At the close of the lecture he approached me, and extending his hand, which I readily accepted, he said, "I was particularly green in rising to-night. Having once stood up, I was determined not to be put down, but your last remark fixed me!" He then complimented me very highly on the reasonableness of my arguments, and declared that ever afterwards he would be found on the side of temperance.

Among the most gratifying incidents of my life have been several of a similar nature to the following: After a temperance speech in Philadelphia, a man about thirty years of age came forward, signed the teetotal pledge, and then, giving me his hand, he said, "Mr. Barnum, you have this night saved me from ruin. For the last two years I have been in the habit of tippling, and it has kept me continually under the harrow. This gentleman [pointing to a person at his side] is my partner in business, and I know he is glad I have signed the pledge to-night."

"Yes, indeed I am, George, and it is the best thing you ever did," replied his partner, "if you'll only stick to it."

"That will I do till the day of my death; and won't my dear little wife Mary cry for joy to-night, when I tell her what I have done!" he exclaimed in great exultation. At that moment he was a happy man, but he could not have been more so than I was.

. . .

I may add that I have lectured in Montreal, Canada, and many towns and cities in the United States, at my own expense. One of the greatest consolations I now enjoy is that of believing I have carried happiness to the bosom of many a family. In the course of my life I have written much for newspapers, on various subjects, and always with earnestness, but in none of these have I felt so deep an interest as in that of the temperance reform. Were it not for this fact, I should be reluctant

to mention, that besides numerous articles for the daily and weekly press, I wrote a little tract on "The Liquor Business,"[2] which expresses my practical view of the use and traffic in intoxicating drinks. In every one of my temperance lectures since the beginning of the year 1869, I have regularly read the following report, made by Mr. T. T. Cortis, Overseer of the Poor in Vineland, New Jersey:

Though we have a population of 10,000 people, for the period of six months no settler or citizen of Vineland has required relief at my hands as Overseer of the Poor. Within seventy days, there has only been one case among what we call the floating population, at the expense of $4.00. During the entire year, there has only been but one indictment, and that a trifling case of assault and battery, among our colored population. So few are the fires in Vineland, that we have no need of a fire department. There has only been one house burnt down in a year, and two slight fires, which were soon put out. We practically have no debt, and our taxes are only one per cent. on the valuation. The police expenses of Vineland amount to $75.00 per year, the sum paid to me; and our poor expenses a mere trifle. I ascribe this remarkable state of things, so nearly approaching the golden age, to the industry of our people, and the absence of King Alcohol. Let me give you, in contrast to this, the state of things in the town from which I came, in New England. The population of the town was 9,500 — a little less than that of Vineland. It maintained forty liquor shops. These kept busy a police judge, city marshal, assistant marshal, four night watchmen, six policemen. Fires were almost continual. That small place maintained a paid fire department, of four companies, of forty men each, at an expense of $3,000.00 per annum. I belonged to this department for six years, and the fires averaged about one every two weeks, and mostly incendiary. The support of the poor cost $2,500.00 per annum. The debt of the township was $120,000.00. The condition of things in this New Eng-

[2] The full title is: "The Liquor Business; Its Effects upon the Minds, Morals, and Pockets of Our People." It was published (1854?) by Fowler and Wells — "my worthy friends," Barnum called them. O. S. Fowler (1809–1887) was the foremost American exponent of phrenology. [Ed.]

land town is as favorable in that country as that of many other places where liquor is sold.

It seems to me that there is an amount of overwhelming testimony and unanswerable argument in this one brief extract, that makes it in itself one of the most perfect and powerful temperance lectures ever written.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE NEW MUSEUM

A Gigantic Amusement Company — Immense Additions to the New Collection — Curiosities from Everywhere — The Gordon Cummings Collection from Africa — The Gorilla — What the Papers Said about the Monster — My Private View of the Animal — Amusing Interview with Paul du Chaillu — A Superb Menagerie — The New Theatre — Project for a Free National Institution — Messrs. E. D. Morgan, William C. Bryant, Horace Greeley, and Others Favor My Plan — President Johnson Indorses It — Destruction of My Second Museum by Fire — The Ice-Clad Ruins — A Sad, Yet Splendid Spectacle — Out of the Business — Foot Races at the White Mountains — How I Was Not Beaten — Opening of Wood's Museum in New York — My Only Interest in the Enterprise.

My new Museum on Broadway was liberally patronized from the start, but I felt that still more attractions were necessary in order to insure constant success. I therefore made arrangements with the renowned Van Amburgh Menagerie Company to unite their entire collection of living wild animals with the Museum. The new company was known as the "Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie Company" and as such was chartered by the Connecticut Legislature, the New York Legislature having refused us a charter unless I would "see" the "ring" a thousand dollars' worth, which I declined. I owned forty per cent. and the Van Amburgh Company held the remaining sixty per cent. in the new enterprise, which comprehended a large travelling menagerie through the country in summer, and the placing of the wild animals in the Museum in winter. The capital of the company was one million of dollars, with the privilege of doubling the amount. As one of the conditions of the new arrangement, it was stipulated that I should withdraw from all active personal attention to the Museum, but should permit my name to be announced as General Manager, and I was also elected President of the company. This

arrangement gave me the comparative tranquillity which I now began to desire. I spent most of my time in Bridgeport, except in winter, when I resided in New York. I usually visited the Museum about once a week, but sometimes was absent for several months.

Meanwhile, immense additions were made to the curiosity departments of the new Museum. Every penny of the profits of this Museum and of the two immense travelling menageries of wild animals was expended in procuring additional attractions for our patrons. Among other valuable novelties introduced in this establishment was the famous collection made by the renowned lion-slayer Gordon Cummings.[1] This was purchased for me by my faithful friend, Mr. George A. Wells, who was then travelling in Great Britain with General Tom Thumb. The collection consisted of many hundreds of skins, tusks, heads, and skeletons of nearly every species of African animal, including numerous rare specimens never before exhibited on this continent. It was a great Museum in itself, and as such had attracted much attention in London and elsewhere, but it was a mere addition to our Museum and Menagerie; and was exhibited without extra charge for admission.

In the summer of 1867, I saw in several New York papers a thrilling account of an immense gorilla, which had arrived from Africa in charge of Barnum's agent, for the Barnum and Van Amburgh Company. The accounts described the removal of the savage animal in a strong iron cage from the ship, and his transportation up Broadway to the Museum. His cries and roarings were said to have been terrible, and when he was taken into the menagerie, he was reported to have bent the heavy iron bars of his cage, and in his rage to have seized a poker which was thrust at him, and to have twisted it as if it had been a bit of wire. Nothing so startlingly sensational in the

[1] This was, correctly, R. G. Gordon-Cumming (1820–1866), a Scots traveller and hunter, known for his big-game exploits in the South African interior (Bechuanaland and the valley of the Limpopo river). After being shown at the London exhibition of 1851, his collection of trophies was exhibited in Great Britain as "The South African Museum." [Ed.]

line of zoölogical description had appeared since the "Tribune's" famous report of the burning of the American Museum, in 1865.

For several years I had been trying to secure such an animal, and several African travellers had promised to do their best to procure one for me; and I had offered as high as $20,000 for the delivery in New York of a full-grown, healthy gorilla. From the minute description now given by the reporters, I was convinced that, at last, the long-sought prize had been secured. I was greatly elated, and at once wrote from Bridgeport to our manager, Mr. Ferguson, advising him how to exhibit the valuable animal, and particularly how to preserve its precious life as long as might be possible. I have owned many ourang-outangs, and all of them die ultimately of pulmonary disease; indeed, it is difficult to keep specimens of the monkey tribe through the winter in our climate, on account of their tendency to consumption. I therefore advised Mr. Ferguson to have a cage so constructed that no draught of air could pass through it, and I further instructed him in methods of guarding against the gorilla's taking cold.

A few days later I went to New York expressly to see the gorilla, and on visiting the Museum, I was vexed beyond measure to find that the animal was simply a huge baboon! He was chained down, so that he could not stand erect, nor turn his back to visitors. His keeper could easily irritate him, and when the animal was excited, he would seize the iron bars with both hands, and, uttering horrid screams, would shake the cage so fiercely that it could be heard and "felt" in the adjoining saloons. No doubt many of the visitors recalled Du Chaillu's accounts of the genuine gorilla, and were convinced that the veritable animal was before them. But I had been too long in the business to be caught by such chaff, and approaching the keeper, I asked him why he did not lengthen the chain, so that the animal could stand up.

"Because, if I do, he will show his tail," the keeper confidentially whispered in my ear.

The imposition was so silly and transparent that I did not care how soon it was exposed. As usual, however, I looked at the funny side of the matter, and immediately enclosed a ticket to my friend Mr. Paul du Chaillu,[2] who was then stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at the same time writing to the great African traveller, that, much as he had done, the Barnum and Van Amburgh Company had done more, since he had only killed gorillas, while we had secured a living one, and brought the monster safely from Africa to America. I informed him, moreover, that all the gorillas he had seen and described were tailless, while our far more remarkable specimen had a tail full four feet long!

Mr. du Chaillu came into the Museum that afternoon, in great glee, with my open letter in his hand.

"Ah, Mr. Barnum," he exclaimed, "this is the funniest letter I ever received. Of course, you know your 'gorilla' is no gorilla at all, but only a baboon. I will not look at him, for when people ask me about 'Barnum's gorilla,' I prefer to be able to say that I have not seen him."

"On the contrary," said I, "I particularly desire that you should see the animal, and expose it. The imposition is too ridiculous."

"True; but I think your letter is more curious than your animal."

"Then I give you full leave to read the letter to all who ask you about the 'gorilla.'"

"Thank you," said Du Chaillu, "and I wish you would let me read it in my lectures at the West, where I am soon going on a tour."

I consented that he should do so, and I afterwards heard

[2] Du Chaillu (1835–1903), a Frenchman by birth and an American by residence, was exploring in Africa in 1855–1859 and again in 1863–1865. His veracity was questioned when he gave accounts of the African dwarfs (confirming the ancient stories of the pygmies) and of the gorilla (which scientists then knew through a few skeletons only), but the essential accuracy of these accounts was afterwards established. See also Hornaday's "The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals," p. 100. [Ed.]

that he was delighting as well as enlightening western audiences on the subject of Manager Ferguson's management of the great "gorilla" in the Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie.

The menagerie of living animals was superior in extent to any other collection in America, embracing, as it did, almost every description of wild animal ever exhibited, including the smallest African elephant, and the only living giraffe then in the United States. The collection of lions and royal Bengal tigers was superb. There was a cage full of young lions that attracted great attention, and the whole menagerie was an exceedingly valuable one. When I say that to these attractions was added an able dramatic company, which performed every afternoon and evening, and that the admission to the entire establishment was but thirty cents, with no extra charge, except for a few front seats and private boxes, it is no wonder that this immense building, five stories high, and covering ground seventy-five by two hundred feet in area, was thronged "from sunrise to ten P.M." and from top to bottom, with country and city visitors, of both sexes and all ages. The public was soon thoroughly convinced of the facts; first, that never before was such an outlay made for so great an assemblage of useful and amusing attractions, combining instruction with amusement, and thrown open to the people at so small a charge for admission; and second, that the surest way of deriving the greatest profit, in the long run, is to give people as much as possible for their money. That these facts were fully impressed upon our patrons is instanced in the monthly returns made to the United States Collector of Internal Revenue for the district, which showed that our receipts were larger than those of Wallack's Theatre, Niblo's Garden, or any other theatre or place of amusement in New York or in America.

Anxious to gather curiosities from every quarter of the globe, I sent Mr. John Greenwood, junior (who went for me to the isle of Cyprus and to Constantinople, in 1864), on the "Quaker City" excursion, which left New York June 8, 1867,

and returned in the following November.[3] During his absence Mr. Greenwood travelled 17,735 miles, and brought back several interesting relics from the Holy Land, which were duly deposited in the Museum.

Very soon after entering upon the premises, I built a new and larger lecture room, which was one of the most commodious and complete theatres in New York, and I largely increased the dramatic company. Our collection swelled so rapidly that we were obliged to extend our premises by the addition of another building, forty by one hundred feet, adjoining the Museum. This addition gave us several new halls, which were speedily filled with curiosities. The rapid expansion of the establishment and the immense interest excited in the public mind led me to consider a plan I had long contemplated, of taking some decided steps towards the foundation of a great free institution, which should be similar to, and in some respects superior to, the British Museum in London. "The Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie Company," chartered with a capital of $2,000,000 had, in addition to the New York establishment, thirty acres of land in Bridgeport, whereon it was proposed to erect suitable buildings and glass and wire edifices for breeding and acclimating rare animals and birds, and training such of them as were fit for public performances. In time, a new building in New York, covering a whole square, and farther up town, would be needed for the mammoth exhibition, and I was not without hopes that I might be the means of establishing permanently in the city an extensive zoölogical garden.

It was also my intention ultimately to make my Museum the nucleus of a great free national institution. When the American Museum was burned and I turned my attention to the collection of fresh curiosities, I felt that I needed other assist-

[3] In the company on board were Bloodgood Cutter, the Long Island bard, and Mark Twain, who collected material for his "Innocents Abroad" (1869). According to a note (to chapter xv) written by Barnum for his "revision" of 1884, Greenwood "became a consul to Brunswick, Germany, and died there about 1872." [Ed.]

ance than that of my own agents in America and Europe. It occurred to me that if our government representatives abroad would but use their influence to secure curiosities in the respective countries to which they were delegated, a free public museum might at once be begun in New York, and I proposed to offer a part of my own establishment rent-free for the deposit and exhibition of such rarities as might be collected in this way. Accordingly, a week after the destruction of the American Museum, a memorial was addressed to the President of the United States, asking him to give his sanction to the new effort to furnish the means of useful information and wholesome amusement, and to give such instructions to public officers abroad as would enable them, without any conflict with their legitimate duties, to give efficiency to this truly national movement for the advancement of the public good, without cost to the government. This memorial was dated July 20, 1865, and was signed by Messrs. E. D. Morgan, Moses Taylor, Abram Wakeman, Simeon Draper, Moses H. Grinnell, Stephen Knapp, Benjamin R. Winthrop, Charles Gould, William C. Bryant, James Wadsworth, Tunis W. Quick, John A. Pitkin, Willis Gaylord, Prosper M. Wetmore, Henry Ward Beecher, and Horace Greeley. This memorial was in due time presented, and was indorsed as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.
April 27, 1866.

"The purpose set forth in this Memorial is highly approved and commended, and our Ministers, Consuls and commercial agents are requested to give whatever influence in carrying out the object within stated they may deem compatible with the duties of their respective positions, not inconsistent with the public interests.

ANDREW JOHNSON."

I went to Washington myself, and had interviews with the President, Secretaries Seward, McCulloch, and Welles, and also with Assistant Secretary of the Navy G. V. Fox, who gave

me several muskets and other "rebel trophies." During my stay at the capital I had a pleasant interview with General Grant, who told me he had lately visited my Museum with one of his sons, and had been greatly gratified. Upon my mentioning, among other projects, that I had an idea of collecting the hats of distinguished individuals, he at once offered to send an orderly for the hat he had worn during his principal campaigns. All these gentlemen cordially approved of my plan for the establishment of a National Museum in New York.

But before this plan could be put into effective operation, an event occurred which is now to be narrated: The winter of 1867–68 was one of the coldest that had been known for years, and some thirty severe snowstorms occurred during the season. On Tuesday morning, March 3d, 1868, it was bitter cold. A heavy body of snow was on the ground, and as I sat at the breakfast table with my wife and an esteemed lady guest, the wife of my excellent friend Rev. A. C. Thomas, I read aloud the general news from the morning papers. Leisurely turning to the local columns, I said, "Hallo! Barnum's Museum is burned."

"Yes," said my wife, with an incredulous smile, "I suspect it is."

"It is a fact," said I. "Just listen: 'Barnum's Museum totally destroyed by fire.'"

This was read so coolly, and I showed so little excitement, that both of the ladies supposed I was joking. My wife simply remarked:

"Yes, it was totally destroyed two years ago, but Barnum built another one."

"Yes, and that is burned," I replied; "now listen," and I proceeded very calmly to read the account of the fire. Mrs. Thomas, still believing from my manner that it was a joke, stole slyly behind my chair, and looking over my shoulder at the newspaper, she exclaimed:

"Why, Mrs. Barnum, the Museum is really burned. Here is the whole account of it in this morning's paper."

"Of course it is," I remarked, with a smile. "How could you think I could joke on such a serious subject?"

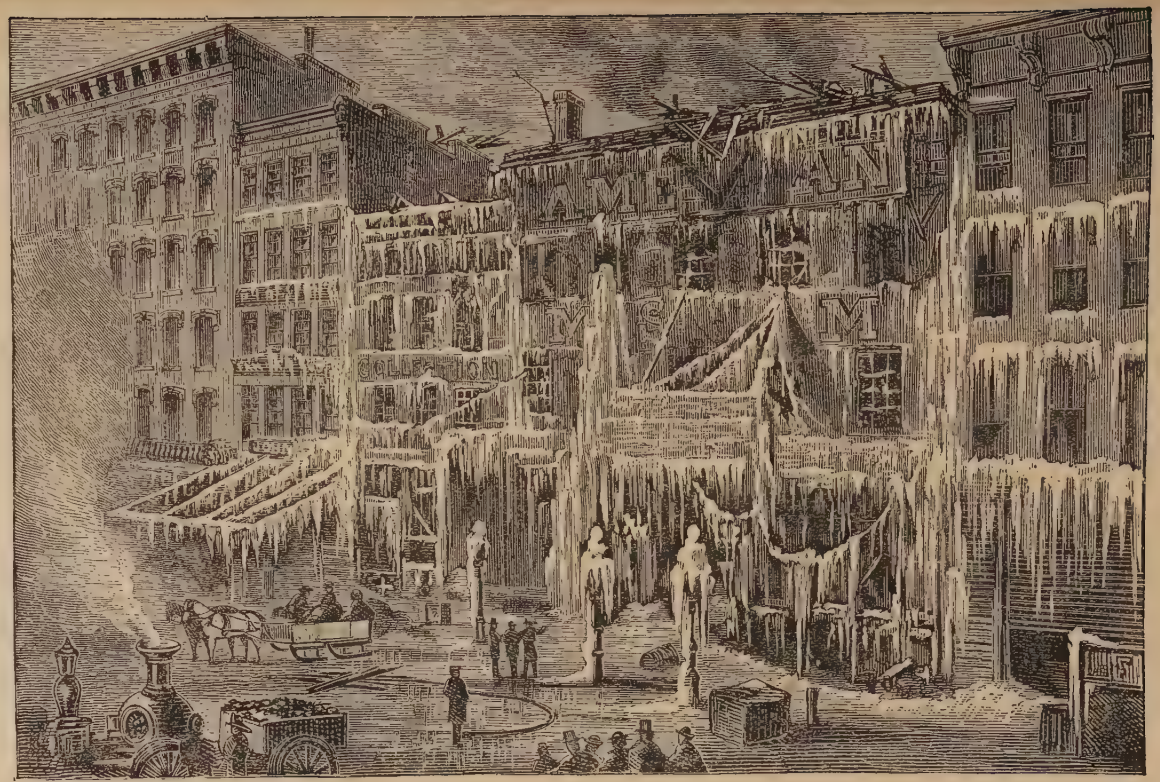
It was indeed too true, and the subject was no doubt "serious" enough; in fact the pecuniary blow was perhaps even heavier than the loss of the other Museum, especially as there was probably no Bennett around who would give me $200,000 for a lease! But during my whole life I had been so much accustomed to operations of magnitude for or against my interests, that large losses or gains were not apt to disturb my tranquillity. Indeed, my second daughter calling in soon after, and seeing how coolly I took the disaster, said that her husband had remarked that morning, "Your father won't care half so much about it as he would if his pocket had been picked of fifty dollars. That would have vexed him, but he will take this heavier loss as simply the fortune of war."

And this was very nearly the fact. Yet the loss was a large one, and the complete frustration of our plans for the future was a serious consideration. But worse than all were the sufferings of the poor wild animals which were burned to death in their cages. A very few only of these animals were saved.[4] Even the people who were sleeping in the building barely escaped with their lives, and next to nothing else, so sudden was the fire and so rapid its progress. The papers of the following

[4] In 1926 (when he was 91) John H. Polley, a member of the New York police-force in 1855–1870, told this to newspaper interviewers:

"Somebody said there was a bear still alive after the fire was put out. Most people didn't believe it. We were talking about it in an eating-house down there. And somebody said if the bear was still there, it'd be so mad that nobody could capture it. I said I bet I could get it. And somebody said, 'I bet $10 you can't.' So I put up $10. Then somebody else wanted to bet a silk hat, so I took that on too.

"The next morning about 3 I got a ladder, and climbed up the balcony. Everything was covered with ice, you know, and slippery. I had a lantern. Pretty soon I saw the bear. He was on a little inclined ledge. There was a hole burned through in front of him so he couldn't move much. So I took a pole and prodded him. He moved a little and slipped off. He went clear through to the basement. By the time I got down there he was scooting down Broadway. I chased him down to Prince street, and up Prince street, and finally got him cornered. We got a rope tied onto his collar. We put the other end through a hole in the end of a big dry-goods box and dragged him in." (New York "World," Sept. 30, 1926.) [Ed.]



From the 1869 "Struggles and Triumphs."

THE RUINS OF THE NEW AMERICAN MUSEUM, 535–539 BROADWAY

This Museum was opened on November 13, 1865, in what were known as the Chinese Museum buildings. It was burned during the night of March 2–3, 1868. The weather was extremely cold, and the water from the engines was turned to a "gorgeous frame-work of transparent ice."

morning contained full accounts of the fire; and editorial writers, while manifesting much sympathy for the proprietors, also expressed profound regret that so magnificent a collection, especially in the zoölogical department, should be lost to the city.

The cold was so intense that the water froze almost as soon as it left the hose of the fire engines; and when at last everything was destroyed, except the front granite wall of the Museum building, that and the ladder, signs, and lamp-posts in front, were covered in a gorgeous frame-work of transparent ice, which made it altogether one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable. Thousands of persons congregated daily in that locality in order to get a view of the magnificent ruins. By moonlight the ice-coated ruins were still more sublime; and for many days and nights the old Museum was "the observed of all observers," and photographs were taken by several artists.

When the Museum was burnt, I was nearly ready to bring out a new spectacle, for which a very large extra company had been engaged, and on which a considerable sum of money had been expended in scenery, properties, costumes, and especially in enlarging the stage. I had expended altogether some $78,000 in building the new lecture-room, and in refitting the saloons. The curiosities were inventoried by the manager, Mr. Ferguson, at $288,000. I bought the real estate only a little while before the fire, for $460,000, and there was an insurance on the whole of $160,000; and in June, 1868, I sold the lots on which the building stood for $432,000. The cause of the fire was a defective flue in a restaurant in the basement of the building.

Thus by the destruction of Iranistan and two museums, about a million of dollars' worth of my property had been destroyed by fire, and I was not now long in making up my mind to follow Mr. Greeley's advice on a former occasion, to "take this fire as a notice to quit, and go a-fishing."

We all know how difficult it is for a person to stop when he is engaged in business, and how seldom it is that we find a man

who thinks he has accumulated money enough, and is willing to cease trying to make more. An active business life, like everything else, becomes a habit, and the strife for success in business, through all the changes of fortune, and ups and downs of trade, becomes an infatuation akin to that which spurs the gambler. Hence, men often pursue their money-getting occupations long after the necessity therefor has ceased. Of course, by wedding themselves to this one ambition they forego many of the higher pleasures of life, and though they have a vague idea of that "good time coming," when they are going to take things easy and enjoy themselves, that time never comes. Men who are entirely idle are the most miserable creatures in the world; but when by arduous toil they have secured a competence, and especially when they have reached a point in life where they are conscious of a waning of their vital energies, we must admit that they are unwise if they do not slip out of active business, and devote a large portion of their time to intellectual pursuits, social enjoyments, and, if they have not done so through life, to serious reflections on the ends and aims of human existence.

It is, perhaps, possible that notwithstanding the active life I have led, I have after all a lazy streak in my composition; at all events, I confess it was with no small degree of satisfaction that by this last burning of the Museum, notwithstanding the serious pecuniary loss it proved to me, I discovered a way open through which I could retire to a more quiet and tranquil mode of life. I therefore at once dissolved with the Van Amburgh Company, and sold out to them all my interest in the personal property of the concern. I was, however, beset on every side to start another Museum, and men of capital offered to raise a million of dollars if necessary, for that purpose, provided I would undertake its management. My constant reply was, "Lead me not into temptation." I felt that I had enough to live on, and I earnestly believed the doctrine laid down in my lecture on "Money-Getting," in regard to the danger of leaving too much property to children.

As I now had something like real leisure at my disposal, in the summer of 1868 I made my third visit to the White Mountains. To me, the locality and scene are ever fresh and ever wonderful. From the top of Mount Washington, one can see on every side within a radius of forty miles peaks piled on peaks, with smiling valleys here and there between, and, on a very clear day, the Atlantic Ocean off Portland, Maine, is distinctly visible — sixty miles away. Beauty, grandeur, sublimity, and the satisfaction of almost every sense combine to remind one of the ejaculation of that devout English soul who exclaims: "Look around with pleasure, and upward with gratitude!"

At the Profile House, near the Notch, in the Franconia range, I met many acquaintances, some of whom had been there with their families for several weeks. When tired of scenery-hunting and hill-climbing, and thrown entirely upon their own resources, they had invented a "sell" which they perpetrated upon every new-comer. Naturally enough, as I was considered a capital subject for their fun, before I had been there half an hour they had made all the arrangements to take me in. The "sell" consisted in getting up a foot-race in which all were to join, and at the word "Go" the contestants were to start and run across the open space in front of the hotel to a fence opposite, while the last man who should touch the rail must treat the crowd. Of course, no one touched the rail at all, except the victim. I suspected no trick, but tried to avoid the race, urging in excuse that I was too old, too corpulent, and besides, as they knew, I was a teetotaler and would not drink their liquor.

"Oh, drink lemonade, if you like," they said, "but no backing out; and as for corpulence, here is Stephen, our old stage-driver, who weighs three hundred, and he shall run with the rest."

And in good truth, Stephen, in a warm day especially, would be likely to "run" with the best of them; but I did not know then that Stephen was the stool-pigeon whom they kept to en-

trap unwary and verdant youths like myself; so, looking at his portly form, I at once agreed that if Stephen ran I would, as I knew that for a stout man I was pretty quick on my feet. Accordingly, at the word "Go," I started and ran as if the traditional enemy of mankind were in me or after me, but before I had accomplished half the distance, I wondered why at least one or two of the crowd had not outstripped me, for, in fact, Stephen was the only one whom I expected to beat. Looking back and at once comprehending the "sell," I decided not to be sold. A correspondent of the New York "Sun" told how I escaped the trick and the penalty, and how I subsequently paid off the tricksters, in a letter from which I quote the following:

Barnum threw up his hands before arriving at the railing, and did not touch it at all! It was acknowledged on all sides, that the "biters were bit." "But you ran well," said those who intended the "sell." "Yes," replied Barnum in high glee, "I ran better than I did for Congress; but I was not green enough to touch the rail!" Of course a roar of laughter followed, and the "sellers" resolved to try the game the next morning on some other new-comer; but their luck had evidently deserted them, for the next man also "smelt a rat," and holding up his hands refused to touch the rail. The two successive failures dampened the ardor of the "sellers," and they relinquished that trick as a bad job. But the way Barnum sold nearly the whole crowd of "sellers," in detail, on the following afternoon, by the old "sliver trick," was a caution to sore sides. So much laughing in one day was probably never before done in that locality. One after another succeeded in extracting from the palm of Barnum's hand what each at first supposed was a tormenting "sliver," but which turned out to be a "broom splinter" a foot long which was hidden up B.'s sleeve, except the small point which appeared from under the end of his thumb, apparently protruding from under the skin of his palm. One "weak brother" nearly fainted as he saw come forth some twelve inches of what he at first supposed was a "sliver," but which he was now thoroughly convinced was one of the nerves from Barnum's arm. Mr. O'Brien, the Wall street banker, was the first victim. When asked what he thought upon seeing such a long "sliver" coming from Barnum's hand, he solemnly replied, "I thought

he was a dead man!" It was acknowledged by all that Barnum gave them a world of "fun," and that he and his friends left the Profile House with flying colors.

During the year, Mr. George Wood, a most successful and enterprising manager, had been engaged in enlarging and refitting Banvard's building, at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth street, for a museum and theatre; and wishing to avoid my competition in the business, he proposed, that for a consideration, to be governed to some degree by the receipts, I should bind myself to have no other interest in any museum or place of amusement in New York, and that I should give him the benefit of my experience, influence, and information, and thus aid in advancing his interests and in building up and carrying out his enterprise. His proposition fully met my views, and I accepted it. Without incurring risk or responsibility, I could occupy portions of my time, which otherwise, perhaps, might drag heavily on my hands; my mind especially would be employed in matters with which I was familiar, and I might gratify my desire to assist in catering to the healthful, wholesome amusement of the rising generation and the public. I should not rust out; and, moreover, the new museum would afford me a pleasant place to drop into when I felt inclined to do so. Nothing in this arrangement compelled my presence in New York, or even in the United States; I could go when and where I chose, and could continue to be, as I hope to be for the rest of my life, "a man of leisure," which in my case, and according to my construction, is far from being a man of idleness.

While I was at the White Mountains, I received a telegram from Mr. George Wood, stating that he could not consider his list of curiosities complete unless I would consent to be present at the opening of his Museum, and I accordingly waived all my chances in any intended foot races, and hastened to New York, making at Mr. Wood's request the opening address in his new establishment, August 31, 1868.

CHAPTER XLIV

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES—NUMBER THIRTEEN

Popular Superstitions — Unlucky Friday — Unfortunate Saturday — Rainy Sundays — Terrible Thirteen — The Brettells of London — Incidents of My Western Trip — Singular Fatality — Number Thirteen in Every Hotel — No Escape from the Frightful Figure — Advice of a Clerical Friend — The Thirteen Colonies — The Thirteenth Chapter of Corinthians — Thirteen at My Christmas Dinner Party — Thirteen Dollars at a Fair — Two Disastrous Days — The Thirteenth Day in Two Months — Thirteen Pages of Manuscript.

In the summer of 1868, a lady who happened to be at that time an inmate of my family, upon hearing me say that I supposed we must remove into our summer residence on Thursday, because our servants might not like to go on Friday, remarked:

"What nonsense that is! It is astonishing that some persons are so foolish as to think there is any difference in the days. I call it rank heathenism to be so superstitious as to think one day is lucky and another unlucky"; and then, in the most innocent manner possible, she added: "I would not like to remove on a Saturday myself, for they say people who remove on the last day of the week don't stay long."

Of course this was too refreshing a case of undoubted superstition to be permitted to pass without a hearty laugh from all who heard it.

I suppose most of us have certain superstitions, imbibed in our youth, and still lurking more or less faintly in our minds. Many would not like to acknowledge that they had any choice whether they commenced a new enterprise on a Friday or on a Monday, or whether they first saw the new moon over the

right or left shoulder. And yet, perhaps, a large portion of these same persons will be apt to observe it when they happen to do anything which popular superstition calls "unlucky." It is a common occurrence with many to immediately make a secret "wish" if they happen to use the same expression at the same moment when a friend with whom they are conversing makes it; nevertheless these persons would protest against being considered superstitious — indeed, probably they are not so in the full meaning of the word.

Several years ago an old lady who was a guest at my house, remarked on a rainy Sunday:

"This is the first Sunday in the month, and now it will rain every Sunday in the month; that is a sign which never fails, for I have noticed it many a time."

"Well," I remarked, smiling, "watch closely this time, and if it rains on the next three Sundays, I will give you a new silk dress."

She was in high glee, and replied:

"Well, you have lost that dress, as sure as you are born."

The following Sunday it did indeed rain.

"Aha!" exclaimed the old lady. "What did I tell you? I knew it would rain."

I smiled and said, "All right, watch for next Sunday."

And surely enough, the next Sunday it did rain, harder than on either of the preceding Sundays.

"Now, what do you think?" said the old lady, solemnly. "I tell you that sign never fails. It won't do to doubt the ways of Providence," she added with a sigh, "for His ways are mysterious and past finding out."

The following Sunday the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and not the slightest appearance of rain was manifested through the day. The old lady was greatly disappointed, and did not like to hear any allusion to the subject; but two years afterwards, when she was once more my guest, it again happened to rain on the first Sunday in the month, and I heard her solemnly predict that it would every succeeding Sunday in the

month, for, she remarked, "It is a sign that never fails." She had forgotten the failure of two years before; indeed, the continuance and prevalence of many popular superstitions is due to the fact that we notice the "sign" when it happens to be verified, and do not observe it, or we forget it, when it fails. Many persons are exceedingly superstitious in regard to the number "thirteen." This is particularly the case, I have noticed, in Catholic countries I have visited, and I have been told that superstition originated in the fact of a thirteenth apostle having been chosen, on account of the treachery of Judas. At any rate, I have known numbers of French persons who had quite a horror of this fatal number. Once I knew a French lady who had taken passage in an ocean steamer, and who, on going aboard, and finding her assigned state-room to be "No. 13," insisted upon it that she would not sail in the ship at all; but had rather forfeit her passage-money, though finally she was persuaded to take another room. And a great many people, French, English, and American, will not undertake any important enterprise on the thirteenth day of the month, nor sit at table with the full complement of thirteen persons. With regard to this number to which so many superstitions cling, I have some interesting experiences and curious coincidences, which are worth relating as a part of my personal history.

When I was first in England with General Tom Thumb, I well remember dining one Christmas day with my friends, the Brettells, in St. James' Palace, in London. Just before the dinner was finished (it is a wonder it was not noticed before) it was discovered that the number at table was exactly thirteen.

"How very unfortunate," remarked one of the guests. "I would not have dined under such circumstances for any consideration, had I known it!"

"Nor I either," seriously remarked another guest.

"Do you really suppose there is any truth in the old superstition on that subject?" I asked.

"Truth!" solemnly replied an old lady. "Truth! Why I myself have known three instances, and have heard of scores of

others, where thirteen persons have eaten at the same table, and in every case one of the number died before the year was out!"

This assertion, made with so much earnestness, evidently affected several of the guests, whose nerves were easily excited. I can truthfully state, however, that I dined at the Palace again the following Christmas, and although there were seventeen persons present, every one of the original thirteen who dined there the preceding Christmas was among this number, and all in good health; although, of course, it would have been nothing very remarkable if one had happened to have died during the last twelve months.

While I was on my Western lecturing tour in 1866, long before I got out of Illinois, I began to observe that at the various hotels where I stopped my room very frequently was No. 13. Indeed, it seemed as if this number turned up to me as often as four times per week, and so before many days I almost expected to have that number set down to my name wherever I signed it upon the register of the hotel. Still, I laughed to myself, at what I was convinced was simply a coincidence. On one occasion I was travelling from Clinton to Mount Vernon, Iowa, and was to lecture in the college of the latter place that evening. Ordinarily, I should have arrived at two o'clock P.M.; but owing to an accident which had occurred to the train from the West, the conductor informed me that our arrival in Mount Vernon would probably be delayed until after seven o'clock. I telegraphed that fact to the committee who were expecting me, and told them to be patient.

When we had arrived within ten miles of that town it was dark. I sat rather moodily in the car, wishing the train would "hurry up"; and happening for some cause to look back over my left shoulder, I discovered the new moon through the window. This omen struck me as a coincident addition to my ill-luck, and with a pleasant chuckle I muttered to myself, "Well, I hope I won't get room number thirteen to-night, for that will be adding insult to injury."

I reached Mount Vernon a few minutes before eight, and was met at the depot by the committee, who took me in a carriage and hurried to the Ballard House. The committee told me the hall in the college was already crowded, and they hoped I would defer taking tea until after the lecture. I informed them that I would gladly do so, but simply wished to run to my room a moment for a wash. While wiping my face I happened to think about the new room, and at once stepped outside of my bed-room door to look at the number. It was "number thirteen."

After the lecture I took tea, and I confess that I began to think "number thirteen" looked a little ominous. There I was, many hundreds of miles from my family; I left my wife sick, and I began to ask myself, Does "number thirteen" portend anything in particular? Without feeling willing even now to acknowledge that I felt much apprehension on the subject, I must say I began to take a serious view of things in general.

I mentioned the coincidence of my luck in so often having "number thirteen" assigned to me to Mr. Ballard, the proprietor of the hotel, giving him all the particulars to date.

"I will give you another room if you prefer it," said Mr. Ballard.

"No, I thank you," I replied with a semi-serious smile. "If it is fate, I will take it as it comes; and if it means anything I shall probably find it out in time." That same night before retiring to rest I wrote a letter to a clerical friend, then residing in Bridgeport, telling him all my experiences in regard to "number thirteen." I said to him in closing: "Don't laugh at me for being superstitious, for I hardly feel so; I think it is simply a series of 'coincidences' which appear the more strange because I am sure to notice every one that occurs." Ten days afterwards I received an answer from my reverend friend, in which he cheerfully said: "It's all right; go ahead and get 'number thirteen' as often as you can. It is a lucky number," and he added:

"Unbelieving and ungrateful man! What is thirteen but the

traditional 'baker's dozen,' indicating 'good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over,' as illustrated in your triumphal lecturing tour? By all means insist upon having room No. 13 at every hotel; and if the guests at any meal be less than that charmed complement, send out and compel somebody to come in.

"What do you say respecting the Thirteen Colonies? Any ill luck in the number? Was the patriarch Jacob afraid of it when he adopted Ephraim and Manasseh, the two sons of Joseph, so as to complete the magic circle of thirteen?

"Do you not know that chapter thirteen of First Corinthians is the grandest in the Bible, with verse thirteen as the culmination of all religious thought? And can you read verse thirteen of the fifth chapter of Revelation without the highest rapture?"

But my clerical friend had not heard of a certain curious circumstance which occurred to me after I had mailed my letter to him and before I received his answer.

On leaving Mount Vernon for Cedar Rapids the next morning, the landlord, Mr. Ballard, drove me to the railroad depot. As I was stepping upon the cars, Mr. Ballard shook my hand, and with a laugh exclaimed: "Good-by, Friend Barnum, I hope you won't get room number thirteen at Cedar Rapids to-day." "I hope not!" I replied earnestly, and yet with a smile. I reached Cedar Rapids in an hour. The lecture committee met and took me to the hotel. I entered my name, and the landlord immediately called out to the porter:

"Here, John, take Mr. Barnum's baggage, and show him to 'number thirteen'!"

I confess that when I heard this I was startled. I remarked to the landlord that it was certainly very singular, but was nevertheless true, that "number thirteen" seemed to be about the only room that I could get in a hotel.

"We have a large meeting of railroad directors here at present," he replied, "and 'number thirteen' is the only room unoccupied in my house."

I proceeded to the room, and immediately wrote to Mr. Ballard at Mount Vernon, assuring him that my letter was written in "number thirteen," and that this was the only room I could get in the hotel. During the remainder of my journey, I was put into "number thirteen" so often in the various hotels at which I stopped that it came to be quite a matter of course, though occasionally I was fortunate enough to secure some other number. Upon returning to New York, I related the foregoing adventures to my family, and told them I was really half afraid of "number thirteen." Soon afterwards, I telegraphed to my daughter, who was boarding at the Atlantic House in Bridgeport, asking her to engage a room for me to lodge there the next night, on my way to Boston. "Mr. Hale," said she to the landlord, "father is coming up to-day; will you please reserve him a comfortable room?" "Certainly," replied Mr. Hale, and he instantly ordered a fire in "room thirteen"! I went to Boston and proceeded to Lewiston, Maine, and thence to Lawrence, Massachusetts, and the hotel register there had my name booked for "number thirteen."

My experience with this number has by no means been confined to apartments. In 1867 a church in Bridgeport wanted to raise several thousand dollars in order to get freed from debt. I subscribed one thousand dollars, by aid of which they assured me they would certainly raise enough to pay off the debt. A few weeks subsequently, however, one of the "brethren" wrote me that they were still six hundred dollars short, with but little prospect of getting it. I replied that I would pay one-half of the sum required. The brother soon afterwards wrote me that he had obtained the other half, and I might forward him my subscription of "thirteen" hundred dollars. During the same season I attended a fair in Franklin Hall, Bridgeport, given by a temperance organization. Two of my little granddaughters accompanied me, and telling them to select what articles they desired, I paid the bill, twelve dollars and fifty cents. Whereupon I said to the children, "I am glad you did not make it thirteen dollars, and I will expend no more here to-

night." We sat awhile listening to the music, and finally started for home, and as we were going, a lady at one of the stands near the door, called out: "Mr. Barnum, you have not patronized me. Please take a chance in my lottery." "Certainly," I replied. "Give me a ticket." I paid her the price (fifty cents), and after I arrived home, I discovered that in spite of my expressed determination to the contrary, I had expended exactly thirteen dollars!

I invited a few friends to a "clam-bake" in the summer of 1868, and being determined the party should not be thirteen, I invited fifteen, and they all agreed to go. Of course, one man and his wife were "disappointed" and could not go — and my party numbered thirteen. At Christmas, in the same year, my children and grandchildren dined with me, and finding on "counting noses" that they would number the inevitable thirteen, I expressly arranged to have a high chair placed at the table, and my youngest grandchild, seventeen months old, was placed in it, so that we should number fourteen. After the dinner was over, we discovered that my son-in-law, Thompson, had been detained down town, and the number at dinner table, notwithstanding my extra precautions, was exactly thirteen.

Thirteen was certainly an ominous number to me in 1865, for on the thirteenth day of July, the American Museum was burned to the ground, while the thirteenth day of November saw the opening of "Barnum's New American Museum," which was also subsequently destroyed by fire.[1]

Having concluded this veritable history of superstitious coincidences in regard to thirteen, I read it to a clerical friend, who happened to be present; and after reading the manuscript, I paged it, when my friend and I were a little startled to find that the pages numbered exactly thirteen.

[1] Not, however, on the thirteenth day but on the third — March 3, 1868 (see chapter xliii). [Ed.]

CHAPTER XLV

SEA-SIDE PARK

Interest in Public Improvements — The Eye of Faith — Opening of Sea-Side Park.

FROM the time when I first settled in Bridgeport, and turned my attention to opening and beautifying new avenues, and doing whatever lay in my power to extend and improve that charming city, I was exceedingly anxious that public parks should be established, especially one where good driveways, and an opportunity for the display of the many fine equipages for which Bridgeport is celebrated, could be afforded. Mr. Noble and I began the movement by presenting to the city the beautiful ground in East Bridgeport now known as Washington Park — a most attractive promenade and breathing place, and a continual resort for citizens on both sides of the river, particularly in the summer evenings, when one of the city bands is an additional attraction to the pleasant spot. Thus our city was far in advance of Bridgeport proper in providing a prime necessity for the health and amusement of the people.

Up to the year 1865, the shore of Bridgeport, west of the public wharves, and washed by the waters of Long Island Sound, was inaccessible to carriages, or even to horsemen, and almost impossible for pedestrianism. The shore edge, in fact, was strewn with rocks and boulders, which made it, like "Jordan" in the song, an exceedingly "hard road to travel." A narrow lane reaching down to the shore enabled parties to drive near to the water for the purpose of clamming, and occasionally bathing; but it was all claimed as private property by the land proprietors, whose farms extended down to the water's edge. On several occasions, at low tide, I endeavored to

Photograph by A. D. Fuller.

THE BARNUM STATUE BY THOMAS BALL IN SEASIDE PARK, BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

ride along the shore on horseback, for the purpose of examining "the lay of the land," in the hope of finding it feasible to get a public drive along the water's edge. On one occasion, in 1863, I succeeded in getting my horse around from the foot of Broad street, in Bridgeport, to a lane over the Fairfield line, a few rods west of "Iranistan Avenue," a grand street which I have since opened at my own expense, and through my own land. From the observations I made that day, I was satisfied that a most lovely park and public drive might be, and ought to be, opened along the whole water-front as far as the western boundary line of Bridgeport, and even extending over the Fairfield line.

Foreseeing that in a few years such an improvement would be too late, and having in mind the failure of the attempt in 1850 to provide a park for the people of Bridgeport, I immediately began to agitate the subject in the Bridgeport papers, and also in daily conversations with such of my fellow-citizens as I thought would take an earnest and immediate interest in the enterprise. I urged that such an improvement would increase the taxable value of property in that vicinity many thousands of dollars, and thus enrich the city treasury; that it would improve the value of real estate generally, in the city; that it would be an additional attraction to strangers who came to spend the summer with us, and to those who might be induced from other considerations to make the city their permanent residence; that the improvement would throw into market some of the most beautiful building sites that could be found anywhere in Connecticut; and I dwelt upon the absurdity, almost criminality, that a beautiful city like Bridgeport, lying on the shore of a broad expanse of salt water, should so cage itself in that not an inhabitant could approach the beach. With these and like arguments and entreaties, I plied the people day in and day out, till some of them began to be familiarized with the idea that a public park close upon the shore of the Sound was at least a possible, if not probable, thing.

But certain "conservatives," as they are called, said: "Bar-

num is a hare-brained fellow, who thinks he can open and people a New York Broadway through a Connecticut wilderness"; and the "old fogies" added: "Yes, he is trying to start another chestnut-wood fire for the city to blow forever; but the city or town of Bridgeport will not pay out money to lay out or to purchase public parks. If people want to see green grass and trees, they have only to walk or drive half a mile either way from the city limits, and they will come to farms where they can see either, or both, for nothing; and, if they are anxious to see salt water, and to get a breath of the Sound breeze, they can take boats at the wharves, and sail or row till they are entirely satisfied."

Thus talked the conservatives and the "old fogies," who, unhappily, even if they are in a minority, are always a force in all communities. I soon saw that it was of no use to expect to get the city to pay for a park. The next thing was to see if the land could not be procured free of charge, or at a nominal cost, provided the city would improve and maintain it as a public park. I approached the farmers who owned the land lying immediately upon the shore, and tried to convince them that, if they would give the city, free, a deep slip next to the water, to be used as a public park, it would increase in value the rest of their land so much as to make it a profitable operation for them. But it was like beating against the wind. They were "not so stupid as to think that they could become gainers by giving away their property." Such trials of patience as I underwent in a twelvemonth, in the endeavor to carry this point, few persons who have not undertaken like almost hopeless labor, can comprehend. At last, I enlisted the attention of Messrs. Nathaniel Wheeler, James Loomis, Francis Ives, Frederick Wood, and a few more gentlemen, and persuaded them to walk with me over the ground, which to me seemed in every way practicable for a park. These gentlemen, who were men of taste, as well as of enterprise and public spirit, very soon coincided in my ideas as to the feasibility of the plan and the advantages of the site; and some of them went with me to talk

with the land-owners, adding their own pleas to the arguments I had already advanced. After much pressing and persuading, we got the terms upon which the proprietors would give a portion and sell another portion of their land which fronted on the water, provided the land thus disposed of should forever be appropriated to the purposes of a public park. But, unfortunately, a part of the land it was desirable to include was the small Mallett farm, of some thirty acres, then belonging to an unsettled estate, and neither the administrator nor the heirs could or would give away a rod of it. But the whole farm was for sale — and, to overcome the difficulty in the way of its transfer for the public benefit, I bought it for about $12,000, and then presented the required front to the park. I did not want this land or any portion of it, for my own purposes or profit, and I offered a thousand dollars to any one who would take my place in the transaction; but no one accepted, and I was quite willing to contribute so much of the land as was needed for so noble an object. Indeed, besides this, I gave $1,400 towards purchasing other land and improving the park; and, after months of persistent and personal effort, I succeeded in raising, by private subscription, the sum necessary to secure the land needed. This was duly paid for, deeded to, and accepted by the city, and I had the pleasure of naming this new and great public improvement, "Sea-side Park."

Public journals are generally exponents of public opinion; and how the people viewed the new purchase, now their own property, may be judged by the following extracts from the leading local newspapers, when the land for the new enterprise was finally secured:

OUR SEA-SIDE PARK

[*From the "Bridgeport Standard," August* 21, 1865]

Bridgeport has taken another broad stride of which she may well be proud. The Sea-side Park is a fixed fact. Yesterday Messrs. P. T. Barnum, Captain John Brooks, Mr. George Bailey, Captain Burr Knapp,

and Henry Wheeler generously donated to this city sufficient land for the Park, with the exception of seven or eight acres, which have been purchased by private subscriptions. Last night the Common Council appointed excellent Park Commissioners, and work on the sea-wall and the avenues surrounding the Park will be commenced at once. Besides securing the most lovely location for a park to be found between New York and Boston, which for all time will be a source of pride to our city and State, there is no estimating the pecuniary advantage which this great improvement will eventually prove to our citizens. Plans are on foot and enterprises are agitated in regard to a park hotel, sea-side cottages, horse railroad branch, and other features, which, when consummated, will serve to amaze our citizens to think that such a delightful sea-side frontage had been permitted to lie so long unimproved. To Mr. P. T. Barnum, we believe, is awarded the credit of originating this beautiful improvement, and certainly to his untiring, constant and persevering personal efforts are we indebted for its being finally consummated. Hon. James C. Loomis was the first man who heartily joined with Barnum in pressing the plan of the sea-side park upon the attention of our citizens, but it is due to our citizens themselves to say that, with an extraordinary unanimity, they have not only voted to appropriate $10,000 from the city treasury to making the avenues around the Park, and otherwise improving it, but they have also generously aided by private contributions in purchasing such land as was not freely given for the Park.

Thus was my long-cherished plan at length fulfilled; nor did my efforts end here, for I aided and advised in all important matters in the laying out and progress of the new park; and in July, 1869, I gave to the city several acres of land, worth, at the lowest valuation, $5,000, which were added to and included in this public pleasure-ground, and now make the west end of the park.

At the beginning, the park on paper and the park in reality, were two quite different things. The inaccessibility of the site was remedied by approaches which permitted the hundreds of workmen to begin to grade the grounds, and to lay out the

walks and drives. The rocks and boulders over which I had more than once attempted to make my way on foot and on horseback, were devoted to the building of a substantial sea-wall, under the able superintendence of Mr. David W. Sherwood. Paths were opened, shade-trees were planted; and fortunately there was, in the very center of the ground, a beautiful grove of full growth, which is one of the most attractive features of this now charming spot; and a broad and magnificent drive follows the curves of the shore and encircles the entire park. A large covered music-stand has been erected; and on a rising piece of ground has been built a substantial Soldiers' Monument.

The branch horse railroad already reaches one of the main entrances, and brings down crowds of people every day and evening, and especially on the evenings in which the band plays. At such times the avenues are not only thronged with superb equipages and crowds of people, but the whole harbor is alive with row-boats, sail-boats, and yachts. The views on all sides are charming. In the rear is the city, with its roofs and spires; Black Rock and Stratford lights are in plain sight; to the eastward and southward stretches "Old Long Island's sea-girt shore"; and between lies the broad expanse of the salt water, with its ever "fresh" breezes, and the perpetual panorama of sails and steamers. I do not believe that a million dollars, to-day, would compensate the city of Bridgeport for the loss of what is confessed to be the most delightful public pleasure-ground between New York and Boston.

CHAPTER XLVI

WALDEMERE

My Private Life — Plans for the Public Benefit in Bridgeport — Opening Avenues — Planting Shade-Trees — Old Fogies — Conservatism a Curse to Cities — Benefiting Barnum's Property — Sale of Lindencroft — Living in a Farm-House — By the Sea-Shore — Another New Home — Waldemere — How It Came to Be Built — Magic and Money — Wavewood and the Petrel's Nest — My Farm — The Holland Blanket Cattle — My City Residence.

When I first selected Bridgeport as a permanent residence for my family, its nearness to New York, and the facilities for daily transit to and from the metropolis were present and partial considerations only in the general advantages the location seemed to offer. Nowhere, in all my travels in America and abroad, had I seen a city whose very position presented so many and varied attractions. Situated on Long Island Sound, with that vast water-view in front, and on every other side a beautiful and fertile country with every variety of inland scenery, and charming drives which led through valleys rich with well-cultivated farms, and over hills thick-wooded with far-stretching forests of primeval growth — all these natural attractions appeared to me only so many aids to the advancement the beautiful and busy city might attain, if public spirit, enterprise, and money grasped and improved the opportunities the locality itself extended. I saw that what Nature had so freely lavished must be supplemented by yet more liberal Art.

Consequently, and quite naturally, when I projected and established my first residence in Bridgeport, I was exceedingly desirous that all the surroundings of Iranistan should accord with the beauty and completeness of that place. I was never a victim to that mania which possesses many men of even mod-

erate means to "own everything that joins them," and I knew that Iranistan would so increase the value of surrounding property that none but first-class residences would be possible in the vicinity. But there was other work to do, which, while affording advantageous approaches to my property, would at the same time be a lasting benefit to the public; and so I opened Iranistan Avenue, and other broad and beautiful streets, through land which I freely purchased, and as freely gave to the public, and these highways are now the most convenient as well as charming in the city.

To have opened all these new avenues, in their entire length, at my own cost, and through my own ground, would have required a confirmation of Miss Lavinia Warren's opinion, that what little of the city of Bridgeport and the adjacent town of Fairfield was not owned by General Tom Thumb, belonged to P. T. Barnum. It is true that, apart from my East Bridgeport property, I became a very large owner of real estate on the other side of the river, in Bridgeport proper and in Fairfield, my purchases in Fairfield lying on and so near to the boundary line — Division street — as virtually to be in Bridgeport. Everywhere through my own lands I laid out and threw open to the public streets of the generous width which distinguished the old "King's roads" in the colonies, before grasping farmers and others encroached upon, and fenced in as private property, land that really belonged to the public forever; and on both sides of every avenue I laid out and planted a profusion of elms and other trees. In this way, I have opened miles of new streets, and have planted thousands of shade-trees in Bridgeport; for I think there is much wisdom in the advice of the Laird of Dumbiedikes, in Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," who sensibly says: "When ye hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing when ye're sleeping." [1] But, in establishing new streets, too often, when I had gone through my own land, the project came literally to an end; some "old fogy" blocked the way — my way, his own way,

[1] See chapter viii of the novel. [Ed.]

and the highway — and all I could do would be to jump over his field, and continue my new street through land I might own on the other side, till I reached the desired terminus in the end or continuation of some other street; or till, unhappily, I came to a dead stand-still at the ground of some other "old fogy" who, like the original owners of what is now the shore-front of Sea-side Park, did not believe there was money to be made by giving away their property.

And this is the manner in which these old fogies talked: "We don't believe in these improvements of Barnum's. What's the use of them? We can get to the city by the old road or street, as we have done for forty years. The new street will cut the pasture or mowing-lot in two, and make a checkerboard of the farm. It was bad enough to have the railroad go through, and we would have prevented that if we could; but this new street business is all bosh!" And then, singularly enough, every old fogy would wind up with: "I declare, I believe the whole thing is only to benefit Barnum, so that he can sell land, which he bought anywhere from sixty to two hundred dollars an acre, at the rate of five thousand dollars an acre in building-lots, as he is actually doing to-day."

It is strange indeed that these men, who could see the benefit to "Barnum's property" by opening new streets which would immediately convert cheap farm and pasture land into choice and high-priced building-lots, should not see that precisely the same thing would proportionately increase the value of their own property. Conservatism may be a good thing in the state, or in the church, but it is fatal to the growth of cities; and the conservative notions of old fogies make them indifferent to the requirements which a very few years in the future will compel, and blind to their own best interests. Such men never look beyond the length of their noses, and consider every investment a dead loss unless they can get the sixpence profit into their pockets before they go to bed. My own long training and experience as a manager impelled me to carry into such private enterprises as the purchase of real estate that best and most

essential managerial quality of instantly deciding, not only whether a venture was worth undertaking, but what, all things considered, that venture would result in. Almost any man can see how a thing will begin, but not every man is gifted with the foresight to see how it will end, or how, with the proper effort, it may be made to end. In East Bridgeport, where we had no "conservatives" to contend with, we were only a few years in turning almost tenantless farms into a populous and prosperous city. On the other side of the river, while the opening of new avenues, the planting of shade-trees, and the building of many houses, have afforded me the highest pleasures of my life, I confess that not a few of my greatest annoyances have been occasioned by the opposition of those who seem to be content to simply vegetate through their existence, and who looked upon me as a restless, reckless innovator, because I was trying to remove the moss from everything around them, and even from their own eyes.

In the summer of 1867, the health of my wife continuing to decline, her physician directed that she should remove nearer to the sea-shore; and, as she felt that the care of a large establishment like Lindencroft was more than she could bear, I sold that place. I have already spoken of my building of this residence. It was emphatically a labor of love. All that taste and money could do was fairly lavished upon Lindencroft; so that, when all was finished, it was not only a complete house in all respects, but it was a perfect home. And a home I meant it to be, in every and the best sense of the word, for my declining years. Consequently, from basement to attic, everything was constructed, by day's work, in the most perfect manner possible. Convenience and comfort were first consulted, and thereafter, with no attempt at ostentation, elegance, pure and simple, predominated and permeated everywhere. No first-class house in the metropolis was more replete with all that goes to constitute a complete dwelling-place. Under this new roof I gathered my library, my pictures, my souvenirs of travel in other lands, and assembled my household "gods"; while the sur-

rounding grounds, adorned with statuary and fountains, displayed also, in the walks, the arbors, the lawns, the garden, the piled-up rocks even, the profusion of trees and shrubbery, and the wealth of rare and beautiful flowers, my wife's exquisite taste, which in times past had made the grounds of our loved and lost Iranistan so celebrated as well as charming. It was hard indeed to tear ourselves from this fascinating spot, but there are times when even the charms of home must be sacrificed to the claims of health.

Lindencroft was sold July 1, 1867, and we immediately removed for a summer's sojourn to a small farmhouse adjoining Sea-side Park. During the hot days of the next three months we found the delightful sea-breeze so bracing and refreshing that the season passed like a happy dream, and we resolved that our future summers should be spent on the very shore of Long Island Sound. I did not, however, perfect my arrangements in time to prepare my own summer residence for the ensuing season; and during the hot months of 1868 we resided in a new and very pretty house I had just completed on State street, in Bridgeport, and which I subsequently sold, as I intended doing when I built it. But, towards the end of the summer, I added by purchase to the Mallett farm, adjoining Sea-side Park, a large and beautiful hickory grove, which seemed to be all that was needed to make the site exactly what I desired for a summer residence. It will be remembered that I bought this Mallett farm, not for myself, but so that a portion of it could be devoted to the public park; and, a generous slice having been thus given away, there were several acres remaining which were admirably adapted to one or more residences, and the purchase of the grove property made the location nearly perfect.

But there was a vast deal to do in grading and preparing the ground, in opening new streets and avenues as approaches to the property, and in setting out trees near the proposed site of the house; so that ground was not broken for the foundation till October. I planned a house which should combine the

As Originally Built. (From the 1869 "Struggles and Triumphs.")

After It Had Been "Enlarged and Beautified." (From the 1889 "Struggles and Triumphs.")

WALDEMERE

Barnum's Residence from 1869 to 1888.

greatest convenience with the highest comfort, keeping in mind always that houses are made to live in as well as to look at, and to be "homes" rather than mere residences. So the house was made to include abundant room for guests, with dressing-rooms and baths to every chamber; water from the city throughout the premises; gas, manufactured on my own ground; and that greatest of all comforts, a semi-detached kitchen, so that the smell as well as the secrets of the cuisine might be confined to its own locality. The stables and gardens were located far from the mansion, on the opposite side of one of the newly opened avenues, so that in the immediate vicinity of the house, on either side and before both fronts, stretched large lawns, broken only by the grove, single shade-trees, rock-work, walks, flower-beds, and drives. The whole scheme as planned was faithfully carried out in less than eight months. The first foundation stone was laid in October, 1868; and we moved into the completed house in June following, in 1869.

It required a regiment of faithful laborers and mechanics, and a very considerable expenditure of money, to accomplish so much in so short a space of time. Those who saw a comparatively barren waste thus suddenly converted to a blooming garden, and, by the successful transplanting and judicious placing of very large and full-grown forest trees, made to seem like a long-settled place, considered the creation of my new summer home almost a work of magic, but there is no magic when determination and dollars combine to achieve a work. When we moved into this new residence, we formally christened the place "Waldemere" — literally, but not so euphoniously, "Waldammeer" ("Woods-by-the-Sea"), for I preferred to give this native child of my own conception an American name of my own creation.[2]

[2] "He purposed to call the place 'Sea-Grove,' but he wrote to about a dozen of his friends, of whom I was one, to suggest something better, if something better was possible. I wrote him that, to keep up the sonority of the two previous names ["Iranistan" and "Lindencroft"], he might call the new place 'Waldemere,' which would carry virtually the idea of sea-grove, or woods by the sea. When the place was finished, and very large trees had been set out here and there along the

On the same estate, and fronting the new avenue I opened between my own property and the public park, I built at the same time two beautiful cottages, one of which is known as the "Petrel's Nest" and the other, occupied by my eldest daughter, Mrs. Thompson, and my youngest daughter, Mrs. Seeley, as a summer residence, is called "Wavewood." From the east front of Waldemere, across the sloping lawn, and through the reaches of the grove, these cottages are in sight, and before the three residences stretches the broad Sound, with nothing to cut off the view, and nothing intervening but the western portion of Sea-side Park. Sea-side and sea-breezes, however, do not include the sum of rural felicities in summer; and so I still keep possession of the fine farm which, years ago, was the scene of the elephant-plowing feats. On this property, which is in charge of a judicious farmer, I have some very fine imported stock, including several head of the celebrated white-blanket "Dutch cattle," which excite the curiosity and attract the attention of all who see them. These cattle are black, with a distinctly defined white "blanket" around their bodies, giving them a very unique appearance; and when they struck my fancy in Holland, some years ago, I imported several of them: nor is their singular appearance their best recommendation, for they are excellent milkers, and my dairy and farm products keep my table constantly supplied with fresh fruits and vegetables, poultry, and that choicest of country luxuries, pure cream.

Amid such comforts, advantages, and luxuries the summer months speed swiftly and sweetly by. My well-supplied stables afford the means of enjoying the numberless delightful drives which abound in the vicinity; and my salt-water-loving friend Mr. George A. Wells is always ready to administer to the pleasure of myself or my guests by tendering the use of anything in his Sound fleet, from a row-boat to a yacht. The five months in the year which I devote to rural rest seem all too short for the

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roadways, and I went to visit him, then for the first time I saw on the gate-posts, as I entered, the name 'Waldemere.'" — Joel Benton: "P. T. Barnum, Showman and Humorist," in the "Century" for August 1902; p. 590. [Ed.]

enjoyment which is necessarily compressed in the twenty weeks. But I can feel at the end of the season that it is a consolidation as well as compression, not only of pleasure, but of capital, in the way of health and vigor for the winter's campaign of city living and metropolitan excitement.[3]

Having made up my mind to spend seven months of every year in the city, in the summer of 1867, I purchased the elegant and most eligibly situated mansion, No. 438 Fifth Avenue, corner of Thirty-ninth street, at the crowning point of Murray Hill, in New York, and moved into it in November.[4]

[3] In the unabridged version of "Struggles and Triumphs" (1869 and later) is found at this point the following: "For at my time of life, and especially for a man who has had so much to do with the metropolitan million as I have done, I am convinced that the city is the most congenial residence during the cooler season of the year. No matter how active may have been one's life, as a man grows older, if he does not become a little lazy, he at least learns to crave for comfortable ease and seeks for quiet. To such a man, the city in winter extends numberless pleasures. There is a sense of satisfaction even in the well-cleared sidewalks after a snow-storm, and an almost selfish happiness in looking out upon a storm from a well-warmed library or parlor window. One loves to find the morning papers, fresh from the press, lying upon the breakfast-table; and the city is the centre of attractions in the way of operas, concerts, picture-galleries, libraries, the best music, the best preaching, the best of everything in æsthetical enjoyments." [Ed.]

[4] Here the fuller version of "Struggles and Triumphs" has the following: "My residence therein in the winter season has fully confirmed my impressions in its favor. The house is replete with all that can constitute a pleasant home, and the location is so near to Central Park that we spend hours of every fine day in that great pleasure-ground. While I am in town, it is scarcely more than once or twice a week that I take pains to ascertain by personal observation that I am living on the edge of a toiling, excited city of a million inhabitants. My pecuniary interests in Connecticut and in New York occupy my attention sufficiently to keep me from *ennui*, and an extended correspondence — for which I do not yet feel the need of a private secretary — employs an hour or more of every day. I have had letters from New Zealand, and other remote quarters of the globe, respecting curiosities, and addressed simply to 'Mr. Barnum, America,' and the post-office officials, knowing of no other Barnum who would be likely to receive letters from such out-of-the-way places, regularly put these vaguely addressed letters in my New York box.

"Yet I suppose that not less than two-thirds of all the letters I receive are earnest petitions for pecuniary aid. This begging-letter business began to persecute me as long ago as the time of the Jenny Lind engagement, and even before. Many of these letters ask money as a free gift, and some of them demand assistance; while others request temporary loans, or invite me to furnish the capital for enterprises

which are certain to bring the richest returns to all concerned therein. When I was travelling with Jenny Lind, I received a letter from a woman in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who informed me that she had named her just-born boy-and-girl twins 'P. T. Barnum' and 'Jenny Lind,' coolly adding that we might send $5,000 for their immediate wants, and make such provision for their future education and support as might be determined upon at the proper time! In some of these letters, the amusement afforded by the orthography and grammar was almost a compensation for the annoyance and impudence of the requests. One very bad speller, referring me to a former employer of the letter-writer, wrote: 'I Youste to live with Him'; another, urging his petition, declared: 'god Nose I am Poore'; and not long ago I received a communication from an old man who claimed to be too decrepit to earn a support, but he urged that he was a religious man, and added: 'I tak grait pleshur in Readin my bibel, speshily the Proffits'; and it did look a little as if he had a sharp eye to the 'Proffits.'

". . . I agree with the man who, in answer to the pressing inquiry, declared that he had 'no religion to *speak* of'; and I believe with him that true religion is more a matter of work than of words. When I am in the city, I regularly attend the services and preaching of the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, and I usually go to the meetings of the same denomination in Bridgeport. 'He builds too low who builds beneath the skies'; and I can truly say that I have always felt my entire dependence upon Him who is the dispenser of all adversity, as well as the giver of all good. With a natural proclivity to look upon the bright side of things, I am sure that under some of the burdens — the Jerome entanglement, for instance — which have borne so heavily upon me, I should have been tempted, as others have been, to suicide, if I had supposed that my troubles were brought upon me by mere blind chance. I knew that I deserved what I received; I had placed too much confidence in mere money and my own personal efforts; I was too much concerned in material prosperity; and I felt that the blow was wisely intended for my ultimate benefit — a chastening which, like the husks to the prodigal son, should cause me to 'come to myself,' and teach me the lesson that there is something infinitely better than money or position or worldly prosperity in our 'Father's house.'" [Ed.]

CHAPTER XLVII

REST ONLY FOUND IN ACTION

A New Experience — "Doing Nothing" — A Failure — Excitement Demanded — Visit of English Friends — I Show Them Our Country — Trip to California — Salt Lake City — Brigham Young — Sacramento and San Francisco — Admiral Dot — Wild Buffalo Hunt in Kansas — My Great Travelling Show — Trip to Colorado — Fourteenth Street Hippodrome — A Brilliant Audience — Departure for the South — News of the Conflagration — Speech at the Academy — An Expensive Exhibition — A Pleasant Episode — An Ocean Voyage — The Vienna Exhibition — Death of Mrs. Barnum.

AFTER the destruction by fire of my Museum, March 3, 1868, I retired from business, not knowing how utterly fruitless it is to attempt to chain down energies peculiar to my nature. No man not similarly situated can imagine the *ennui* which seizes such a nature after it has lain dormant for a few months. Having "nothing to do" I thought at first was a very pleasant, as it was to me an entirely new, sensation.[1]

"I would like to call on you in the summer, if you have any leisure, in Bridgeport," said an old friend.

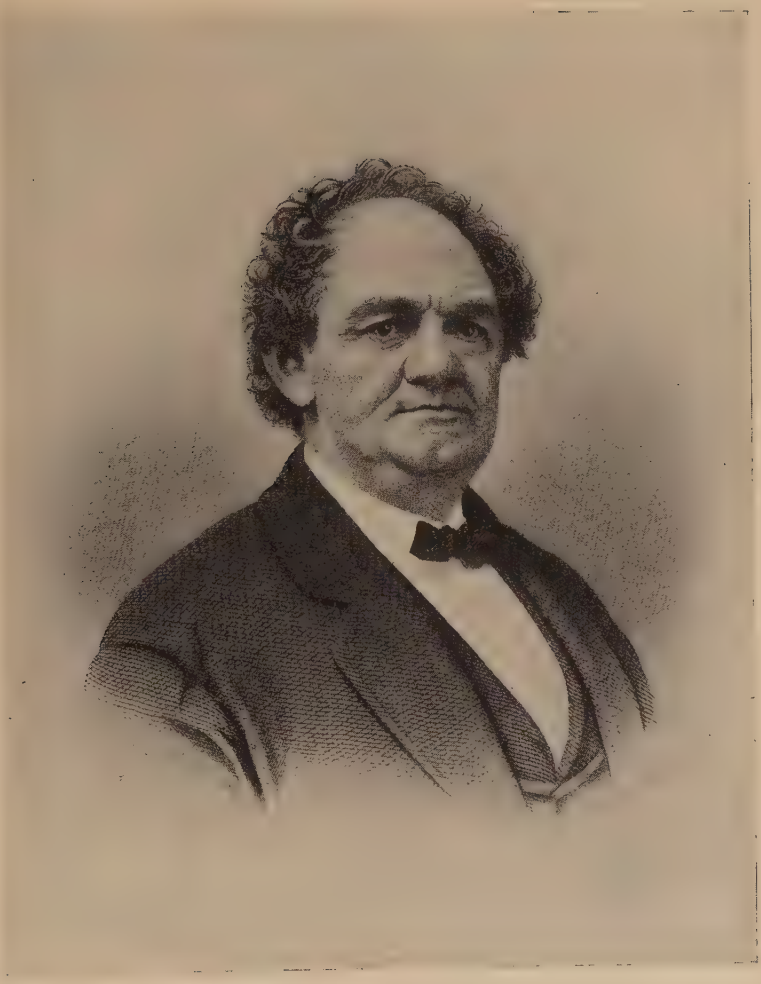
"I am a man of leisure and thankful that I have nothing to do; so you cannot call amiss," I replied with an immense degree of self-satisfaction.

[1] In the 1871 edition of "Struggles and Triumphs" (New York: American News Company), Barnum says (p. 846): "I took a formal, and as I then supposed a last, adieu of my readers on my fifty-ninth birthday. I was, as I had flattered myself, through with travel, with adventures, and with business, save so far as the care of my competence would require my attention. My book closed without a suspicion that in any subsequent edition 'more of the same sort' would make possible an additional chapter. It is with a sense of surprise, and withal a feeling akin to the ludicrous, that in this new edition, I cannot bring my career up to my sixty-first birthday, without filling a few more pages, in their contents not unlike in kind to those which make the bulk of my book." [Ed.]

"Where is your office down-town when you live in New York?" asked another friend.

"I have no office," I proudly replied. "I have done work enough, and shall play the rest of my life. I don't go down-town once a week; but I ride in the Park every day, and am at home much of my time."

I am afraid that I chuckled often, when I saw rich merchants and bankers driving to their offices on a stormy morning, while I, looking complacently from the window of my cozy library, said to myself, "Let it snow and blow, there's nothing to call *me* out to-day." But nature *will* assert herself. Reading is pleasant as a pastime; writing without any special purpose soon tires; a game of chess will answer as a condiment; lectures, concerts, operas, and dinner parties are well enough in their way; but to a robust, healthy man of forty years' active *business* life, something else is needed to satisfy. Sometimes like the truant school-boy I found all my friends engaged, and I had no playmate. I began to fill my house with visitors, and yet frequently we spent evenings quite alone. Without really perceiving what the matter was, time hung on my hands, and I was ready to lecture gratuitously for every charitable cause that I could benefit. At this juncture I hailed with delight a visit from my friend Fish (the enterprising Englishman of chapter thirty-second) and his daughter, who came to see the new world, and found me just in the humor to act as guide and exhibitor. I now resumed my old business and became a showman of "natural curiosities" on a most magnificent scale; and, having congenial and appreciative travelling companions, and no business distractions, I saw beauty and grandeur in scenes which I had before gazed on unimpressed. For the third time I visited Cuba, then New Orleans, Memphis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Baltimore, and Washington, noting and enjoying the emotions of my English friends. The awe with which they gazed on the great cataract of Niagara; their horror at seeing slaves driven to work with whips in the plantations of Cuba, the tearful silence of the young English lady as she gazed down into the



P. T. Barnum

From the steel engraving by George E. Perine (after a photograph by W. R. Howell), used as the frontispiece to the 1869 edition of "Struggles and Triumphs."

beautiful valley of the Yumuri,[2] the disgust of my friend when he found Castle Thunder [3] not a great fort as he had imagined, but a tobacco warehouse, all made scenes interesting that were old to me.

In April we made up a small, congenial party of ladies and gentlemen, and visited California *via* the Union and Central Pacific railroads.

We journeyed leisurely, and I lectured in Council Bluffs, Omaha, and Salt Lake City, where amongst my audience were a dozen or so of Brigham Young's wives and scores of his children. By invitation, I called with my friends on President Young at the Bee-Hive. He received us very cordially, asked us many questions, and promptly answered ours.

"Barnum," said he, "what will you give to exhibit me in New York and the eastern cities?"

"Well, Mr. President," I replied, "I'll give you half the receipts, which I will guarantee shall be $200,000 per year, for I consider you the best show in America."

"Why did you not secure me some years ago when I was of no consequence?" he continued.

"Because, you would not have 'drawn' at that time," I answered.

Brigham smiled and said, "I would like right well to spend a

[2] Near Matanzas, Cuba. Says Barnum in the 1871 "Struggles and Triumphs" (p. 849): "We all agreed as we stood on the east side of this almost celestial valley and witnessed the sun dropping behind the hill, on whose summit the royal palms were holding up their beautiful plumes, that the valley below, interspersed with its cottages and streamlets, and its rich tropical trees, shrubs and flowers, was a scene of surpassing loveliness; and I was not surprised to see the tears of joy and gratitude roll down the cheeks of the young English lady. I enjoyed this scene hugely; but as one evidence that this pleasure was chiefly derived from the enjoyment it afforded my trans-Atlantic friends, I will say that when I was in Cuba with Jenny Lind in 1851, I witnessed the same scene without emotion, so absorbed was I in business at that time. And this is a fitting opportunity for saying that in order to enjoy travelling, and indeed almost anything else, it is of the very first importance that it be done with congenial companions." — See Rosenberg, "Jenny Lind in America," pp. 131–132. [Ed.]

[3] In Richmond, Va.; used during the Civil War (as Libby Prison, another tobacco warehouse, was) for housing Federal military prisoners. [Ed.]

few hours with you, if you could come when I am disengaged." I thanked him, and told him I guessed I should enjoy it; but visitors were crowding into his reception-room, and we withdrew.

I subsequently met him in the street driving his favorite pair of mules attached to a nice carriage. He raised his hat and bowed, which salutation I, of course, returned. I hope that Brigham's declining years will prompt him to receive a new "revelation," commanding a discontinuance of the wife plurality feature of the Mormon religion.

Arriving at Sacramento, where the train stopped for half an hour, I was "interviewed" for the first time in my life by a newspaper reporter. On the same evening, in the excellent Cosmopolitan Hotel, in San Francisco, I was again "interviewed" by the chief editor of a morning paper, accompanied by his reporter. By this time I had got accustomed to this business, and when the gentlemen informed me they wanted to interview me, I asked them to be seated, pulled up an extra chair, on which to rest my feet, and said:

"Go ahead, gentlemen; I am ready."

Well, they did "go ahead," asking me every conceivable question, on every conceivable subject. I felt jolly and "spread myself." The consequence was, three columns of "Barnum Interviewed" appeared next morning with a "To be continued" at the bottom; and the succeeding morning appeared three columns more. This conspicuous advertisement prepared the way for a lecture, which I gave in Pratt's large hall, which was well attended.

It took us a week to "do" San Francisco with its suburbs, including Oakland, Woodward's celebrated and beautiful gardens, and "Seal Rock." When I saw that small rocky island lying only ten rods off, covered with sea lions weighing from eight hundred to two thousand pounds, the "show fever" began to rise. I offered fifty thousand dollars to have ten of the large sea lions delivered to me alive in New York, so that I could fence in a bit of the East River near Jones' Wood,

and give such an exhibition to citizens and strangers in that city.

During the week we spent in seeing San Francisco and its suburbs, I discovered a dwarf more diminutive than General Tom Thumb was when first I found him, and so handsome, well-formed, and captivating that I could not resist the temptation to engage him. I gave him the sobriquet of Admiral Dot, dressed him in complete admiral's uniform, and invited the editors of the San Francisco journals to visit him in the parlors of the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Immediately there was an immense furore, and Woodward's Gardens, where "Dot" was exhibited for three weeks before going East, were daily thronged with crowds of his curious fellow-citizens, under whose very eyes he had lived so long undiscovered.[4]

Speaking of dwarfs, it may be mentioned here, that, notwithstanding my announced retirement from public life, I still retained business connections with my old friend, the well-known General Tom Thumb. In 1869, I joined that celebrated dwarf in a fresh enterprise which proposed an exhibition tour of him and a party of twelve, with a complete outfit, including a pair of ponies and a carriage, entirely around the world.

This party was made up of General Tom Thumb and his wife (formerly Lavinia Warren), Commodore Nutt and his brother Rodnia, Miss Minnie Warren, Mr. Sylvester Bleeker and his wife, and Mr. B. S. Kellogg, besides an advertising agent and musicians. Mr. Bleeker was the manager, and Mr. Kellogg acted as treasurer. In the fall of 1869, this little company went by the Union Pacific Railway to San Francisco, stopping on the way to give exhibitions at Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake City, and other places on the route, with great success.

After a prolonged and most profitable series of exhibitions in San Francisco, the company visited several leading towns in

[4] The Admiral, after some years with the circus, retired and opened a hotel in White Plains, N. Y., where he died on October 26, 1918, at the age of 59. His real name was Leopold Kahn. [Ed.]

California and then started for Australia. On the way they stopped at the Sandwich Islands and exhibited in Honolulu. From there they went to Japan, exhibiting in Yeddo, Yokohama, and other principal places, and afterwards at Canton and elsewhere in China. They next made the entire tour of Australia, drawing immense houses at Sydney, Melbourne, and in other towns, but they did not go to New Zealand. They then proceeded to the East Indies, giving exhibitions in the larger towns and cities, receiving marked attentions from rajahs and other distinguished personages. Afterwards they went by the way of the Suez Canal to Egypt, and gave their entertainments at Cairo; and thence to Italy, exhibiting at all available points, and arrived in Great Britain in the summer of 1871.[5]

While I am about it, I may as well confess my connection, *sub rosa,* with another little speculation during my three years' "leisure." I hired the well-known Siamese Twins, the giantess Anna Swan, and a Circassian lady, and, in connection with Judge Ingalls, I sent them to Great Britain where, in all the principal places, and for about a year, their levees were continually crowded. In all probability the great success attending this enterprise was much enhanced, if not actually caused, by extensive announcements in advance, that the main purpose of Chang-Eng's visit to Europe was to consult the most eminent medical and surgical talent with regard to the safety of separating the twins.

We spent some time in the Yosemite; stopping by the way at the Mariposa grove of big trees, whence I sent to New York a piece of bark thirty-one inches thick.

Concluding a most enjoyable trip, we returned to New York,

[5] Bleeker wrote "Gen. Tom Thumb's Three Years' Tour around the World" . . . (New York, 1872), dedicated "To P. T. Barnum, Esq., the Kind Employer and Sincere Friend of the Author for the Past Twenty-three Years." In the letter proposing the tour (under date of May 10, 1869), Barnum said to Bleeker: "The New Pacific Railroad will be finished in a few weeks; you will then be enabled to cross the American Continent to California." . . . "And as for *gold!*" he added, "tell the General that in Australia alone (don't fail to go to Australia) he will be sure to make more money than a horse can draw." [Ed.]

and the first of June my family removed to our summer home, Waldemere. There the good and gifted Alice Cary, then in feeble health, and her sister Phœbe, were our guests for several weeks.[6]

In September, I made up a party of ten, including my English friend, and we started for Kansas on a grand buffalo hunt. General Custer, commandant at Fort Hayes, was apprised in advance of our anticipated visit, and he received us like princes. He fitted out a company of fifty cavalry, furnishing us with horses, arms, and ammunition. We were taken to an immense herd of buffaloes, quietly browsing on the open plain. We charged on them, and, during an exciting chase of a couple of hours, we slew twenty immense bull buffaloes, and might have killed as many more had we not considered it wanton butchery.

Our ten days' sport afforded me a "sensation," but sensations cannot be made to order every day, so, in the autumn of 1870, to open a safety-valve for my pent-up energies, I began to prepare a great show enterprise,[7] comprising a Museum, Menagerie, Caravan, Hippodrome, and Circus, of such proportions as to require five hundred men and horses to transport it through the country. On the tenth of April, 1871, the vast tents, covering nearly three acres of land, were opened in Brooklyn, and filled with ten thousand delighted spectators,

[6] Alice Cary (1820–1871) wrote sketches and stories, but is perhaps best known to-day for her narrative poem "An Order for a Picture." Whittier's "The Singer" was written on the occasion of her death. Phoebe (1824–1871) was the author of "Nearer Home" ("One Sweetly Solemn Thought"), familiar as a hymn and in solo form. See the Household Edition of "The Poetical Works of Alice and Phoebe Cary." [Ed.]

[7] *Cf.* Conklin-Root, "The Ways of the Circus," p. 63: "We were always sure to see [at the Atlantic House, Philadelphia, during the winter] W. C. Coup and Dan Costello. Dan made a reputation and a lot of money as a dancing-and-leaping clown. Coup was a clever agent. He had a most winning way and was the only agent I ever knew who could get a show through the country without money if he needed to. They dug up Barnum in Bridgeport at a time when he was land poor, and got him to go into partnership with them. Barnum furnished his name and a lot of money that he raised on his real estate. Coup and Costello ran the show. It was the biggest show and had the biggest tent of any circus that ever went on the road. It made barrels of money." [Ed.]

thousands more being unable to obtain entrance. The success which marked the inauguration of this, my greatest show, attended it the whole season, during which time it visited the Eastern, Middle, and Western States from Maine to Kansas.

At the close of a brilliant season, I recalled the show to New York, secured the Empire Rink, and opened in that building November 13, 1871, being welcomed by an enthusiastic audience of ten thousand people. The exhibitions were continued daily, with unvarying popularity and patronage, until the close of the holidays, when necessary preparations for the spring campaign compelled me to close. One of the most interesting curiosities added at that time, was a gigantic section of a California "big tree," of such proportions that on one occasion, at the Empire Rink, it enclosed two hundred children of the Howard Mission. This section I afterwards presented to Frank Leslie, who had it mounted and roofed to form a summer-house on his Saratoga estate, where it now stands, a unique ornament and attraction.

During the winter of 1871 and 1872, I worked unremittingly, re-organizing and re-enforcing my great travelling show. To the horror of my very able but too cautious manager, Mr. W. C. Coup, and my treasurer, Mr. Hurd, I so augmented the already innumerable attractions, that it was shown beyond doubt, that we could not travel at a less expense than five thousand dollars per day, but, undaunted, I still expended thousands of dollars, and ship after ship brought me rare and valuable animals and works of art. Two beautiful giraffes or camelopards, were dispatched to me (one died on the Atlantic), and a third was retained for me at the Zoölogical Gardens, London, ready to be shipped at a moment's notice. As no giraffe has ever lived two years in America, all other managers had given up any attempt to import them, but this only made me more determined to always have one on hand at whatever cost.

My agents in Alaska procured for me several immense sea-lions and barking seals, which weighed a thousand pounds each, and consumed from sixty to a hundred pounds of fish daily.

My novelties comprised an Italian goat, "Alexis," taught in Europe to ride on horseback, leap through hoops and over banners, alighting on his feet on the back of the horse while going at full speed. I had also many extraordinary musical and other automatons and moving tableaux, made expressly for me by expert European artists.

But perhaps the most striking additions to my show were four wild Fiji Cannibals, ransomed at great cost from the hands of a royal enemy, into whose hands they had fallen, and by whom they were about to be killed and perhaps eaten.

The following happy hit is from the pen of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, as it appeared in that excellent paper of which he was editor, the New York "Christian Union," of February 28, 1872:

> Should not a paternal government set some limit to the enterprise of Brother Barnum, with reference, at least, to the considerations of public safety? Here upon our desk lies an indication of his last perilous venture. He invites us "and one friend" — no conditions as to "condition" specified — to a private exhibition of *four living cannibals*, which he has obtained from the Fiji Islands, for his traveling show. We have beaten up, in this office, among the lean and tough, and those most easily spared in an emergency, for volunteers to visit the Anthropophagi, and report; but never has the retiring and self-distrustful disposition of our employees been more signally displayed. The establishment was not represented at that exposition. If Barnum had remembered to specify the "feeding-time," we might have dropped in, in a friendly way, at some other period of the day.

Perceiving that my great combination was assuming such proportions that it would be impossible to move it by horse power, I negotiated with all the railway companies between New York and Omaha, Nebraska, for the transportation by rail, of my whole show, requiring sixty to seventy freight cars, six passenger cars, and three engines. The result is well remem-

bered.[8] The great show visited the States of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, often travelling one hundred miles in a single night to hit good-sized towns every day, arriving in time to give three exhibitions, and the usual street pageant at eight o'clock, A.M. By means of cheap excursion trains, thousands of strangers attended daily, coming fifty, seventy-five, and a hundred miles. Thousands more came in wagons and on horseback, frequently arriving in the night and "camping out." The tenting season closed at Detroit, October 30th, when we were patronized by the largest concourse of people ever assembled in the State of Michigan.

With wonderful unanimity the public press acknowledged that I exhibited much more than I advertised, and that no combination of exhibitions that ever traveled had shown a tithe of the instructive and amusing novelties that I had gathered together. This universal commendation is, to me, the most gratifying feature of the campaign, for, not being compelled to do business merely for the sake of profit, my highest enjoyment is to delight my patrons. The entire six months' receipts of the Great Traveling World's Fair amounted to nearly one million dollars.

When not with the company, I spent most of my time at my ideal home, Waldemere, which I enlarged and beautified at a cost of ninety thousand dollars. There I had the honor and pleasure of entertaining Horace Greeley, my life-long friend, and of arranging for him those simple, healthful country amusements so grateful and refreshing to a care-worn politician.

In October, I visited Colorado, accompanied by my English

[8] Coup claimed the credit for this innovation, which he said was introduced "in opposition to the judgment of his partner, P. T. Barnum, and in the face of the doubts and objections of the leading railroad officials of the country." See Coup's "Sawdust and Spangles" (1901). According to Greenwood ("The Circus," p. 115), Spalding & Rogers maintained that they used railway transportation for their show as early as the spring of 1856. [Ed.]

friend, John Fish, and a Bridgeport gentleman who had an interest with me in a stock-raising ranch in the southern part of that Territory. We took the Kansas Pacific Railroad to Denver, seeing many thousands of wild buffalo — our train sometimes being stopped to let them pass. The weather was delightful. We spent several days in the new and flourishing town of Greeley. I gave a temperance lecture there; also at Denver. At the latter city, in the course of my remarks, I told them I never saw so many disappointed people as at Denver. The large audience looked surprised, but were relieved when I added, "Half the inhabitants came invalids from the East, expecting to die, and they find they cannot do it. Your charming climate will not permit it!" And it is a fact. I am charmed with Colorado, the scenery and delightful air, and particularly would I recommend as a place of residence, to those who can afford it, the lively, thriving city of Denver. To those who have some capital and yet have their fortunes to make, I say, "Go to Greeley."

We took the narrow-gauge road from Denver to Pueblo, stopping at Colorado Springs, and the "Garden of the Gods." The novel scenery here amply paid us for our visit. From Pueblo I proceeded forty miles by carriage to our cattle ranch, and spent a couple of days there very pleasantly. We have several thousand head of cattle there, which thrive through the winter without hay or fodder of any kind. A railroad has just been opened from Pueblo to Trinidad which passes through a corner of my ranch.

At the close in Detroit of the great Western railroad tour, I equipped and started South a Museum, Menagerie, and Circus, which, while it made no perceptible diminution in the main body, was still the largest and most complete travelling expedition ever seen in the Southern States. Louisville was designated as the rendezvous and point of consolidation of the various departments, and the new expedition gave its initial exhibition in the Falls City, November 4. Much of the menagerie consisted of animals of which I owned the duplicate, and

hence could easily spare them without injuring the variety in my zoölogical collection. I was aware, also, that many of the rare specimens would thrive better in a warmer climate, and as the expense of procuring them had been enormous, I coupled my humanitarian feelings with my pecuniary interests, and sent them South.

In August, I purchased the building and lease on Fourteenth street, New York, known as the Hippotheatron, purposing to open a Museum, Menagerie, Hippodrome, and Circus that would furnish employment for two hundred of my people who would otherwise be idle during the winter. I enlarged and remodeled the building almost beyond recognition, at an expense of $60,000, installed in it my valuable collection of animals, automatons, and living curiosities, and on Monday evening, November 18, the grand opening took place. It was a beautiful sight: the huge building, with a seating capacity of 2,800, filled from pit to dome with a brilliant audience, the dazzling new lights, the sweet music and gorgeous ornamentations completing the charm. The papers next morning contained long and eulogistic editorials.

Four weeks after this inauguration, I visited my Southern show at New Orleans. While seated at breakfast at the St. Louis Hotel and perusing an account of the flooding of my show-grounds in that city, the following telegram was handed me:

NEW YORK, *December* 24.

To P. T. Barnum, New Orleans:

About 4 A. M. fire discovered in boiler-room of circus building; everything destroyed except 2 elephants, 1 camel.

S. H. HURD, Treasurer.

The smaller misfortune was instantly forgotten in the greater. Calling for writing material, I then and there cabled my European agents to send duplicates of all animals lost, with positive instructions to have everything shipped in time to reach New York by the middle of March. I directed them fur-

ther to procure at any cost specimens never seen in America; and through sub-agents to purchase and forward curiosities — animate and inanimate — from all parts of the globe. I then dispatched the following to my son-in-law:

NEW ORLEANS, *December* 24.

To S. H. Hurd, New York:

Tell editors I have cabled European agents to expend half million dollars for extra attractions; will have new and more attractive show than ever early in April.

P. T. BARNUM.

These details attended to, I resumed my breakfast, and took a calm view of the situation.

Returning to New York, I learned that my loss on building and property amounted to nearly $300,000, to meet which I held insurance policies to the amount of $90,000. My equestrian company, in which I took great pride, was left idle until the opening of the summer season. The members lost their entire wardrobes, a loss which can only be appreciated by professionals. The Equestrian Benevolent Society kindly gave them a benefit at the Academy of Music, on the afternoon and evening of January 7, 1873. Many stars in the equestrian, dramatic, and musical firmament volunteered for the occasion, and the two entertainments were largely attended. Being called upon to "define my position," I stepped upon the stage and made a few off-hand remarks, which were reported in the morning papers as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have catered for so many years for the amusement of the public that the beneficiaries on this occasion seem to have thought that the showman himself ought to be a part of the show; and, at their request, I come before you. I sincerely thank you, in their behalf, for your patronage on this occasion. How much they need your substantial sympathy, the ashes across the street can tell you more eloquently

than human tongue could utter. Those ashes are the remnants of "all the worldly goods" of some who appeal to you to-day.

For myself, I have been burned out so often, I am like the singer who was hissed on the stage: "Hiss away," said he, "I am used to it." My pecuniary loss is very serious, and occurring, as it did, just before the holidays, it is all the more disastrous.

It may, perhaps, gratify my friends to know, however, that I am still enabled to invest another half million of dollars without disturbing my bank account. The public will have amusements, and they ought to be those of an elevating and an unobjectionable character. For many years it has been my pleasure to provide a class of instructive and amusing entertainments to which a refined Christian mother can take her children with satisfaction.

I believe that no other man in America possesses the desire and facilities which I have in this direction. I have, therefore, taken steps, through all my agents in Europe and this country, which will enable me to put upon the road, early in April, the most gigantic and complete travelling museum, menagerie, and hippodrome ever organized.

It has been asked whether I will build up a large museum and menagerie in New York. Well, I am now nearly sixty-three years of age. I can buy plenty of building sites and get plenty of leased lots for a new museum; but I cannot get a new lease of life.

Younger members of my family desire me to erect in this city an establishment worthy of New York and of myself. It will be no small undertaking; for if I erect such an establishment, it will possess novel and costly features never before attempted. I have it under consideration, and within a month shall determine whether or not I shall make another attempt; of one thing, however, you may be assured, ladies and gentlemen, although conflagrations may, for the present, disconcert my plans, yet, while I have life and health, no fire can burn nor water quench my ambition to gratify my patrons at whatever cost of money or of effort. I shall never lend my name where my labors and

heart do not go with it, and the public shall never fail to find at any of my exhibitions their money's worth ten times told.

Before the new year dawned, I received tidings that my agents had purchased for me a full collection of animals and curiosities, and by the first week in April, 1873 — but three short months after the fire — I placed upon the road a combination of curiosities and marvellous performances that by far surpassed any attempt ever made with a travelling exhibition in any country. Indeed, so wonderfully immense was "Barnum's Travelling World's Fair" in 1873, that its expenses greatly exceeded five thousand dollars per day, and my friends almost unanimously declared that it would "break" me. I suppose there is a limit beyond which it would be fatal to go, in catering for public amusement, but I have never yet found that limit. My experience is that the more and the better a manager will provide for the public, the more liberally they will respond. The season of 1873 was far from being an exception to this experience. My tents covered double the space of ground that I had ever required before, and yet they were never so closely *crowded* with visitors. Where thousands attended my show in 1872, numbers of thousands came in 1873. It visited the largest cities in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and the Middle and Western States, as far as St. Louis, Mo., taking Canada on the return route to New York.

While in Cleveland, Ohio, a little incident occurred which was described as follows by one of the Cleveland papers:

A PRIVATE SHOW TO A SICK BOY — A PLEASANT EPISODE

Mr. P. T. Barnum's ambition to give the public a better show than any one else can give them for the same money is well known, though very few are aware of the great pleasure he takes in providing amusement for little children. An incident happening in our city yesterday il-

lustrated this characteristic very strikingly. There is a little five-year-old invalid up town who has become quite a favorite with the great showman, who never fails to visit him in passing through Cleveland. Yesterday morning the little fellow heard the door bell ring, and his face lit up with joy as Mr. Barnum entered the sick-room. The usual pleasant greetings ensued, and the great manager threw his soul into the work of entertaining the child as completely as when surrounded by thousands he talks in his great show. The child was delighted, but the shadow which is always as near joy as the thorn is to the rose, stole over the little "Trot's" face on reflecting that he could not see the menagerie. "Never mind," said Mr. Barnum, "if you cannot go to the show, we must bring the show to you." So saying, he departed, and a half hour later the child and the whole family were astonished to see a drove of elephants, camels and dromedaries marched into the yard, and come to a halt near the child's window. The little one was held up where he could see the animals, and their keeper made them go through a regular performance. "Trot" gave his orders to the unwieldy elephants, and, by a sign from the keeper, they were all obeyed. In half an hour the matinee terminated, and the detachment of the procession marched back to the show-grounds, leaving the child wild with delight. Mr. Barnum's love for the little ones has been frequently shown by the generous invitations he everywhere extends to orphans to attend his exhibitions free of charge; but this effort to please a little child is a unique illustration of that characteristic.

Notwithstanding my frequent visits to the "travelling show," I managed to spend much of the summer at my delightful "Waldemere."

In September of 1873, as I had not visited Europe since 1869, I concluded to run over and see the International Exhibition at Vienna, and visit other parts of Europe, to rest my overworked brain, and see what could be picked up to instruct and edify my amusement patrons.

On landing at Liverpool, I was met by my old friend, John Fish, Esq., the "enterprising Englishman." Mr. Fish was the last friend who shook my hand as I left Liverpool in 1859, and

the first to grasp it as I landed in 1873. After spending a few days at his house in Southport, the "Montpellier of England," a delightful watering-place eighteen miles from Liverpool, I proceeded to London. I met many of my old English friends here, including, of course, my esteemed friend and faithful agent, Robert Fillingham, Esq., and then hastened on to Cologne, Leipsic, Dresden, and Vienna, which latter city I reached ten days before the closing of the great World's Fair. Those ten days I devoted most assiduously to studying the marvels of this great World's Exhibition, and I witnessed the ceremonies which terminated what is generally conceded to be the largest and best international exhibition that the world ever saw. I proceeded leisurely back to Dresden, stopping at Prague on the way. Thence I went to Berlin, and, at each city, I took time to see all that was interesting. While at Berlin, I received letters from my Manager, Coup, and Treasurer, Hurd, saying they would be able to secure a short lease of the Harlem Railroad property in New York, bounded by Fourth and Madison avenues and Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets, containing several acres, for the purpose of carrying out my long-cherished plan of exhibiting a Roman Hippodrome, Zoölogical Institute, Aquaria, and Museum of unsurpassable extent and magnificence. I immediately telegraphed them to take the lease, and within twenty-four hours from that time I was in telegraphic communication with seventeen European cities where I knew were the proper parties to aid me in carrying out a grand and novel enterprise.[9]

I visited all the zoölogical gardens, circuses, and public exhibitions, wherever I went, and thus secured numerous novelties and obtained new and valuable ideas.

At Hamburg, I purchased nearly a ship-load of valuable wild animals and rare birds, including elephants, giraffes, a dozen ostriches, &c., &c.

I had concluded all my purchases in Hamburg on the eight-

[9] Coup ("Sawdust and Spangles") says that he originated the idea while Barnum was in Europe and that on him fell the actual labor of realizing it. [Ed.]

eenth of November, 1873, and was taking a few last looks around the city previous to starting for Italy, when, on the twentieth inst., I received from my son-in-law, Mr. Hurd, a telegraphic despatch announcing the death of my wife on the day previous.

It is difficult for those who have not had the sad experience, to imagine the degree of anguish which overwhelms one, when called to part with a beloved companion with whom he has lived forty-four years. That anguish must be greatly enhanced when such a death comes sudden and unexpected. But when the intelligence is not only unlooked for, but as, in my case, it finds the sorrowing husband four thousand miles away from the bedside of his dead wife, alone, in a strange land, where his native tongue is not spoken: when he reflects that children, grandchildren, and other kindred are mourning over the coffin where he is needed, and where his poor, stricken heart is breaking to be, the utter loneliness of that mourner cannot be truly comprehended. Long accustomed as I have been to feel that God is good, and that His ways are always right, that He overcometh evil with good, and chastens us "for our profit," I confess the "cloud" seemed so utterly black that it was hard to realize it *could* have a silver "lining," and my tongue ceased to move when I attempted to say, as surely we all ought unhesitatingly at all times to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." I remained in my room for several days, and on that Saturday on which I felt confident my children and friends were accompanying her remains to our beautiful Mountain Grove Cemetery, my lonely head was bowed, and my tears flowed in unison with theirs, while I implored our dear Father to give them strength to bear their loss and to sanctify her death to the benefit of us all.

She died at our New York residence, surrounded by children and friends, who had the satisfaction of knowing that she passed away without pain.

The Bridgeport "Standard" gave the following account of the funeral services:

The remains of Mrs. P. T. Barnum were brought to this city, upon the 10.12 express this morning, and were taken to Waldemere, where the funeral services were held this afternoon. The house was filled with the relatives and friends of the deceased, to render the last sad tribute of affection and respect, among whom were many of our most prominent citizens and their families, and a number of the clergy of the city. The remains, which had been embalmed in New York, in accordance with a request received by telegram from Mr. Barnum, who is at Hamburg, were enclosed in an elegant rosewood casket, and placed in the east parlor at Waldemere. The casket was covered with crowns and crosses, and wreaths of white roses, beautifully arranged. At the head of the casket was a large cross of evergreens, with the word " Mother " in white roses, across the arms, and at the base, " Charity," also in white roses. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Abel C. Thomas, of Philadelphia. He also made a few short remarks upon the past life of the deceased, and addressed comforting words to the mourning friends. After a closing prayer the doxology — " Praise God from whom all blessings flow " — was sung by all present, after which an opportunity was given to view the remains. The funeral procession then wended its sorrowful way " from Waldemere and the sound of many waters to the quiet of Mountain Grove." The remains were then placed in the public receiving vault until the return of Mr. Barnum from Europe.

After this sad blow I could not bear the thought of " sight-seeing," and I yearned to be where I could meet sympathizing friends and hear my native tongue. I therefore returned to London and spent several weeks in quiet.

CHAPTER XLVIII

AMONG MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

The Roman Hippodrome — An Enthusiastic Reception — Resting at Waldemere — A Complimentary Dinner — Interesting Letters and Speeches.

At length, the continual letters from my manager roused me to action, and I went at it with a will. What I did is shown in the following extract from the London "Era":

BARNUM'S NEXT SENSATION

The greatest showman of the day is once more in London, completing preparations for the opening of the immense Hippodrome which he is erecting in New York. Some idea of the means which are being taken to create a sensation may be derived from the following facts: Mr. Barnum has not only sent agents to Spain and Africa to secure attractions, but has himself visited the Hippodrome in Paris, the Circus Renz at Vienna, Myers' Circus at Dresden, Salamonski and Carré's Circus at Cologne, the Zoölogical Gardens at Hamburg, Amsterdam and other Continental cities, selecting and purchasing the choicest animals procurable, and engaging the most talented artists. He has secured what may fairly be called an endless variety of attractions, ranging from a race-horse to a Roman chariot. With the Messrs. Sanger alone he has done business to "the tune" of £11,000. He has already shipped to New York elephants, camels and horses, trained for every species of Circus performance. On the 25th a further "batch" will be dispatched, including sixteen ostriches, ten elands, ten zebras, a team of reindeer, with Lapland drivers, a troupe of performing ponies, monkeys, dogs, goats, &c., &c. The armor and costume makers of London are to be set to work immediately the pantomimes are off their minds and hands, and some portion of the paraphernalia which is to contribute to the gi-

gantic whole will be shipped weekly. The Hippodrome will open in April next, and in the preliminary parade, we have no doubt, the citizens will find reason to say that their greatest and most popular showman has far outstripped all his former efforts. We may add that the New York enterprise will in no way interfere with the famous tent show everywhere known as "Barnum's Great Museum, Menagerie, Circus and Traveling World's Fair."

Ten days afterwards the London "Times," whose editor had seen the original contract, published the following article:

A THEATRICAL CONTRACT

Mr. P. T. Barnum, who is now in this country, has just entered into a contract with Messrs. Sanger, of Astley's Amphitheatre, for the purchase of the whole of the plant, wardrobe, and paraphernalia connected with the pageant of the "Congress of Monarchs" exhibited at the Agricultural Hall four or five years since. The contract is as follows.

"This agreement made at the City of London, January 2d, 1874, between Messrs. John and George Sanger, of the said City of London, Eng., and P. T. Barnum, of New York, United States of America, witnesseth, that for the sum of £33,000* sterling, the said Messrs. J. and G. Sanger agree to complete and deliver to the said P. T. Barnum, *duplicates* of all the chariots, costumes, trappings, flags, banners, and other paraphernalia used by the said J. and G. Sanger in the production of the great pageant representing the Congress of Monarchs. Every article thus furnished by the said Messrs. John and George Sanger shall be *new*, and of the same quality and style used by them aforesaid. This collection embraces 13 gorgeous carved and gilt emblazoned chariots, and appropriate harness for 162 horses; 1,136 elegant and appropriate suits of armor, court dresses, &c., to faithfully represent all the principal Monarchs and Courts in the world, and a *facsimile* of all the flags, banners, and everything else used in this pageant, except the horses, elephants, ostriches, giraffes, camels, and other living

* Independent of £11,000 worth before purchased of Messrs. Sanger.

animals. These the said Mr. P. T. Barnum will provide for himself. The arms of all nations represented on that occasion shall also be delivered to the said P. T. Barnum. The whole to be completed and delivered to the said P. T. Barnum or his agent, in London by February 22d, 1874. The said P. T. Barnum hereby agrees to pay the said £33,000 to the said Messrs. J. and G. Sanger for the make and perfect delivery of the articles hereby agreed upon — £13,000 to be paid upon the signing of the contract, and the remaining £20,000 on the 22d day of February next, or upon the earlier completion of the contract by the said Messrs. John and George Sanger. Property to be delivered to Mr. Robert Fillingham, the said P. T. Barnum's agent, and to be approved by him."

This document was signed on Tuesday, and the £13,000 paid. Messrs. Sanger will have on view at their Royal National Amphitheatre the costumes they are about to provide Mr. Barnum.[1]

Already had we leased from the Harlem Railroad Company a plot of land in the center of New York valued at over a million of dollars, and on that land we were to erect buildings which would probably cost two hundred thousand dollars.

Curiosity impelled me to attend the Tichborne trial one day. I was told it would be useless to attempt it, as none were admitted without a court order. I, however, applied at the door of Westminster Hall, where a great crowd was waiting unable to get in. In reply to my request to be admitted, a policeman asked if I had an order from the court. Upon my answering in the negative he remarked: "Even if you had, you could not get in to-day, for every inch of room is occupied; but in no case can you ever get in without an order from the court."

I asked for the inspector who had charge of the police. Inspector Deming was pointed out to me, and I handed him my card.

"Are you the great American Museum man?" he asked.

[1] *Cf.* "Lord" George Sanger's "Seventy Years a Showman" (new ed., with Introduction by Kenneth Grahame, New York, 1926), p. 221. [Ed.]

"Yes," I replied; "I am the Museum man, the Tom Thumb man, the Jenny Lind man, and the Showman."

"My dear sir," said the inspector, "I am glad to see you. Please write your name on the back of your card and I shall always prize it as a souvenir. I am very happy that I can show the celebrated showman something he never saw before."

He then led me into Westminster Hall, secured me a good seat, pointed out the "Claimant," Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Justices Weller[2] and Lush, Dr. Kenealy, Mr. Hawkins, and other prominent personages.

I arrived in New York from Liverpool by the steamer "Scotia," April 30, 1874, rejoiced to reach my native land again, and delighted to find my children and grandchildren in good health. The great Roman Hippodrome had been open about a week, and on the evening of my arrival I was called out by the audience and was driven in my carriage around the immense arena and saw what, to me, was indeed a great "show" — the largest assemblage of people ever gathered in one building in New York. I may be permitted to add that my enthusiastic reception was at once a testimonial of the public appreciation of one of my greatest efforts in my managerial career, and a verdict that it was a complete and gratifying success.[3]

This truly stupendous and superb spectacle, as the unanimous voice of the press pronounced it, opened every evening with an allegorical representation of a "Congress of Nations," in a grand procession of gilded chariots and triumphal cars, conveying the Kings, Queens, Emperors, and other potentates of

[2] This was the trial for perjury of Arthur Orton, an impostor who attempted to obtain the Tichborne baronetcy and estates. The trial was begun on April 23, 1873, and ended on February 28, 1874, Orton being sentenced to penal servitude for fourteen years. Edward Kenealy was the Claimant's leading counsel; Mr. Hawkins the leading counsel for the prosecution. We should read "Mellor" for the more renowned but here inaccurate "Weller." [Ed.]

[3] It may be noted that the first "Roman hippodrome" in the United States was opened in 1853 in New York by Seth Howes, the American showman, in partnership with Henri Franconi of the Paris hippodrome. It stood on ground of which part was later occupied by the Fifth Avenue Hotel. [Ed.]

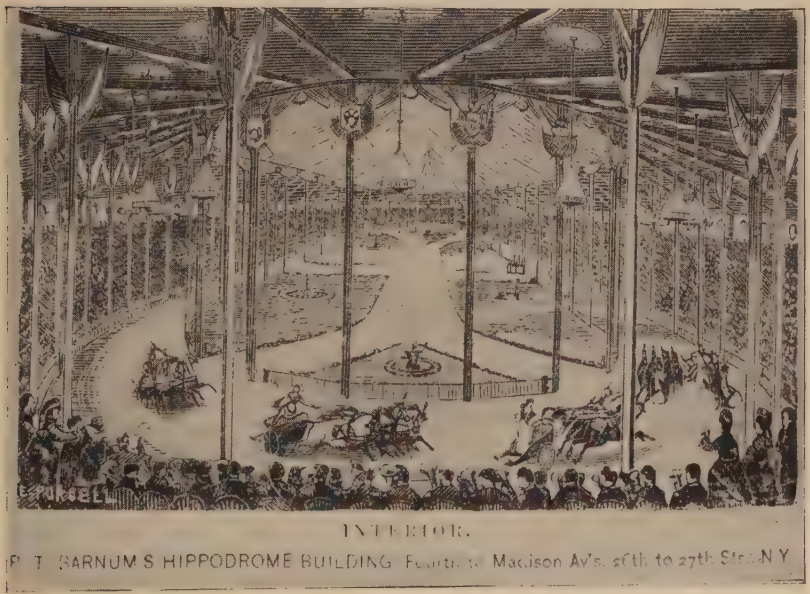
the civilized world, costumed with historical correctness, royally surrounded, and accompanied and followed by their respective courts and splendid retinues. The correctness and completeness of this historical representation required nearly one thousand persons and several hundred horses, besides elephants, camels, llamas, ostriches, etc. The rich and varied costumes, armor, and trappings, the gorgeous banners and paraphernalia, and the appropriate music accompanying the entrance of each nation produced an effect at once brilliant and bewildering. The entire public, and the press, both secular and religious, declared unanimously, what is unquestionably true — that never before since the days of the Cæsars has there been so grand and so interesting a public spectacle.

Following this superb historical introduction were all kinds of races by high-bred horses imported by scores from Europe and ridden and driven by accomplished experts of both sexes. To these succeeded various first-class entertainments, including the wonderful performances of the Japanese athletes, thrilling wire-walking exploits, athletic sports by non-professionals for prizes awarded as encouragements to such enterprises, semi-weekly balloon ascensions by Professor Donaldson, the whole interspersed with a plenty of genuine fun in the monkey and donkey races, and in "Twenty minutes of the Donnybrook Fair and Lancashire Races" — and with all was "thrown in" my magnificent menagerie.

Although the Hippodrome could accommodate ten thousand spectators, for weeks in succession all the best seats were engaged days in advance, and it is literally true that at every evening performance thousands were turned away. My patrons included the President of the United States and his Cabinet, Governors and Judges, the Clergy of all denominations, and all the best people of our land, who expressed but one opinion, that the exhibition, as I intended it should be, far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of what managerial experience and endeavor could possibly accomplish. In the very midst of such success, the necessity of covering the central part of the Hippo-

EXTERIOR.

The structure was 200 feet wide, 426 feet long.



INTERIOR.

P. T. BARNUM'S HIPPODROME BUILDING Fourth Av. Madison Av's. 26th to 27th Sts. N.Y.

The track was 30 feet wide, one-fifth of a mile long.

BARNUM'S ROMAN HIPPODROME IN 1874

It occupied the site on which Madison Square Garden later stood, and was advertised as the "largest amusement building ever constructed." (From G. W. Haines' "Plays, Players and Playgoers.")

drome with glass, putting in heating apparatus, and otherwise preparing the immense building for the winter campaign, compelled me to temporarily transfer the entire vast establishment to Boston for three weeks from August 3d, thence to Philadelphia, returning and reopening in New York about September 20th.

[Barnum now goes on to say that after several weeks in New York, he "retired to Waldemere for rest." "No sooner had I arrived at Bridgeport," he continues, "than a newspaper paragraph announced to me that my friends and neighbors had determined to tender to me a public dinner." The complimentary dinner was given at the Atlantic House on the evening of June 25, 1874; and according to the Bridgeport "Republican Standard" of July 3, "the wealth, respectability, enterprise and energy" of the town were well represented. Letters of regret from invited guests were read. Said George Jones of the "New York Times": "I hope you will have a glorious time, and I desire to be considered IN when Mr. Barnum's health is proposed, and further shall be glad to send the following: 'P. T. Barnum, the man who cannot grow old.'" "I am not surprised," declared C. A. Dana of "The Sun" (New York), "that the people of Bridgeport should pay such a compliment to so public-spirited a fellow citizen." "Tell the good people of Bridgeport for me," was the request of the Rev. T. L. Cuyler of Brooklyn, "that . . . they deserve to have noble-hearted citizens when they appreciate them. They cannot do too much to honor the public-spirited man who has done so much for them." Frank Leslie (Henry Carter) wrote: "No man living more fully deserves the respect and confidence of all who know him. We have had business and friendly relations dating back twenty-five years, so I speak 'because I know the man.'"

Of the after-dinner performances of that ambrosial June night, here are included some characteristic remarks from the speech of the guest of honor and a portion of the topical verses read by Judge S. B. Sumner. — [Ed.]

From Barnum's Speech:

General Noble has put me in a reverse position to the man who received a scratch on the face, and when he heard his lawyer depict his terrible injuries to the jury, burst into tears and declared he had no conception how shockingly he had been injured.

If I have done what the General has so generously stated, it is because I could not help it. Having taken Bridgeport as my life-long residence, I could not help doing all in my power to add to its beauty and its prosperity. I had a pride in the place of my selection and had no desire to expend my money elsewhere; consequently I felt a pleasure in laying out new streets, raising valleys and lowering hills, erecting houses and factories and inducing capitalists and manufacturers to come among us.

I felt like the old darky who was sued by a man. Before the morning of the trial arrived the plaintiff withdrew his suit and paid the costs. But the old darky went to court and insisted upon having a trial. The judge told him the suit was withdrawn.

"Nebber mind dat," exclaimed the ancient African, "call de case, call de case, I want to hear how 'em roar!"

And so with me. If I conceived that a new street, a new building, or the planting of a few hundred trees would improve things, I was anxious to "call de case and hear how 'em roar."

The advice of the Irishman in the scrimmage at Donnybrook Fair was: "Wherever you see a head, hit it."

That is the way I feel; whenever I see a swamp-hole or a bit of salt meadow, I want to hit it.

Some persons present will remember that when I built Iranistan, a large brook crossed Fairfield avenue between Iranistan and the homestead of Ira B. Wheeler. Travelers stopped to water their horses in that stream. A salt-meadow swamp set up close to the south side of Fairfield avenue and boats came up to the street. When I bought the swamp, filled it up, and

turned the stream into a large stone sewer, Colonel Hall sued, or threatened to sue, me for obstructing navigation! That entire swamp meadow is now solid ground.

Now, some say that when I make improvements, I do it with an eye to future profit. I am glad to acknowledge that this is generally true. I have certainly made some expensive improvements, which I felt sure could *never* repay me, but I am glad to have it understood that mine is usually a *profitable philanthropy*. I have no desire to be considered much of a philanthropist in any other sense. If by helping those who try to help themselves, I can do it without ultimate loss, the inducement is all the greater to me; and if by improving and beautifying our city, and adding to the pleasure and prosperity of my neighbors, I can do so at a profit, the incentive to "good works" will be twice as strong as if it were otherwise.

I don't believe much in the doctrine that teaches persons to sit still, suck their fingers, and be fed, clothed, and lodged by the charity of others; I believe in teaching people to be active, industrious, economical, and temperate. Above all, I believe in teaching the doctrine of honesty as taught by Ralph Waldo Emerson, when he said that it is impossible for one man to rob or injure another without, at the same time, robbing and injuring himself more than anybody else. I believe in teaching that all wrong-doing and all violations of nature's laws cause us to lose our self-respect, our manhood, and the confidence of mankind, so that it is impossible to gain anything thereby, hence that honesty is, as Franklin said, the best "*policy*," and that *right* in any shape is *always* the best "*policy*." And those who do right and try to help themselves do not generally need free gifts from others. King David truly said he had never seen the righteous forsaken, nor their seed begging bread. Therefore, I want it to be understood, that when I make improvements I am benefiting the community by giving employment to working people.

But there is a *funny* side to my improvements and experiences in Bridgeport. When I first settled here I knew nothing

about making new streets, erecting buildings, laying out pleasure grounds, etc.

I had travelled considerably, and picked up some knowledge of human nature, and that was all. Hence, in making "improvements," I made many ludicrous blunders. I had bought up during several years numerous parcels of land west of Fairfield avenue, and it so happened that a low piece of salt meadow lay between two pieces of my upland. Thinking that at some future time I might want that salt marsh filled up, I called on Deacon Silliman, the reputed owner, and told him he had a piece of salt meadow I wished to buy.

"I have no salt meadow to spare," said the deacon. "Well, I'll let you have another piece in exchange. I only want yours so as to connect my two pieces of land," I replied. "I don't know which salt meadow you mean," said the deacon. "Jump into my wagon and I will show it to you in ten minutes," I answered, and away we went. Arriving at the spot I pointed out the coveted piece of marsh. "Why, Mr. Barnum, you have owned that salt meadow these three years!" exclaimed the astonished deacon. I was always vexed that the deacon did not give me a *quit-claim* for twenty-five dollars; the joke would have been worth that.

On another occasion I was in the island of Cuba. I went to a nursery there, admired the young palms, bananas, India-rubber plants, indigo and coffee trees, etc., and having no special knowledge of such things, but desiring to enrich the conservatories of Iranistan with every rare plant and flower, I purchased a lot of these shrubs and then gave the nurseryman an order for flower seeds, which were to include *everything* which he had that was rare. He made me up over a hundred packages of seeds, at an expense of some fifty dollars. When planted in the grounds of Iranistan, I found I had purchased seeds of catnip, pennyroyal, mullein, daisies, and lots of weeds common to us, but quite *"rare"* to the Havana nurseryman.

And so on my late visit to Europe, with a desire to beautify the grounds of Waldemere, I engaged the best gardener in the

Crystal Palace Gardens at Sydenham, and sent him to America. I looked over the various rare plants, with which these grounds abound, and made numerous selections for Waldemere. On placing them in my grounds, my neighbors discovered "dusty miller" and several other common plants among my supposed choice varieties.

But, gentlemen, I will not detain you. I cannot tell you how glad I am to meet you, nor can I sit down without saying how grateful I am for the kindness and delicate forethought you have shown in deferring on this occasion to my public advocacy of teetotalism for thirty years. I trust our natural *flow of spirits* will keep us jolly, and hope that somehow or other you will manage to do what I always desire my patrons to do, viz.: "Get the worth of your money."

From Judge Sumner's Verses:

"I'm no pianist; ne'ertheless a pæan I must sing,
This night in honor of our guest, the famous Money-King;
The man who keeps informing us that poverty's a blunder,
And rolls up wealth before our eyes, while we look on and wonder.

"There's no such thing as ciphering the gauge of such a man;
To-day it's business in New York — to-morrow in Japan;
One day beneath the sea, to find some learned, lovely shark,
The next, way off on Ararat, for pieces of the Ark!

"Sometimes he calls for quarter, with the giant Fee-Fo-Fum;
And then again he captures us with General Tom Thumb;
One day in Bridgeport, staking out new streets across his farm,
The next, in Windsor Castle, with Victoria on his arm;

"One day upon the prairies, looking out for freaks of nature;
The next, in Hartford, speech-making before the legislature;
One day the Bearded Woman; next, the Mermaid with her comb;
And now the Hippopotamus, and now the Hippodrome.

"To-day recalling from the deep, oblivious shades of death,
And so rejuvenating and rejoicing old Joice Heth;
To-morrow, showing all at once, the wondrous Twins of Siam,
And Julius Cæsar's boxing-gloves, and fish-pole used by Priam.

"One day the fiery element his big Museum slashes,
But next day, lo! it rises as a Phœnix from its ashes;
And while the croakers shake their heads, and dubiously figure,
The Crocodile gives broader smiles, the show keeps growing bigger!

"I never, NEVER, saw his like; and so I might as well
Give o'er at once the vain attempt all his exploits to tell;
It's all recorded — read of all — on everybody's shelf:
'Biography of P. T. Barnum, written by himself.'"

[*From the "Republican Standard" (Editorial), July 3, 1874.*]

P. T. BARNUM

The press and the people of Bridgeport united in an ovation to P. T. Barnum, Thursday evening, in acknowledgment of the honor due him for the public improvements he has inaugurated and pushed through in this city, with unceasing energy, for the past thirty years. To the press he acknowledges his obligations for success in life. It has given him fame, so far and wide that his name is familiar to every eye that can read and every ear that can hear, while almost every pocket has contributed to his store of wealth. Without the press, he says he would today "be a pigmy no bigger than Tom Thumb," instead of being at the head of his profession. If the press is thus the father of P. T. Barnum, it follows that it is the grandfather of East Bridgeport and all other public improvements wrought out by his hand. It is to be hoped, therefore, that East Bridgeport will hold its grandfather in all due honor and reverence.

We have always admired the public spirit of P. T. Barnum. He is accustomed to work with herculean energy and enthusiasm to acquire his money, and then he shows the same zeal in spending it, and to this characteristic Bridgeport is indebted for all those public improvements inaugurated by him. We admire the way and manner in which he works out his plans. Instead of sending petitions to the Common Council, having committees appointed to examine and report, advertising for hearings, ordering the street commissioners to do the work, then make assessments, having appeals to the board of review, and all that, he merely tells "Dave Sherwood" to open a street here, fill up a swamp there, dig

down this hill, blast out that rock, build houses, &c., and the work is done and he is ready for the next one, before he even could get a petition through the Common Council. It may be very true that he does all these things for the sake of making more money thereby, yet this fact by no means lessens the obligations of Bridgeporters to him, but they might well pray for a dozen more such men who have sufficient intelligence to perceive that their own personal interests can be best advanced in making public improvements.

As a specimen of his style of working for himself and the public combined, we may refer to his straightening and extending State street. Formerly State street beyond Park avenue, turned at an angle northwesterly. He caused a change in its direction, widening it, filled up a swamp in his own land and made a good firm road across it, moved one large block of houses, and spent some $12,000 in the operation, thus making a fine public improvement which will be beneficial to the city as long as the city lasts. All this he did without calling for aid outside of his own pocket. But in doing this he saw that the street when extended beyond, would greatly enhance the value of his property and yield him a rich return, perhaps at no distant day. This is his usual mode of working, and though private interests may prompt his action, yet he so works in all his improvements that the public shares very largely in the accruing advantages. Any city is blessed which has such intelligent persons whose motto is "to do good and make money" without being so selfish as to refrain from any work because they do not get all the good that comes from their venture. It is for such deeds that the citizens of Bridgeport have worthily honored Mr. Barnum.

The American "Register," published in Paris, in its issue of July 11, 1874, speaking of this dinner, says:

The press, the pulpit, the bench and bar were all liberally represented. It may seem strange to Europeans that such distinguished men should accept invitations to a dinner in honor of a common showman, as Mr. Barnum is too often called; but their surprise will cease when we tell them what that gentleman really is. True, he is a showman, but he is also a man of considerable personal acquirements, of great public spirit,

and a good citizen. He is an excellent representative of the indomitable strength and energy of our young nation. Moreover, he is a man of great generosity, and knows how to spend money as well as to make it. By this we mean that he spends it in a way which tends to the public good. There are very few men who have ever known Mr. Barnum who would not have been pleased to join in a dinner given to him, and since we were not able to be present on the occasion, we are happy to pay our tribute in another form to that liberal-minded and large-hearted man.

CHAPTER XLIX

HIPPODROMICAL, HYMENEAL, AND MUNICIPAL

Success of My Travelling Hippodrome — My Second Marriage — P. T. Barnum Exhibiting a Live King — Elected Mayor of Bridgeport — The Centennial — Professor Donaldson — Close of the Season — The Hippodrome Sold at Auction — The New Travelling Show — My Valedictory Message as Mayor of Bridgeport.

In July, 1874, immense canvas tents were made of sufficient capacity to accommodate all my great Roman Hippodrome performances. These tents, with the expense of removing the whole Hippodrome establishment to Boston for a three weeks' exhibition, cost me nearly fifty thousand dollars. During the three weeks' exhibition in Boston, the tents were crowded each afternoon and evening with the most delighted audiences. Excursion trains on all the railroads leading to Boston brought thousands of visitors to the Hippodrome every day, and the Boston and New England papers, secular and religious, without exception, were loud in praise of what all acknowledged to be by far the most gorgeous, extensive, instructive, and expensive travelling exhibition of which we have any record.

From Boston the entire Hippodrome was transported by railroad to Philadelphia, where a success was achieved fully equal to that in Boston. The Hippodrome afterwards visited Baltimore, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati, everywhere drawing immense crowds, and opened again in my great Hippodrome building in New York, in November, where, for several months, it afforded a treat to the American public that will probably not be witnessed again in this generation. I am confident that nothing less than my reputation for forty years as a liberal caterer for public instruction and amusement would

have brought a paying response to my efforts. The great religious community aided mostly in sustaining this hazardous enterprise.

In the autumn of 1874 I married again. My second wife is the daughter of my old English friend, John Fish, Esq., whom I have embalmed in the thirty-second chapter of this book, under the title of "An Enterprising Englishman." We were married in the Church of the Divine Paternity, Fifth Avenue, New York, by my old and esteemed friend, the Rev. Dr. Chapin, in the presence of members of my family and a large gathering of gratified friends. After a brief bridal tour, our wedding receptions were attended at Waldemere.

In December, 1874, His Majesty David Kalakaua, King of the Sandwich Islands, visited New York. I invited the King and his suite to attend the Hippodrome, which they did on the afternoon of December 26th. During the entire performance I was seated by the side of the King, who kept up a pleasant conversation with me for a couple of hours. I took occasion to remind him that this was by no means the first time I had had the honor of "entertaining" royalty, as he would see from my book — a handsome presentation copy of which he had accepted from me on Christmas Day. He expressed himself highly delighted with my entertainment, and said he was always fond of horses and racing. Some twelve thousand persons were present, and when the exhibitions were about half finished they called loudly "The King! The King!" Turning to me, His Majesty inquired the meaning of this. I replied: "Your Majesty, this vast audience undoubtedly wishes to give you an ovation. This building is so large that they cannot distinctly see Your Majesty from every part, and are anxious that you should ride around the circle in order that they may greet you."

The King looked surprised, and presently the audience commenced calling "The King! Barnum! Barnum! The King!" At that moment my open barouche was driven into the circle and approached where we were sitting.

"No doubt Your Majesty would greatly gratify my country-

men," I remarked, "if you would kindly step into this carriage with me and ride around the circle."

The King immediately arose, and, amid tremendous cheering, he stepped into the carriage. I took a seat by his side, and he smilingly remarked, *sotto voce:* "We are all actors."

The audience rose to their feet, cheered and waved their handkerchiefs as the King rode around the circle, raising his hat and bowing. The excitement was indeed tremendous. The King remained till all the performances were finished, and expressed himself as greatly pleased with the whole entertainment. A prominent New York paper, in speaking of this event, said:

> Of course Americans see no impropriety in King Kalakaua's responding to the public call to show himself to the multitude by riding around the Hippodrome ring. Had an American President or other distinguished American gentleman thus responded, it would have been considered as quite the thing in this republican country. To Europeans, however, it will look very different. They will be astonished that any man on earth would have had the presumption to propose making a show of a living monarch, albeit his kingdom may not be the most extensive in the world, and we confess that, in our opinion, the only human being on the footstool who would have the temerity to show up a king is our worthy countryman, Phineas T. Barnum.

I trust that King Kalakaua saw no "temerity" in my proposition. At all events, he seemed to enjoy his reception, and so did I, and, as they say in whist, "the honors are easy."

It is said that "It never rains but it pours," and just at this time I was visited by a shower of royalty and nobility. The King of Hawaii had scarcely left New York before I received an invitation to breakfast with Lord Rosebery at the Brevoort House, Fifth Avenue. Lord Rosebery is a prominent member of the British Parliament, where he sits as Baron Rosebery.[1]

[1] Rosebery had succeeded to the earldom in 1868 but had not yet taken in public affairs the distinguished place that was later to be his. See also chapter 1. [Ed.]

The invitation stated that his Lordship would sail for England on the twenty-seventh of January, and that having seen most of our country, and its "lions," he did not like to leave without having an interview with Barnum. I accepted the invitation. The breakfast came off at ten o'clock in the morning of January 26th, and I need scarcely say that it was a most dainty, delightful, and *recherché* affair. Only one gentleman besides his Lordship was present. I found my host a very intelligent gentleman. He had been in America once before, and he seemed well "posted" in regard to our country and its institutions. He said he had read my autobiography, and had witnessed with amazement and delight the scenes at my Roman Hippodrome. These enhanced his desire to see "the man who was so celebrated throughout the world for the magnitude and perfection of his enterprises as a caterer for public gratification."

I accepted the compliment as gracefully as I could, and we were soon conversing socially without restraint on either side. Lord Rosebery is a good story-teller, and, what is still more pleasing to a loquacious old traveller like myself, he is a capital listener. While discussing the luxurious meal, we interchanged amusing anecdotes and personal experiences, some of mine so tickling his Lordship's keen sense of humor that, more than once, he pushed back his chair from the table and gave vent to his hilarity in hearty, unrestrained laughter.

After a couple of hours we parted, exchanging photographs and autographs. His Lordship expressed himself highly pleased with the interview, and politely added that he hoped to meet me in England, whenever I shall carry out my intention of taking a great show to that country.

In March, 1875, the nomination for Mayor of the city of Bridgeport was tendered me by a committee from the Republican party, but I declined until assured by prominent members of the opposition that my nomination was intended as a compliment, and that both parties would sustain it. Politically, the city is largely Democratic, but I led the Republican ticket, and was elected, April 5th, by several hundred majority. On the

twelfth of April the newly elected Common Council held its first meeting, on which occasion I delivered the following Inaugural Address:

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMON COUNCIL:

Intrusted as we are, by the votes of our fellow-citizens, with the care and management of their interests, it behooves us to endeavor to merit the confidence reposed in us. We are sometimes called the "fathers of the city." Certainly our duty is, and our pleasure should be, to administer the municipal government as a good and wise father conducts his household, caring for all, partial to none. No personal feelings should dictate our official acts. We are not placed here to gratify personal or party resentment, nor to extend personal or party favor in any manner that may in the remotest degree conflict with the best interests of our city. As citizens we enjoy a great common interest. Each individual is a member of the body corporate, and no member can be unduly favored or unjustly oppressed without injury to the entire community. No person or party can afford to be dishonest. Honesty is always the best policy, for "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

A large portion of this honorable body are now serving officially for the first time, and therefore may not be fully acquainted with the details of its workings; but we are all acquainted with the great principles of Justice and Right. If we fail to work according to these eternal principles, we betray the confidence placed in us, and this our year of administration will be remembered with disapprobation and contempt.

Let us bring to our duties careful judgment and comprehensive views with regard to expenditure, so that we may be neither parsimonious nor extravagant, but, like a prudent householder, ever careful that expenses shall be less than the income.

Our city is peculiarly adapted for commercial purposes; it

should be our care therefore to adopt such measures as tend to promote trade, manufactures, and commerce. Its delightful and healthy locality makes it also a desirable place of residence. We should strive to enhance its natural beauty, to improve our streets and, with moderate expenditure, to embellish our parks, by which means we shall attract refined and wealthy residents.

As conservators of the public peace and morals it is our duty to prevent, so far as possible, acts which disturb one or the other, and to enforce the laws in an impartial and parental spirit.

The last report of our Chief of Police says: "'Tis a sad and painful duty, yet candor compels us to state that at least ninety per cent. of the causes of all the arrests during the year are directly traceable to the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors, not to speak of the poverty and misery it has caused families which almost daily come under our observation."

In the town of Vineland, N. J., where no intoxicating drinks are sold, the overseer of the poor stated in his annual report that in a population of 10,000 there was but one indictment in six months, and that the entire police expenses were but seventy-five dollars per year, the sum paid to him, and the poor expenses a mere trifle. He further says: "We practically have no debt, and our taxes are only one per cent. on the valuation." Similar results are reported in the town of Greeley, Colorado, where no liquors are sold.

Our laws license the sale of intoxicating drinks under certain restrictions on week days, but no man can claim the right under such license to cause mobs, riots, bloodshed, or murder. Hence no man has, or can have, any right by license or otherwise to dispense liquors to intoxicated persons, nor to furnish sufficient liquor to cause intoxication. Our duty is therefore to see that the police aid in regulating to the extent of their legal power a traffic which our laws do not wholly prohibit. Spirituous liquors of the present day are so much adulterated and doubly poisoned that their use fires the brain and drives their victims to madness, violence, and murder. The money

annually expended for intoxicating drinks, and the cost of their evil results in Bridgeport or any other American city where liquor-selling is licensed, would pay the entire expenses of the city (if liquors were not drunk), including the public schools, give a good suit of clothes to every poor person of both sexes, a barrel of flour to every poor family living within its municipal boundaries, and leave a handsome surplus on hand. Our enormous expenses for the trial and punishment of criminals, as well as for the support of the poor, are mainly caused by this traffic. Surely then it is our duty to do all we can, legally, to limit and mitigate its evil. As no person ever became a drunkard who did not sincerely regret that he or she ever tasted intoxicating drinks, it is a work of mercy, as well as justice, to do all in our power to lessen this leprous hindrance to happiness. We should strive to exterminate gambling, prostitution, and other crimes which have not *yet* attained to the dignity of a "license."

The public health demands that we should pay attention to necessary drainage, and prevent the sale of adulterated food. The invigorating breezes from Long Island Sound and the absence of miasmatic marshes serve to make ours one of the most healthy cities in America. Scientific experiments made daily during the whole of last year have established the fact that our atmosphere is impregnated with OZONE, or concentrated oxygen, to an extent not hitherto discovered on this continent. No city of the same size in America is so extensively known throughout our own land and in Europe as Bridgeport. It should be our pleasure to strengthen all natural advantages which we possess as a city by maintaining a government of corresponding excellence.

A plentiful supply of pure water is necessary to the health of a city. Experience has proved that the city should own and control the Water Works, or require the Water Company to furnish a regular and reliable supply sufficient for the wants and necessities of the people. I invite your most serious and disinterested consideration of "the water question."

The custom of selling fruits and vegetables by measure tempts to fraud, and I earnestly recommend that the practice of selling these products by weight be adopted in this city.

Every employee of the city should be strictly held to perform the duty assigned and to earn the money paid him. We should support no drones.

All condemned prisoners should be kept continually employed, and thus made to contribute to their own support, and the expenses incurred by their wrongdoing.

As cleanliness is conducive alike to health and morality, I recommend that we establish one or more floating baths, a portion of which might be free, and the rest subject to a small charge, which would nearly or quite cover the expense of the whole.

As the city at certain periods is obliged to borrow money on which it pays interest, I advise that at seasons when the city treasury has a surplus, we shall, as is customary in other cities, place this money where it will draw interest until needed.

It is painful to the industrious and moral portions of our people to see so many loungers about the streets, and such a multitude whose highest aspirations seem to be to waste their time in idleness or at base-ball, billiards, &c.

No person needs to be unemployed who is not over-fastidious about the kind of occupation. There are too many soft hands (and heads) waiting for light work and heavy pay. Better work for half a loaf than beg or steal a whole one. Mother Earth is always near by, and ready to respond to reasonable drafts on her never-failing treasury. A patch of potatoes raised "on shares" is preferable to a poulticed pate earned in a whisky scrimmage. Some modern Micawbers stand with folded hands waiting for the panic to pass, as the foolish man waited for the river to run dry and allow him to walk over.

The soil is the foundation of American prosperity. When multitudes of our consumers become producers; when fashion teaches economy, instead of expending for a gaudy dress what would comfortably clothe the family; when people learn to

walk until they can afford to ride; when the poor man ceases to spend more for tobacco than for bread; when those who complain of panics learn that "we cannot eat our cake and keep it," that a sieve will not hold water, that we must rely on our own exertions and earn before we expend, then will panics cease and prosperity return. While we should by no means unreasonably restrict healthy recreation, we should remember that "time is money," that idleness leads to immoral habits, and that the peace, prosperity, and character of a city depend on the intelligence, integrity, industry, and frugality of its inhabitants.

"Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" of July 24th, contained a picture entitled "His Honor P. T. Barnum, Mayor of Bridgeport, Presiding at a Meeting of the Common Council of that City."[2] The editor's remarks are as follows:

Mayor Barnum's message was a model of brevity and practical thought. Having at the beginning of his official career declared war against the whisky dealers, he next proceeded to open the struggle. For twenty years the saloons had been kept open on Sundays, and it was declared impossible to close them. Mr. Barnum has all his life acted upon the quaint French aphorism that "nothing is so possible as the impossible." He gave notice that the saloons must be closed. A select committee of citizens volunteered to aid in collecting testimony in case the sellers should disregard the proclamation, and leave the latch-string to their back doors displayed on the outside. Although the doors were open, the keepers refused to sell except to personal friends. The committeemen stood opposite the saloons, and took the names of a dozen or so who were admitted. The next morning the saloon-keepers were arrested, and when they found their "friends" had been subpœnaed to appear as wit-

[2] In Harvey W. Root's article "When Barnum Was Mayor," in "McClure's Magazine" for September 1925 (pp. 733–747), the picture referred to is reproduced as "from a sketch by Albert Bergaus in Leslie's Weekly, July 6, 1875." (Root's article should be read in full by those interested in the mayoralty episode in Barnum's career.) The Brooklyn "Times" said that the message was "saturated with the sharp, sagacious and withal humorous philosophy which has guided the great showman to prosperity." [Ed.]

nesses, they pleaded guilty and immediately brought out their pocket-books to pay the judicial "shot." This plan effectually broke up Sunday traffic in liquor, thus insuring a quiet day for the citizens, and greatly accommodating the saloon-keepers, the best portion of whom really favor a general closing on Sunday.

His next reform was directed against a private gas corporation that had been lighting the streets at a figure that he deemed exorbitant. A contract was made with a Boston portable gas company, by which the cost of keeping the city bright at night was reduced one-half.

But the most striking of all was his action against the water-works corporation, of which he was, with one exception the largest stockholder. He denounced the management severely for not keeping good faith with the city under the charter given it, and appointed a committee of investigation. A report was submitted with a recommendation that the corporation be sued and deprived of its local privilege if it did not immediately conform to the letter of its agreement, and Mr. Barnum promptly concurred in the recommendation. He also appointed a Retrenchment Committee, through the investigation of which he expects to effect a still further reduction of local expenses.

This is good work for two months, and the citizens have a grateful appreciation of this new phase of his joking propensities. Although now sixty-five years of age, the same patient industry that has made him the prince of entertainers, marks all his official actions. He is honest, impartial, laborious; far-seeing, judicious and sanguine. Care finds as firm a resting-place upon him as water does on a duck's back.

By nature an organizer of men and systems, he is his own best executive officer. No one knows so well as he how men may be best governed, and no one can so pleasantly polish off the rough sides of mankind. Successful beyond the usual measure as an intelligent, courteous and considerate showman, he has already proved himself the most acceptable of mayors.

During my administration as Mayor, I had occasion three times to veto certain propositions of the Common Council.[3]

[3] This terse statement gives but a hint of Barnum's experience. "Fifty years ago, just as it is to-day, Bridgeport was wrestling with the two problems of

"SOME BEFITTING MANNER"

At the dawn of the second century of our national existence I issued the following proclamation, and was glad to see that my suggestions were patriotically and enthusiastically carried out by my constituents:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, BRIDGEPORT, CT., *Dec.* 30, 1875.

TO THE CITIZENS OF BRIDGEPORT:

The experiment of a people governing themselves has been tried on this continent for a hundred years. During this period, and under this rule, we have grown to such proportions, prosperity, and power, as has never been attained in a century by any nation under monarchical government. As a nation we owe unbounded gratitude to the Fathers of the Republic who by toil, sacrifice, and blood, planted the seed of this great and free nation.

As citizens of one of the most prosperous, delightful, and healthy cities in Puritan New England, I know you will rejoice to recognize in some befitting manner the beginning of the second century of our great and noble Republic.

I recommend, therefore, that a national salute be fired, the bells of our city be rung for half an hour, beginning at midnight of Friday, and that Saturday, the birthday of our centennial year, be celebrated with even greater demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm than mark our anniversary of American Independence. Especially do I request that the national emblem shall adorn our public buildings, and that all citizens shall display the American flag from their residences and places of business.

P. T. BARNUM, *Mayor.*

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municipal extravagance and the puzzle of where the city's money went." (Root.) The mayor was repeatedly in warfare with the intrigues of peanut politics, both within the Common Council and without it. "Before there can be any reform in Bridgeport," said he to one of the councilmen, "there will have to be a few first-class funerals." . . . Ten months after he was sworn in, he remarked in a public lecture that he would not occupy the office again if half the city were given him to boot. [Ed.]

My Hippodrome, in 1875, was transported by rail throughout the United States, going as far east as Portland, Maine, and west to Kansas City, Missouri. It proved a tolerably successful season, notwithstanding the depressed state of finances generally.[4]

It gives me pain to record that our aëronaut, Professor Donaldson, having made his daily balloon ascension on Thursday, July 15, from our Hippodrome grounds at Chicago, was never heard from afterwards. He took with him Mr. N. S. Grimwood, a reporter of the Chicago "Journal," whose body was found in Lake Michigan a few weeks afterwards. Professor Donaldson was doubtless drowned during the terrible storm which occurred on the night of the ascension. He was a man of excellent habits, clear brain, and steady nerve, fearless, but not reckless, and respected by all who knew him. His last was his 138th ascension.

A couple of newspaper extracts, which are but a fair specimen of hundreds, will give an inkling of the enthusiasm with which my latest amusement enterprise was greeted throughout the entire country:

[*From the Providence (R. I.) Journal, May* 13, 1875.]

Phineas Taylor Barnum's Great Roman Hippodrome arrived yesterday as per announcement, and after a parade through the streets, that awakened everybody to a sense of its magnitude, gave two exhibitions on the Federal Street Common, which not only called together the largest audience ever seen in this city, but furnished them with such amusement and excitement as are rarely offered, and gave the most thorough satisfaction.

[4] When the Hippodrome exhibited in Bridgeport, less than a month after Barnum's election as mayor, Barnum was on hand as part of the show, made a speech, and rode around the arena in a four-in-hand. As he viewed the "Congress of Nations" spectacle, he jotted down for Manager Coup's benefit such notes as "Change Queen Victoria; she is too young" and "Swap off Napoleon for a stouter man with a shorter neck." [Ed.]

EVERYBODY PLEASED

[*From the Troy Daily Press, June,* 1875.]

P. T. Barnum is probably the only man in the world who can keep together such a monstrous show and make it pay, as visited Troy yesterday. There were two performances, afternoon and evening, and the mammoth tent was crammed to its utmost capacity on each occasion. Scarcely a family in Troy that was not represented. All classes went, from the highest to the lowest. The reserved-seat side was filled long before the performances began, so that those who were late were obliged to stand or go away. Hundreds were turned away, because there was not even standing room. It is safe to say that twenty-five thousand people witnessed the pageant. People from the surrounding country for thirty miles came on the cars, on horseback, and in wagons. The blockade of vehicles of every description for a quarter of a mile around the tents was unprecedented in this city. Everybody was pleased. Thousands, we might say, were so well pleased with the afternoon performance that they staid on the ground until evening and went in again. Some had lunches with them, and spread themselves out on the grass and waited for night. The programme is too long to mention in detail. But there are scores of interesting and thrilling acts which should be seen by everybody. Those who did not see the great show here yesterday missed an important event in their lives.

About the middle of June I visited Niagara Falls with Mrs. Barnum and several friends, including Misses Pattie and Julia Hutchinson, of Southport, England, former neighbors of my wife, who were our guests during the summer. Leaving our friends at Niagara, my wife accompanied me to Akron, Ohio, where my Travelling World's Fair was to exhibit. On our arrival, the night before the show was to come, the Mayor of Akron waited on us. We were invited to a concert (where, in response to loud calls, I gave a short speech), and were afterwards serenaded at the hotel. The next morning I was escorted to Buchtel College by its noble-hearted founder, Mr. J. R. Buchtel, and an old friend, Rev. D. C. Tomlinson. The students would not let me off without a speech. I gave them a few

off-hand remarks which I hope may prove beneficial to some of my auditors. Returning to Buffalo we rejoined our friends whom we left at Niagara, and there, too, I met the Hippodrome, which remained a couple of days. Early on the morning of the second day I despatched a special train to Niagara Falls with some hundreds of our Hippodrome company, to whom I was glad to give this first opportunity of seeing the great cataract. Our band accompanied them, crossed the Suspension Bridge to Canada, playing "God Save the Queen" and "Yankee Doodle," and returned to Buffalo in time for the afternoon exhibition. In July I visited the Hippodrome at Chicago and St. Louis, being ten days absent from home. I spent most of the summer at Waldemere, looking after the interests of the city, and enjoying the season heartily with my family and friends. Our clam-bakes, picnics, charming country rides, weekly concerts in Sea-side Park by our two best city bands, and numerous other pleasures in this most healthy and delightful locality, were extremely enjoyable, and caused the time to fly much more rapidly than we wished.[5]

. . .

During the autumn of 1875, under the auspices of "The Redpath Lyceum Bureau" in Boston, I delivered about thirty times a lecture on "The World and How to Live in It," going as far east as Thomaston, Maine, and west to Leavenworth, Kansas, and including the cities of Boston, Portland, Chicago, Kansas City, etc. When finished, the Bureau wrote me as follows: "In parting for a season, please allow us to say that none of our best lecturers have succeeded in delighting our audiences and lecture committees so well as yourself."

[5] "It was his habit, when in Bridgeport, to do a large amount of entertaining. From his house, in the summer-time, various companies of his guests went out to lawn-parties, clam-bakes, and picnics every week." — Benton, "P. T. Barnum, Showman and Humorist," p. 585. [Ed.]

On November 28, and following days, I offered all my show property at auction. This included my Hippodrome and also my "World's Fair," consisting of museum, menagerie, and circus property. My object was to get rid of all surplus stock, and henceforth to have but one travelling show, which, as ever, should be as good as money and experience could make it. To this end my agent bid in all such property as I could use, and now I am properly prepared for our Centennial year. My travelling show consisted of museum, menagerie, and circus of immense proportions, and I introduced patriotic features that gave the people a Fourth of July celebration every day. My establishment traveled in three trains of railway cars. We took along a battery of cannon, and every morning we fired a salute of thirteen guns. We introduced groups of persons costumed in the style of our Continental troops, and supplemented with the Goddess of Liberty, a live eagle, and some first-class singers, who, with a chorus of several hundred voices, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" and other patriotic songs, accompanied with bands of music and also with cannon placed outside our tents, and fired by means of electricity. We closed our patriotic demonstration by singing "America" ("My Country, 'Tis of Thee"), the entire audience rising and joining in the chorus. At night we terminated our performances with fire-works, in which thrilling Revolutionary scenes were brilliantly depicted. Our grand street procession was a gorgeous and novel feature. It began to move when the salute was fired, and I depended upon the patriotism of each town we visited to add to the effects of our National Jubilee by ringing of bells at the same time. My assistant managers were my son-in-law, Mr. Hurd, and Messrs. Smith Brothers, June, and Bailey, late proprietors of the European Menagerie and Circus, which I purchased entire and added to my other attractions. My official term as Mayor expired April 3, 1876. I peremptorily refused a renomination, preferring to travel a portion of the time with my grand Centennial show, and meet face to face the millions of

friends who, during the last year,[6] have been my generous and I trust gratified patrons.

The last meeting of the Common Council under my administration was held Friday evening, March 29. The Bridgeport "Farmer" of the next day said:

The desks of the members and reporters were each adorned with a beautiful bouquet, presented "with the compliments" of the Mayor, and this raising of municipal business to a higher level was evidently appreciated by all present. It was a novelty, but then Mayor Barnum made a name by the introduction of novelties.

. . .

The following extract is from the Bridgeport "Leader" of April 5:

We do not know of anyone connected with the city government of last year who was more pleased in being relieved of the cares of office than our late Mayor, P. T. Barnum. That Mr. Barnum could have been re-elected Mayor this year, had he not, months ago, emphatically declared his intention to retire at the close of his official term, has always been our firm conviction, and, aside from this, that he was about the only one of the Republican party who could be.

He retires from office voluntarily, commanding the respect of his constituents, and far better appreciated for those sterling qualities of rigid independence and honest desire to serve the city, irrespective of all other considerations, than any Mayor we have had for years.

From the Bridgeport "Standard" of March 30:

Mayor Barnum's Message, printed on the first page of to-day's paper, will repay perusal, as he says many things and makes sundry suggestions which if heeded will be for the benefit of the city. There is no candid man who will not be pleased with more or less of his suggestions, since they are not the clap-trap of a politician, but the utterances

[6] Barnum left this unchanged. [Ed.]

of an old citizen of Bridgeport, who has the best interests of the city at heart, and sincerely desires its best prosperity in all things.

Gen. Noble, on moving the printing of the Mayor's Message, said:

"I think it due to the Mayor and to his office to say here that, however much members of this Council may have differed from the Mayor on the subject-matter of his messages, no one who has read them will hesitate to accord to them very marked ability and thorough study of their topics. The message on the subject of the ordinance amendment, which proposed to subject the Police Commissioners to the resolves of the Council, I do not think could have been more clearly, tersely or exhaustively presented by any gentleman well learned in the law."

The usual congratulatory resolution, complimenting the Mayor on his faithfulness, and expressing the high opinion of the Council for him, was passed by a unanimous rising vote, and the meeting adjourned.

My successor, a Democrat, was elected by a majority of six hundred votes.[7]

[7] Barnum in his closing message to the Council reminded the members that "It is an unwise policy to elect men to office whose chief study is how *not* to do their duty." In conclusion he said: "And now, gentlemen, as we are about to close our labors in a harmonious spirit, and bid each other friendly farewell, we have, like the Arabs, only to 'fold our tents and silently steal away,' congratulating ourselves that this is the only stealing which has been performed by this Honorable Body." While in office, he had ridden in a parade not his own — the parade of the local butchers' picnic, headed by an omnibus containing a band and drawn by six yoke of cattle with beribboned horns. [Ed.]

CHAPTER L

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

Breakfast with Lord Rosebery and Mr. Tupper — My Show in Nova Scotia and Elsewhere — My New Book "Lion Jack" — Death of My Youngest Daughter — My Visit to England — Lecturing There — The London "World's" Description of My Home and Habits in Bridgeport — Fatal Accident to the Advertisers of My Great Show — Visit to Colorado — My Third Election to, and Doings in, the Connecticut Legislature — Building a Dyke — Byronic Poetry Thereon — My Fourth Election to the General Assembly of Connecticut.

In December, 1876, I received a second invitation from Lord Rosebery to breakfast with him in New York. On parting with his Lordship in 1874, his warm expressions of pleasure at having met me, and his assurances that he hoped and intended to renew our acquaintance, left no room for embarrassing misgivings on this occasion. Our meeting at the Brevoort House was very cordial. His Lordship took me in his brougham to the New York Club, and there I first learned that our breakfast companions were Martin Farquhar Tupper and the chief editor of a prominent New York daily paper. Mr. Tupper and myself had held a correspondence previous to his leaving England, and the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" was apparently delighted at the unexpected meeting of his "dear friend Barnum."[1] The occasion was an exceedingly enjoyable one, and if, as is said, laughter aids digestion, I am confident that three of the quartette were not troubled with dys-

[1] Tupper (1810–1889) abandoned the law in order to enrich literature. His four series of "Proverbial Philosophy" are a mine of truisms and utilitarian "common-sense"; and his style would make him to-day a valued contributor of "boiler-plate" to a certain section of the American press. Rosebery was elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen in 1878, but Barnum left "recently" unchanged. [Ed.]

pepsia after that delicious and *recherché* meal. Since his marriage with Miss Rothschild, I have received a letter from Lord Rosebery, in which he makes pleasant and witty allusion to that never-to-be-forgotten breakfast. The transatlantic friends of this brilliant nobleman are pleased to know that he has been recently chosen Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen.

In 1876 I accompanied my Great Show as far east as Halifax, Nova Scotia, where we exhibited early in August. While in the Dominions of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, we changed our song and chorus of "The Star-Spangled Banner" to "God Save the Queen," with decidedly good effect. The Show proceeded west to Illinois. The financial result of the travelling season (1876) was satisfactory.

In the autumn of 1876 I wrote a book of fiction, founded on fact, entitled "The Adventures of Lion Jack; or, How Menageries Are Made." It was a real boys' book, and I dedicated it to the boys of America. It was published by Carleton of New York. Sampson, Low & Co., of London, also published it. Many copies have been sold in both countries. The London "Times," in its weekly edition, March 23, 1877, gave "Lion Jack" a favorable notice in a third of a column. It is sold in my travelling show, as well as by Carleton & Co.[2]

Among many other valuable additions to my traveling show of 1877 were six beautiful and remarkably trained black Trakene Stallions from Germany. My agents, Bailey and June, after scouring Europe in search of novelties, purchased them at large figures from James Myers, proprietor of the Great American Circus in Paris. They formed a novel and pleasing feature, and, with other startling novelties, aided to secure to me a still more profitable season than that of 1876.[3]

On the 11th of April, 1877, my family were stricken with a

[2] Bibliographers ascribe this, as well as other juveniles issued under Barnum's name, to the press-agent of the Great Show. [Ed.]

[3] An advertisement of 1877 describes them as "six beautiful jet-black $30,000 Trakene Stallions, from Paris," presenting "amazing and ENTIRELY NOVEL performances." In 1878 an advertisement signed by Barnum said: "Among my

heavy sorrow in the sudden death of my daughter, Pauline T. Seeley, at the age of thirty-one years, leaving a husband and three children. This blow would have been insupportable to me did I not receive it as coming from our good Father in Heaven, who does all things right.

In July, 1877, I sailed for England, with my wife, in the Cunard steamer "Russia," both of us arriving home eight weeks later in the "Scythia" of the same line. At the request of the captains and passengers, I gave a lecture on each steamer for the benefit of the Seamen's Orphan Institution in Liverpool. I also gave my lecture on "The World, and How to Live in It," several times in the Royal Aquarium Theatre, London, in Alexandra Palace, London, Southport Winter Gardens, and in Bolton. I likewise lectured on Temperance in Hawkstone Hall, London, at which the celebrated Rev. Newman Hall presided; and I gave a similar lecture in Hengler's Circus building, Liverpool. The London "Entr'acte," the London "Sporting and Dramatic News," and several other metropolitan papers, published illustrations of my appearance in the forum, and numerous London journals gave favorable notices of my lectures. I was glad to meet many of my old friends in England after an absence of eighteen years. I have nearly as many personal friends in London as in the city of New York. In the latter city the boys often hail me in the streets and ask me questions about the show, and a similar occurrence took place on this last visit to London. As I was one day coming out from my hairdresser's, near Regent street, where it was known I went every day, a bevy of lads called me by name and inquired if it was true, as they had read in the papers, that I was going to bring over my Great Show from America.

The immense patronage which my own country bestows on my efforts is all that keeps me from taking my big show to Europe, where my name is as well known as in America.

newest novelties are 20 Royal Trained Stallions, from the Royal Stables of Germany, Russia, Italy, and Tartary, which execute the most intricate and picturesque evolutions with the rapidity and precision of army drill — EVEN WALKING ON THEIR HIND FEET ERECT AS SOLDIERS." [Ed.]

A CELEBRITY SKETCHED

The London (England) "World," a very popular weekly, of which Edmund Yates, the novelist, is editor and proprietor, has a specialty in each of its issues headed "Celebrities at Home." In this department have appeared sketches of Lord Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Tennyson, Carlyle, John Bright, Spurgeon, etc. General Grant is the only American who has been selected for portraiture besides myself. The editor obtained from some person in Bridgeport, probably an Englishman, the following sketch, which he published in March, 1877. My neighbors generally say it is a truthful representation of me and my surroundings "at home," but I think the writer has made the picture too flattering:

CELEBRITIES AT HOME

P. T. BARNUM

A stranger in America, happening to alight at Bridgeport, a thriving city of some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, beautifully situated on the shore of Long Island Sound, within sixty miles of New York city, might be surprised to find that it owes much of its prosperity to the business tact and energy of its most prominent citizen, Phineas Taylor Barnum. Ask any inhabitant of this third city of the State of Connecticut who built those rows of cottages, reminding an English traveler of those built by the more philanthropic manufacturers at home, and the answer comes, "Barnum." How is it that so many operatives possess homes of their own? Again the answer, "Barnum helped them." Who planned your Mountain Grove — one of the most beautiful cemeteries in America? "Barnum started it, and thus did away with an old, neglected burying-ground that used to be in the heart of the city." And your lovely Sea-side Park; who originated that? "Oh, Barnum, of course; he gave some of the land, begged and bought the remainder, and never rested until the park became what it is — the greatest ornament and blessing of our city." You may go on with the catechism, *ad libitum*, and will find that this "showman" has been a zealous worker in, and generally prime mover of, every public improvement. That his fellow-citizens appreciate his efforts is apparent, for they elected him

mayor, twice sent him to represent the town in the State Legislature, nominated him for the United States Congress, and, on one occasion, within the last few years, on his return from a visit to England, over two hundred of the most substantial citizens of Bridgeport gave him a complimentary dinner, " in honor of the liberality and energy in private enterprise; in promoting the industries and public improvements of Bridgeport, and the genuine philanthropy " of their popular fellow-townsman.

Mr. Barnum, when at home, is in great request. Few temperance meetings are considered complete unless he is a prominent speaker; few church bazaars expected to succeed unless he opens them with a humorous speech, which seldom fails to open hearts and purses. The youngest urchin can point the way to Sea-side Park, and there, standing on a slight eminence, looking down on the park and across its narrowest part to the waters of the sound, over whose surface steamers, yachts, and every variety of water craft are continually passing, stands Waldemere, from whose cupola floats a silken flag bearing the well-known monogram, P. T. B., whenever the king of showmen is at home. Waldemere — Woods by the Sea — so named by its owner's friend, Bayard Taylor, is a naturally beautiful estate beautified by art. Its well-kept lawns, broad and sweeping, are ornamented with fountains of bronze and marble; statues gleam against a background of grove and thicket; the house is girdled with a broad belt of flowers, and flower-beds of every English device border the drives from gateway to porch. The house itself is not easily described, being a curious but pleasant mélange of Gothic, Italian and French architecture and decoration, presenting a front a hundred and sixty feet long to the water, whereby most of the rooms command a very charming view. On entering one is pleasantly struck by the spaciousness of hall and rooms. One can breathe as freely in-doors as out. Nothing is small or contracted. The house is furnished luxuriously but not ostentatiously; taste as well as wealth being evident in the arrangement of every room. Pictures of high merit hang on tinted walls and stand on easels. Chinese vases of quaint and wonderful design guard the fireplaces; busts and statuettes fill nooks and corners; capacious bookcases fail to hold the latest works; while mantels and *étagères* hold costly *bric-à-brac* in artistic confusion. Many of these or-

naments abound in interesting reminiscences for the "great showman" and for his friends. On a pedestal in a place of honor, stands a marble bust of Jenny Lind, whose original contract with P. T. Barnum hangs framed in one of the halls, the signatures of Jenny Lind, Sir Julius Benedict, Giovanni Belletti and P. T. Barnum, compelling us to pause for a moment before it. A corner bracket in a cosy sitting-room holds a small Parian Bacchus — a Christmas gift from the Swedish Nightingale to Mr. Barnum, in good-natured ridicule of his firm temperance principles and practice. In an *étagère* in this same pleasant room lie dimpled marble models of Tom Thumb's hand and foot taken when his size was smallest and his fame greatest. One cannot spend half an hour inspecting Waldemere without discovering that Mr. Barnum is a firm believer in cleanliness either for its relation to godliness or for its own merits. The mansion is intersected with a very network of waterpipes — there being scarcely a room that has not its bath-room and lavatory attached. There are rooms bearing the names of distinguished guests who have occupied them. A spacious bed-room, with hangings and furniture of pale green and white, is known as the "Greeley room," for here Horace Greeley has reposed. Two pleasant rooms are associated with the memory of the sister poetesses, Alice and Phœbe Cary. Doubtless there will sometime be a "Twain room," for the humorist is a frequent guest at Waldemere.

Mr. Barnum's second wife is a young English lady of culture, the daughter of an old friend of his in Lancashire. The good taste displayed in the ornamentation of Waldemere is due to Mrs. Barnum, who is highly appreciated by the best families of Bridgeport as a charming hostess, an intelligent and agreeable conversationalist, and a kind neighbor and friend. Mr. Barnum's daughters regard her as a treasure added to their enjoyment, and to their father's happiness and comfort. As for Mr. Barnum himself his round, full face beams with extra smiles when he is near her. He never seems quite so happy as when listening to her playing opera music on the grand piano, riding at her side in the family landeau to and from church, in Sea-side Park, or on the numerous pleasant avenues in the vicinity of Bridgeport.

Mr. Barnum's library, or, as he calls it, "work-shop," is an imposing octagonal room furnished and paneled with cherry, birch and maple

woods. Opening on one hand is a lavatory, and on another a room where his private secretary works within call. At a large and much littered desk, with papers strewn ankle-deep around his chair, Mr. Barnum spends nearly every morning of his life communicating with his agents in every land — often interrupted by some employee desiring orders, or by some friend or stranger asking advice or more substantial help, but never laying down his pen, which is traveling rapidly as ever ere the door has closed behind the visitor. He is economical of his time, never wasting or submitting to be robbed of a moment of the hours set apart for business. Woe to the adventurer or visionary who intrudes at this time. He is weighed, found wanting and dismissed in two minutes. These long mornings, and a short time devoted on the arrival of each mail to answering the letters they never fail to bring — these hours over, the keen but conscientious man of business, the head of so many undertakings, enjoys himself with as much apparent freedom from care as the workman who has just pocketed a good week's wages. If Mr. Barnum, when working, dislikes to be interrupted, Mr. Barnum, when enjoying himself, is even less tolerant of business intrusion. The intruder may desire to purchase valuable land and come with the money in his pocket; he is none the less decisively told to "come in the morning." The personal appearance of P. T. Barnum will interest those who may not have seen the man nor his portrait. Tall, portly, erect, in spite of his sixty-seven years of hard work and several fortunes earned and lost, and won again, with a high forehead, gray hair curling crisply around a bald head, with a firm, decided step and voice, he is very different from the popular conception of a showman — as indeed his social standing upsets the general idea of a showman's natural and proper status.

In the spring of 1877 I offered $10,000 for the return of the kidnapped Charley Ross to his afflicted parents. But though my offer was published far and wide on both sides of the Atlantic, all efforts for his restoration proved unavailing.[4]

[4] Charley Ross, aged four years, was abducted from Germantown, Penna., July 1, 1874, by men described as peddlers. It is said that Christian K. Ross, the father, when he died in 1897, had spent $60,000 in vain search for the missing

In August, 1877, I visited Des Moines, and proceeded west with my show as far as Council Bluffs, Iowa, and thence to my cattle ranch in Colorado. I gave temperance speeches in Denver and Greeley, and also gave my lecture on "The World, and How to Live in It" in the former city and at Colorado Springs.

In November, 1877, I was elected to represent Bridgeport in the General Assembly of Connecticut. My majority was 212, although the political party with which I am identified is usually 700 in the minority. It was a personal sacrifice to me to leave my home to help make our State laws at Hartford, but I did not feel at liberty to refuse the demand upon my services, and I endeavored to fulfill my duty as a citizen of the Commonwealth without undue exertions party-wise. The Speaker, Hon. Charles H. Briscoe, offered me the choice of chairmanship of half a dozen standing committees. I told him that on the two former occasions when I was in the Legislature I was chairman on agriculture (having plowed with an elephant), but I should now prefer to be one of the committee on temperance. He appointed me chairman of that committee. We succeeded in getting several favorable changes in our liquor laws, yet, like Oliver Twist, we asked for more. During the winter I gave a number of lectures in the vicinity of Hartford. Among numerous social gatherings which I attended in that city, I remember none more pleasant than a dinner given to half a dozen of his friends by Governor Hubbard. The Republican party had a majority in both houses, and of course carried such measures as they desired. There was, however, one exception. At our party caucus, when it was announced that a nomination was to be made for a Republican superintendent of the public-school fund to supersede the Democratic incumbent, who was acknowledged by all parties to be an honest, intelligent, and capable person, I insisted that no change should

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boy. The case aroused country-wide interest and volunteers everywhere joined in the hunt. Many false Charley Rosses appeared. [Ed.]

be made. I reminded the members of the caucus that the position was a responsible and important one; that a large amount of the State's money, held as a sacred trust, was under the control of the present incumbent, Mr. Miles; that mortgages were being foreclosed, and several complicated lawsuits were before the courts, the details of which Mr. Miles thoroughly understood, and that, although I did not know that gentleman and never saw him, I should insist upon his re-appointment. But, as is usual in politics, ardent members were anxious to serve the party, and a new nomination was insisted on. I declined to vote, and when the name of the new nominee was subsequently presented in the House I opposed it, giving my reasons, and appealed to the honor of my brother Republicans to not let partisan feelings conflict with the general interests of our State. Of course I was strongly opposed, but when the final vote was taken by yeas and nays I had the gratification of seeing over twenty Republicans stand up for "civil service," and Mr. Miles was again appointed. I have never seen that gentleman to this day, but I feel that the Commonwealth of Connecticut was a gainer by his re-appointment.

In April, 1878, my great travelling show opened for a fortnight at the American Institute building, in New York, and then proceeded to Philadelphia.

The show, as usual, was transported through the country on nearly a hundred railway cars of my own, preceded a fortnight in advance by my Magnificent Advertising Car, carrying press agents, the "paste brigade," numbering twenty, and tons of immense colored bills, programmes, lithographs, photographs, electrotype cuts, etc., to arouse the entire country for fifty miles around each place of exhibition to the fact that "P. T. Barnum's New and Greatest Show on Earth," with its acres of tents and pavilions could be reached by cheap excursion trains on certain days specified in the bills and advertisements. The show went east to Bangor, Maine, and west to Illinois, reaching New York and opening at Gilmore's Garden in October, for seven weeks to crowded houses.

THE BARNUM BOULEVARD

In the summer of 1878, I expended some twenty thousand dollars in the purchase and reclamation of a large tract of salt marsh adjoining Sea-side Park and the grounds of Waldemere on the west. This marsh has been inaccessible from time immemorial, annually producing plentiful crops of mosquitoes. The times were hard, many laboring men in Bridgeport were suffering for want of employment, and although it was evident I should never be reimbursed for half my expenditures, I could see that the improvement would be a great public benefit, and remembering the dykes in Holland which I had so frequently seen with astonishment and admiration, I determined, as I told my neighbors, to "cheat my heirs" by expending a good sum *pro bono publico*. I built this dyke straight across a channel which let in the tide-water every twelve hours and covered an immense tract of low salt meadow. I made the dyke seventy feet wide at bottom, and of sufficient width on the top to form a fine street leading from one of our city avenues to the beach on Long Island Sound. This gives nearly a mile high and dry front on the salt water connecting with Sea-side Park. I propose to make a present to the city of this "water" front, 150 feet in width, which will give them as an extension of their already beautiful Park, a delightful additional boulevard for carriages and promenade on the very edge of Long Island Sound, where the plashing salt waves may be seen, heard, and enjoyed for all time. Mayor Morford (of opposite politics from myself) in his message to the Common Council of Bridgeport, characterized my proposition as a "liberal offer," and said the Barnum Boulevard, in connection with the Sea-side Park, adding nearly a mile to the present park-drive, would be the finest improvement of the kind on the Atlantic Coast.

The Bridgeport "Leader" of May 1, 1878, in referring to this enterprise, said:

It is one of the peculiarities of Mr. Barnum, that he is always undertaking some kind of a public improvement which no one else would think of, and besides this he does it at his own expense. When he takes

hold of any great work which at the least will require years of waiting before any return can be hoped for to recompense for the original outlay, it is reasonable to believe that pecuniary gain is not the sole object of these undertakings. It is not too much to say that no six men, living or dead, have done more for Bridgeport than the "Great Showman," and, although we do not doubt that, could the books be balanced, he has virtually sunk at least more than a quarter of a million of dollars in improving the city, he is still as anxious as ever to leave the impress of his enterprise upon the most unpromising portions of the place. The building of the dyke from the western terminus of Short Beach northerly to the western end of South avenue, promises the least pecuniary return of the money invested of any of the enterprises Mr. Barnum has entered into. Yet we know of no work which promises in the end to add more to the attractiveness of the place than this.

It will be those who will people this section in the future who will recognize the wisdom and foresight of the man who had nothing to gain save the notable ambition of "leaving the world better for having lived in it," and did not hesitate to take upon himself the expense and the risk of beginning a work of which every year's delay is an irreparable damage to the city.

* * *

In November, 1878, I consented, much against my will, to accept another nomination to represent Bridgeport in the General Assembly of Connecticut. I was re-elected by a majority of several hundred votes. My opponents on the Democratic ticket were Hon. W. D. Bishop and Hon. Nathaniel Wheeler.[5]

[5] In his article "Barnum as a Legislator" ("Harper's," September 1926, pp. 465–475), Harvey W. Root says that Barnum during his service in the General Assembly lost no opportunity "to inject a note of humor into the day's work or to poke a bit of good-natured fun at associates who took themselves too seriously." "A dull debate," continues Root, "on taxing the property of educational, religious, and benevolent institutions was dragging along when Barnum rose in his place and solemnly offered the following amendment:

"'That P. T. Barnum's great moral show, being an acknowledged public educator, shall be entitled to the same exemptions from taxation that are extended to other moral and religious institutions.'"

Barnum introduced in 1879 a bill to abolish capital punishment. [Ed.]

NOT AMONG THE "LATES"

The Manchester (England) "Examiner and Times" published an editorial article coupling my name with those of the British Ministry, to which I replied as follows:

To the Editor of the Examiner and Times, Manchester, England:

SIR: In your issue of the 3d instant you make mention of me as "the *late* Mr. Barnum." For the benefit of numerous friends in Great Britain, who have not before heard of my being classed among the "lates," I beg to say that my age is among the sixties, and that, having been a teetotaler for thirty years, I am robust in health, and maintain the same vigor I possessed at forty. I am proprietor of the most extensive Museum, Menagerie, World's Fair, and Hippodrome that ever travelled, being run at an expense of $3,000 (or £600 sterling) per day, and my highest ambition, professionally, now is, to pay to the British Government one hundred thousand dollars (£20,000) for the privilege of exhibiting alive, for five years, its "white elephant," King Ketowayo, the captive Zulu. I shall be glad to receive, by an early mail, a note of acceptance from my friend Lord Beaconsfield, who so kindly mentioned me in his "Lothair." [6]

Truly yours.

P. T. BARNUM.

WALDEMERE, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., *November*, 1879.

[6] A very casual reference in chapter xlvi of the novel. [Ed.]

CHAPTER LI

THE GREAT ALLIANCE

Bergh Vanquished — Transformation Scene — Baby Elephant — The Great Alliance — Winter Quarters of the Great Barnum-London Show — Valley of the Shadow of Death — Four Pullman Car-Loads of Editors — Torch-light Procession and Grand Opening — Testimonials from Garfield and Arthur — My Voyage to Europe — Presentation of Fountain to Bethel.

In 1879 and 1880 the show under the same management was very successful. I introduced the firing of Zazel from a cannon. This has since been the principal feature of other shows, as has also the tattooed Greek whom I first introduced to the American public in 1876.[1] While exhibiting in the Rink in 1880, I had a business encounter with Henry Bergh, Esq., which created much interest and excitement in the arena and in the newspapers. A New York daily paper gave the following faithful account of the affair:

The controversy between P. T. Barnum and Henry Bergh, which has occupied public attention for a few days, was ended yesterday in favor of the veteran showman. It will be remembered that Mr. Bergh compelled Mr. Barnum to discontinue the act of the fire-horse Salamander, on the grounds of cruelty to the animal and danger to the audience. Mr. Barnum, with an eye to a stupendous advertising scheme, and doubtless with a wish to assure his patrons that everything had been

[1] Mademoiselle Zazel, "the human projectile," was thrown forty feet and caught by an assistant who swung from a trapeze. — Djordji Costentenus, known as "Captain" Costentenus and "the tattooed Greek prince," was a "stellar attraction," being decorated with a maze of stippled design, says Sherwood, "from the hair line of his head to the soles of his feet." According to Sherwood (see "Here We Are Again!" pp. 148–152), Costentenus, of Greek descent, was living in Albania when he was seized by troops of Ali, the pasha of Iannina, and put to the torture of entire tatooing because of his Christian faith. At all events, he was genuinely and thoroughly ornamented, though at one time freely asserted to be another Barnum "humbug." [Ed.]

done to secure their safety, challenged Mr. Bergh to meet him in the circus ring on Monday afternoon and to reply to his explanations. Yesterday the vast American Institute Building was unable to accommodate the crowds who clamored for admission. Shortly after the opening of the show Superintendent Hartfield, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, entered in command of seven of his officers. Police Captain Gunner, who originally made the report that caused Mr. Bergh's interference, was also on hand with a posse of twenty policemen, who were assigned positions around the ring. At the conclusion of the bareback horsemanship of Orrin Hollis, Mr. Barnum entered the arena amid an outburst of applause. When this had subsided, Mr. Barnum began his speech and said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have been catering to the public for forty-eight years, yet I am here to-day expecting arrest by this large force of police, and imprisonment and trial by a jury of my countrymen. The patent fact is just this: Mr. Bergh or I must run this show. Mr. Bergh has published that I have endangered the lives of my audiences. Long before he was known to society, I was a subscriber to a society in London, similar to the one of which he is chief, and of which Queen Victoria was a patron. It was I who called the attention of the Mayor of the city to the necessity for such a society here, and I am, in Bridgeport, what Mr. Bergh is here. I know more about animals than he knows. They are taught and governed only by kindness. The fire-horse Salamander's performance has been witnessed by the Emperor of Germany, Prince Bismarck, Queen Victoria, and many of the most prominent people in Europe, and he, like other animals, being valuable, self-interest demands protection and proper treatment. In this performance not a hair of the horse is singed.

"Years ago," continued Mr. Barnum, "Mr. Bergh demanded that I should furnish the rhinoceros with a tank of water to swim in, when such a proceeding would have killed it. I explained to Mr. Bergh the nature of the animal and its requirements, and he troubled me no further. In 1866, during my absence from New York, Mr. Bergh frightened my manager into sending the snakes to New Jersey to be fed, objecting to their being supplied with live toads and lizards, although it

was explained to him that, while they were only attracted by living food, they crushed and killed it before swallowing. On my return I ordered them to be fed with live frogs in order to preserve their lives.

"I hold in my hand," said Mr. Barnum, "a letter from Mr. Bergh, dated 'Rooms of Society, No. 826 Broadway, Dec. 11, 1866,' from which I will read an extract:

'I am informed that several live animals were recently thrown into the cage with your boa constrictor to be devoured! I assert, without fear of contradiction, that any person who can commit an atrocity such as the one I complain of is semi-barbarian in his instincts. . . . It may be urged that the reptiles will not eat dead food. In reply to this I have only to say — then let them starve; for it is contrary to the merciful providence of God that wrong should be committed in order to accomplish a supposed right. But I am satisfied that this assertion is false in theory and practice, for no living creature will allow itself to perish of hunger with food before it — be the aliment dead or alive. On the next occurrence of this cruel exhibition this society will take legal measures to punish the perpetrator of it. 'HENRY BERGH, President.'

"I sent a copy of this letter to the elder Professor Agassiz, and received the following autograph letter in reply. It is too rich to keep longer from the public:

'CAMBRIDGE, *Feb.* 28, 1867.

'P. T. BARNUM, ESQ.:

Dear Sir: On my return to Cambridge I received your letter of the 15th January. I do not know of any way to induce snakes to eat their food otherwise than in their natural manner — that is alive. Your Museum is intended to show the public the animals as nearly as possible in their natural state. The society of which you speak is, as I understand, for the prevention of unnecessary cruelty to animals. It is a most praiseworthy object, but I do not think the most active members of the society would object to eating lobster salad because the lobster was boiled alive, or refuse roasted oysters because they were cooked alive, or raw oysters because they must be swallowed alive. I am, dear sir, your obedient servant, 'L. AGASSIZ.'

"On March 4, 1867, I inclosed Professor Agassiz's letter to Mr. Bergh, from whom I demanded an apology for his abuse, and an acknowledgment of his mistake as to snakes eating dead food. Three days later Mr. Bergh replied, acknowledging the receipt of mine. He then wrote as follows:

'Your letter contains a threat to give my letter to the public unless I write you a letter for publication, stating that since reading Professor Agassiz's letter to you I withdraw my objections, etc. In reply to this I have to say that the hastily written note to which you refer was not intended for publication.'

"Hastily written, indeed," commented the great show king, "calling my acts atrocities and me semi-barbarous in my instincts." He then proceeded with the letter:

"'I am convinced of the necessity of laboring more assiduously in the cause of protecting the brute creation in order to counteract the unhappy influence which the expressions of that distinguished savant [Professor Agassiz] are calculated to occasion. I scarcely know which emotion is paramount in my mind, regret or astonishment, that so eminent a philosopher should have cast the weight of his commanding authority into the scale where cruelty points the index in its favor.

'HENRY BERGH, President.'"

He detailed other obstacles which Mr. Bergh had thrown in his way, and intimated that if he (Bergh) would stick to his own business, he (Barnum) would run his own show, and conform to the laws as decided by a jury of his countrymen. In conclusion Mr. Barnum said: "I now expect to be arrested, but if I should be, I shall place a hoop of fire around Henry Bergh that will make him warmer than he has been in the past, and probably than he ever will experience in the future."

The effort was received with tremendous cheering. The horse Salamander was then brought into the ring by Prince Nagaard, its trainer, and the fire hoops were lighted. Mr. Barnum ran his hand through the blaze, and then stepped through the flaming circle, hat in hand. Ten clowns performed a number of ludicrous antics through the hoops, and then the horse passed through without showing any signs of fear and without singeing a hair. Mr. Barnum had not yet finished the illustra-

tion, however, for he requested Superintendent Hartfield to walk through the still blazing hoops. Without hesitation he did so, and he got more applause than Mme. Dockrill in her four-horse act. Superintendent Hartfield then stated that his superior, Mr. Bergh, had evidently made a mistake in the matter; that there was neither cruelty nor danger in the performance, and that the society had no cause for action. Amid the wildest excitement and cheers for the plucky Barnum, Capt. Gunner, looking somewhat crestfallen, withdrew his officers, and the show went on. Salamander again went through his tricks last night without interruption.

Although I was forced to resent his ill-advised interference and mistaken accusation, this episode did not impair my personal regard for Mr. Bergh and my admiration of his noble works.

In the spring of the same year, 1880, I erected on the principal street of Bridgeport a fine building for business purposes. It was built behind a board screen or casing the full height of the structure. Its purpose was to protect the workmen and enable them (time being an object) to work regardless of inclement weather, but when, the work being finished, the screen was removed in the night-time, and early risers saw, instead of unsightly boards, a handsome building of brick, with granite and terra-cotta ornaments, and a fine statue of America gazing benignly down, from her alcove in the second story, on the wondering and admiring crowd below, I was suspected of having planned a very effective transformation scene.

So late as 1880, no travelling show in the world bore any comparison with my justly-called "Greatest Show on Earth." Other show-managers boasted of owning shows equalling mine, and some bought of the printers large colored show-bills pictorially representing my marvelous curiosities, although these managers had no performances or curiosities of the kinds which they represented. The cost of one of their shows was from twenty thousand to fifty thousand dollars, while mine cost millions of dollars. Their expenses were three hundred

to seven hundred dollars per day, while mine were three thousand dollars per day. The public soon discovered the difference between the sham and the reality, the natural consequence of misrepresentation followed; the small showmen made little or nothing, some went into bankruptcy each season, while mine [*sic*-Ed.] was always crowded, and each succeeding year showed a larger profit.

My strongest competitors were the so-called "Great London Circus, Sanger's Royal British Menagerie, and Grand International Allied Shows." Its managers, Cooper, Bailey & Hutchinson, had adopted my manner of dealing with the public, and consequently their great show grew in popularity.

On the tenth of March, 1880, while in Philadelphia, one of their large elephants, Hebe, became a mother. This was the first elephant born in captivity, and the managers so effectively advertised the fact that the public became wild with excitement over the "Baby Elephant." Naturalists and men of science rushed in numbers to Philadelphia, examined the wonderful "little stranger," and gave glowing reports to the papers of this country and of Europe. Illustrated papers and magazines of this and foreign lands described the baby elephant with pen and pencil, and before it was two months old I offered the lucky proprietors one hundred thousand dollars cash for mother and baby. They gleefully rejected my offer, pleasantly told me to look to my laurels, and wisely held on to their treasure.[2]

I found that I had at last met foemen "worthy of my steel," and pleased to find comparatively young men with a business talent and energy approximating to my own, I met them in

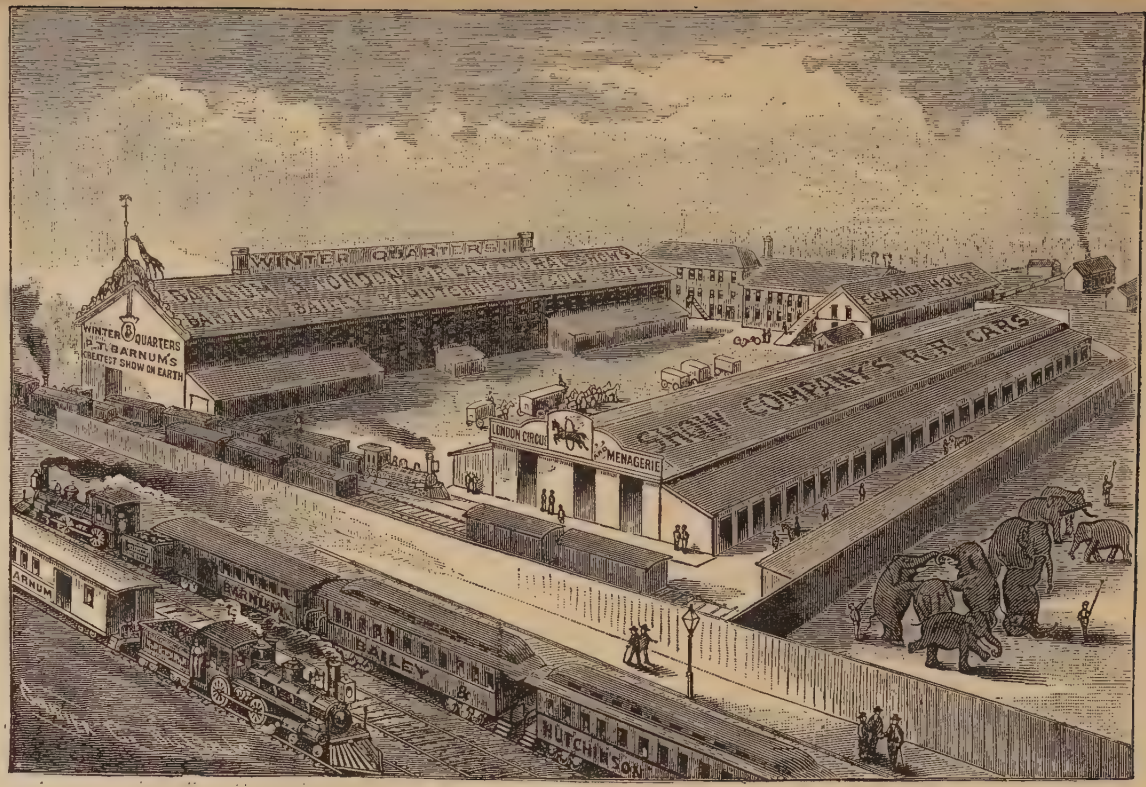
[2] "Bailey also grasped the opportunity. He refused the offer, and as soon as he reached the territory of his rival he covered everything in sight with paper headed, 'What Barnum Thinks of the Baby Elephant,' and followed with a reproduction of Barnum's telegram offering the big price for the youngster. It brought him immense business, and for once Barnum was beaten at his own specialty — publicity." (Conklin-Root) — "They . . . had a twelve sheet stand of bills made of Mr. Barnum's telegram, and for once 'P. T.' got the worst of a publicity stunt." (Sherwood) — [Ed.]

friendly council, and after days of negotiation we decided to join our shows in one mammoth combination, and, sink or swim, to exhibit them for, at least, one season for one price of admission. The public were astonished at our audacity, and old showmen declared that we could never take in enough money to cover our expenses, which would be fully forty-five hundred dollars per day. My new partners, James A. Bailey[3] and James L. Hutchinson, sagacious and practical managers, agreed with me that the experiment involved great risk, but, from the time of the Jenny Lind Concerts, the Great Roman Hippodrome, and other expensive enterprises, I have always found the great American public appreciative and ready to respond in proportion to the sums expended for their gratification and amusement.

This partnership entered into, we conceived the idea of building a monster emporium or winter quarters to accommodate all our wild animals, horses, chariots, railroad cars, and the immense paraphernalia of the united shows, instead of distributing the same in different localities. We inclosed a ten-acre lot in Bridgeport adjacent to the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. In this inclosure we erected an elephant house one hundred feet square, kept heated to the temperature naturally required by these animals. Here thirty to forty elephants are luxuriously housed and trained to perform in a circus-ring in the center.

In another large building the lions, tigers, and leopards, which require a different temperature, are lodged and trained.

[3] Bailey (1847–1906) was originally named McGinnis. He ran away from the McGinnis home in Detroit and was working around a hotel in Pontiac, Mich., when Benjamin Stevens and Frederick H. Bailey, a pair of advance agents for the old (John) Robinson & (Bill) Lake circus arrived there. Bailey befriended young McGinnis, who quitted Pontiac to follow the show. Thereupon McGinnis became J. A. Bailey, and so distasteful to him was his former name that, according to George Conklin, he discharged Billy Dutton, an accomplished rider, because Dutton had talked about the matter to a group of performers. Gil Robinson ("Old Wagon Show Days") makes the cognomen "McGuinness." "James Bailey" appears on the roster of the Robinson & Lake show for two years — in 1861 as "bill-poster," in 1862 as "assistant agent." [Ed.]



WINTER QUARTERS IN BRIDGEPORT

At the time when the show was dubbed "P. T. Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth and the Great London Circus."
(From the 1889 "Struggles and Triumphs.")

Still another accommodates the camels and caged animals. The monkeys have roomy quarters all to themselves, where they can roam and work their mischievous will unrestrained. The amphibious animals, hippopotami, sea lions, etc., have in their inclosure a huge pond heated by means of steam pipes, where the elephants are permitted their great enjoyment, a bath. A building three hundred feet long covers eight lines of tracks where the cars are stored, and these tracks are all connected by switches with the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. In a circus-ring exclusively for the purpose the riders, acrobats, etc., practice in the winter, so as not to lose their hard-won skill and suppleness. The chariots are all placed in one huge store-house, and are run into position by the larger elephants, which, standing behind the chariots, put their heads against them, and, with wonderful intelligence and docility, push them in place at the direction of their keeper. The elephants are always called into requisition when a car gets off the switches, and indeed they do all the heavy work of the winter quarters. A nursery department maintained for the reception and careful tending of new-born animals adjoins the office of the veterinary surgeon. The harness, paint, and blacksmith shops are all immense and distinct. The accommodations include stabling for seven hundred of our best horses, and storerooms for canvas, tent-poles, and innumerable properties. Editors and artists flocked to see the quickly-famous winter quarters, and well-illustrated articles appeared in leading periodicals. The public also were anxious and curious to see the workings of this city of wonders, but were reluctantly denied admission, as visitors deranged the necessarily strict routine of the establishment, and were themselves in no little danger, many of the wild animals which are perfectly tractable when alone with their keepers, being permitted to leave their cages and frolic at large in their respective buildings. The signs which designate the different buildings are visible from all trains passing through Bridgeport.

In November of 1880, while in New York on business, I

was suddenly attacked by an almost fatal illness, and laid [4] for many weeks between life and death, unconscious of the tender solicitude shown me by countless good friends in this country, and the cable messages of inquiry that came thickly from others in foreign lands; the knowledge of all which will be ever a bright and grateful memory. Dr. Chapin, then on his deathbed, sent a messenger daily; reporters besieged the house at all hours, and contributed bulletins of my progress or relapse to all the principal New York papers; while the Associated Press kept the remoter public informed by telegraph of my condition. When strong enough I went to Florida, to recuperate in that delightful climate, returning in April to take up my old avocations with the old zest, and little less than the old strength.

The Barnum & London Circus opened in New York March 18, 1881, heralded by a torchlight procession through the city on Saturday night, March 16th, which was witnessed by more than half a million of people and pronounced the most brilliant display ever seen in America. A New York paper thus described it:

The street parade Saturday night was the grandest pageant ever witnessed in our streets, and fully met the anticipations of the thousands of spectators thronging the entire route. The whole equipment and display was magnificent, without a single weak feature to mar the general effect. The golden chariots, triumphal and tableau cars were more numerous, more ponderous, more elaborate and gorgeous in finish than any other establishment has brought here; the cages of wild animals were more numerous than usual, many of them were also open, and their trainers rode through the streets in the cages of lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas and monster serpents. There were cars drawn by teams of elephants, camels, dromedaries, zebras, elk, deer and ponies. And there appeared in the grand cavalcade three hundred and thirty-eight horses, twenty elephants, fourteen camels, jet-black dromedaries, a large number of ponies, zebras, trained oxen, etc., also three hundred and seventy

[4] The proof-room, too, queried this preterit; but it is P. T.'s. [Ed.]

men and women. The cavalry of all nations was represented in the various uniforms worn, mounted upon superb chargers, and the costumes throughout were brilliant and beautiful. Music was furnished by four brass bands (one composed of genuine Indians), a calliope, a fine chime of bells, a steam organ, a squad of Scotch bag-pipers, and a company of genuine plantation negro jubilee singers.

Electric and calcium light illuminated the whole. Windows were sold in New York, along Broadway, for five dollars, eight dollars, and ten dollars, from which to view the pageant. So certain were we that this great street pageant and the marvellous combination of novelties to be produced throughout the season, would totally eclipse any former show enterprise, that on Saturday, March 26th, we brought, in drawing-room cars, from Washington, D. C., and Boston, and all the principal cities on those routes, the editors of all the leading papers. These gentlemen, nearly one hundred in number, witnessed the torchlight procession Saturday night, and our opening performance at the Madison Square Garden Monday night, March 28th. They were lodged at hotels at our expense, and by us returned to their homes on Tuesday; a very costly piece of advertising, which yet yielded us a magnificent return in the enthusiastic editorial indorsements of so many papers of good standing, whose representatives had seen our show and exclaimed as did the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, "The half was not told me!"

The following extract from the New York "Herald" of March 29th will give some idea of the variety and excellence of our attractions for 1881:

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN — BARNUM'S CIRCUS AND SHOW

The management at Madison Square Garden have redeemed their promise to give the public one of the best arenic exhibitions in connection with a menagerie that ever has been witnessed in New York.

Long before the doors were opened they were besieged by anxious hundreds, and at a quarter past eight o'clock there was scarcely a seat to be obtained in the vast edifice. It was stated by one of the proprietors that about nine thousand persons were present, and fully three thousand who could not be accommodated were refused admission. The spectacle can therefore be better imagined than described. Indeed it was worth the price of admission alone to see the immense crowd and note the intense interest exhibited by all classes present, from the representatives of wealth and fashion, who were there in large numbers, to the little arabs to whom a circus is a paradise. The arrangements for the convenience of the audience were in every way complete. Each individual was provided with a chair, so that all crowding was avoided, while an ample supply of ushers promptly and without confusion conducted the holders of tickets to their respective places. Everything was new and clean, from the costumes to the sawdust. No bad flavors disturbed the nostrils; electric lights made the auditorium as bright as day; the ventilation was good and a strong force of police were present to preserve order had their services been required. The only drawback to the performance was that the spectator was compelled to receive more than his money's worth; in other words, that while his head was turned in one direction he felt that he was losing something good in another. Three rings were provided, marked on the programmes as Circle No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3; the equestrianism taking place in the two outer rings and the central space being reserved more especially for what are technically known as "ground acts." The display began with the usual pageant, in which a vast number of rich dresses and handsome animals were exhibited, after which there was a general introduction of the most notable curiosities, including General Tom Thumb and lady, Chang, the Chinese giant, the bearded woman, the American baby elephant, giant horse, ox, a pair of giraffes broken to harness, and other features. Six common plow oxen were next shown, after which followed extraordinary performances on horseback, gymnastic and athletic exercises, juggling, wire-rope walking, trapeze-flying and other attractions "too numerous to mention." Among the most interesting portions of the performance were the military drill and other feats by twenty trained elephants, the balancing by a Japanese family and the extraor-

dinary jumping of the group of leapers who ended the programme. The clowns were exceptionally good and one or two quite original. Altogether the show is well worth seeing.

Very early in the travelling season of 1881, we enlarged our already immense tents three different times, and yet so great was the multitude that attended our exhibitions — many coming on excursion trains twenty, thirty, and even fifty miles — that at half the towns we visited we were unable to accommodate all who came, and we turned away thousands for want of room. In every town we were patronized by the *élite,* and frequently the public and private schools, as well as manufactories, were closed on "Barnum Day," school committees and teachers recognizing that children would learn more of natural history by one visit to our menagerie than they could acquire by months of reading.

In Washington President Garfield told me he always attended my shows, and when Secretary Blaine said, "Well, Barnum, all the children in America are anxious to see your show," the President smilingly added, "Yes! Mr. Barnum is the Kris Kringle of America."

Sir Edward Thornton, the British Ambassador, secured seventy-five seats at one of our exhibitions in Washington, and the next day wrote me a letter in which he said, "I certainly consider it the best organized and most complete establishment of that kind that I have ever visited, and that it is the most instructive and enjoyable." General Sherman wrote, "I say without hesitating that it surpasses anything of the kind I have seen in America or Europe." I received the autographic indorsements of President Garfield, Vice-President Arthur, Secretary Blaine, McVeagh, Roscoe Conkling, Hunt, Secretary of the Navy, Robert T. Lincoln, T. L. James, Senators Frye, Salisbury, Lamar, and Platt of Connecticut, Governor Hawley and most of the foreign ambassadors, cabinet ministers, and United States senators. The furore which my show never fails to excite everywhere was tersely and wittily expressed in a

notice posted up in a factory in a town which we visited last season. "Closed on account of the greatest interference on earth."

The immense patronage which my own country bestows on my efforts is all that keeps me from taking my big show to Europe, where my name is as well known as in America.

For years showmen have asserted that I did not own my show; others assumed to be my relatives and representatives. Determined to put down these false assertions and assumptions I sued the Philadelphia "Sun" for $100,000 damages in April, 1881, for saying that I merely hired out my name. The publisher, convinced of his error, retracted the statement and apologized. I withdrew the suit, having obtained all the redress I desired. In May, 1881, the desire to acquire, for my show-season of 1882, attractions which only my personal negotiations could secure, I revisited England, sailing in the "Scythia." After four pleasant weeks I returned in the "Gallia," successful in the object of my journey and invigorated by that finest of all tonics, a sea-voyage. Desiring to aid in beautifying the village of Bethel, it being my birth-place, from which a busy, checkered life has never alienated my interest, I presented to my old companions a bronze fountain eighteen feet high, made in Germany; the design a triton of heroic size, spouting water from an uplifted horn. It was a gala day for Bethel, the streets and residences were decorated with flags and bunting, a procession of police, fire companies with their engines, bands of music, citizens and invited guests in carriages, etc., paraded the town, and they formed in line around the square, newly adorned by the fountain. All of which was described, and the fountain illustrated in "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" of September 3, 1881. From a grand stand many speeches were made, and as my old friends would not permit me to be merely a listener and looker-on, and as reminiscences of the old days presented themselves thickly in my mind, in wide and often amusing contrasts to the customs and conditions of to-day, I addressed them.

My Friends: Among all the varied scenes of an active and eventful life, crowded with strange incidents of struggle and excitement, of joy and sorrow, taking me often through foreign lands and bringing me face to face with the king in his palace and the peasant in his turf-covered hut, I have invariably cherished with the most affectionate remembrance the place of my birth, the old village meeting-house, without steeple or bell, where in its square family pew I sweltered in summer and shivered through my Sunday-school lessons in winter, and the old school-house where the ferule, the birchen rod and rattan did active duty, of which I deserved and received a liberal share. I am surprised to find that I can distinctly remember events which occurred before I was four years old.

I can see, as if but yesterday, our hardworking mothers hetcheling their flax, carding their tow and wool, spinning, reeling, and weaving it into fabrics for bedding and clothing for all the family of both sexes. The same good mothers did the knitting, darning, mending, washing, ironing, cooking, soap and candle making, picked the geese, milked the cows, made butter and cheese, and did many other things for the support of the family.

We babies of 1810, when at home, were dressed in tow frocks, and the garments of our elders were not much superior, except on Sunday, when they wore their "go-to-meeting clothes" of homespun and linsey-woolsey.

Rain water was caught and used for washing, while that for drinking and cooking was drawn from wells with their "old oaken bucket" and long poles and well sweeps.

Fire was kept over night by banking up the brands in ashes in the fire-place, and if it went out one neighbor would visit another about daylight the next morning with a pair of tongs to borrow a coal of fire to kindle with. Our candles were tallow, home-made, with dark tow wicks. In summer nearly all retired to rest at early dark without lighting a candle except upon extraordinary occasions. Home-made soft-soap was used for washing hands, faces, and everything else. The children of families in ordinary circumstances ate their meals on trenchers (wooden plates). As I grew older our family and others got an extravagant streak, discarded the trenchers, and rose to the dignity of pewter plates

and leaden spoons. Tin peddlers who traveled through the country with their wagons supplied these and other luxuries. Our food consisted chiefly of boiled and baked beans, bean porridge, coarse rye bread, apple sauce, hasty pudding eaten in milk, of which we all had plenty. The elder portion of the family ate meat twice a day — had plenty of vegetables, fish of their own catching, and occasionally big clams, which were cheap in those days, and shad in their season. These were brought from Norwalk and Bridgeport by fish and clam peddlers. Uncle Caleb Morgan of Wolfpits or Puppytown, was our only butcher. He peddled his meat through Bethel once a week. It consisted mostly of veal, lamb, mutton, or fresh pork, he seldom bringing more than one kind at a time. Probably he did not have beef oftener than once a month. Many families kept sheep, pigs, and poultry, and one or more cows. They had plenty of plain substantial food. Droves of hogs ran at large in the streets of Bethel.

When one of the neighbors wanted to feed his hogs he went out in the street and called "Pig," which was pretty sure to bring in all the other hogs in the neighborhood. I remember one man, called "Old Chambers," who had no trouble in this respect, and he was the only one excepted from it. He had a peculiar way of getting his hogs from the general drove. When he wanted them he would go out into the street and shout "Hoot! hoot! hoot!" At this cry all the hogs but his own would run away, but they understood the cry and would stand still and take the meal.

Our dinners several times each week consisted of "pot luck," which was corned beef, salt pork, and vegetables, all boiled together in the same big iron pot hanging from the crane, which was supplied with iron hooks and trammels and swung in and out of the huge fire-place. In the same pot with the salt pork, potatoes, turnips, parsnips, beets, carrots, cabbage, and sometimes onions, was placed an Indian pudding, consisting of plain Indian meal mixed in water, pretty thick, salted and poured into a home-made brown linen bag, which was tied at the top. When dinner was ready the Indian pudding was *first* taken from the pot, slipped out of the bag, and eaten with molasses. Then followed the "pot-luck." I confess I like to this day the old-fashioned "boiled dinner," but doubt whether I should relish a sweetened dessert before my

meat. Rows of sausages called "links" hung in the garret, were dried, and lasted all winter.

I remember them well, and the treat it was when a boy, to have one of these links to take to school to eat. At noon we children would gather about the great fire-place, and having cut a long stick would push the sharpened end through the link, giving it a sort of cat-tail appearance. The link we would hold in the fire until it was cooked, and would then devour it with a keen relish.

There were but few wagons or carriages in Bethel when I was a boy. Our grists of grain were taken to the mill in bags on horseback, and the women rode to church on Sundays and around the country on week days on horseback, usually on a cushion called a pillion fastened behind the saddle, the husband, father, brother, or lover riding in front on the saddle. The country doctor visited his patients on horseback, carrying his saddle-bags containing calomel, jalap, Epsom salts, lancet, and a turnkey, those being the principal aids in relieving the sick. Nearly every person, sick or well, was bled every spring.

Teeth were pulled with a turnkey, and a dreadful instrument it was in looks, and terrible in execution. I can remember that once I had a convenient toothache. Like many other boys I had occasions when school was distasteful to me, and the hunting for birch or berries, or going after fish was more of a delight than the struggle after knowledge. This toothache struck in on a Monday morning in ample time to cover the school hour. I was in great pain, and held on to my jaw with a severe grip. My mother's sympathetic nature permitted me to stay at home with the pain. My father was of rather sterner stuff. He didn't discover I was out of school until the second day. When he found out I had the toothache, he wanted to see the tooth. I pointed out one, and he examined it carefully. He said it was a perfectly sound tooth, but he didn't doubt but it pained very much, and must be dreadful to bear, but he would have something done for it. He gave me a note to Dr. Tyle Taylor. Dr. Tyle read the note, looked at the tooth, and then, getting down the dreadful turnkey, growled, "Sit down there, and I'll have that tooth out of there, or I'll yank your young head off." I did not wait for the remedy, but left for home at the top of my speed — and have not had the toothache since.

I remember seeing my father and our neighbors put through military drill every day by Capt. Noah Ferry in 1814, for the war with Great Britain of 1812–15.

My uncles, aunts, and others, when I was a child, often spoke about ravages of Indians from which their ancestors had suffered, and numbers of them remembered and described the burning of Danbury by the British in 1777.

One season I attended the private school of Laurens P. Hickok (now Professor Hickok), in which his sweetheart, Eliza Taylor, was also a scholar. One day he threw a ruler at my head. I dodged, and it struck Eliza in the face. He quietly apologized and said she might apply that to some other time when she might deserve it. He and his wife are still living in Andover, Mass., a happy grey-haired old couple of eighty or more.

Eliza's father, Esquire Tom Taylor, sometimes wore white-topped boots. He was a large, majestic-looking man, of great will-force, and was considered the richest man in Bethel. Mr. Eli Judd was marked second in point of wealth. Every year I took twelve dollars to Esquire Tom Taylor to pay the interest on a two hundred dollar note which my father owed him. I also annually carried four dollars and fifty cents to Eli Judd for interest on a seventy-five dollar note which he held against my father. As these wealthy men quietly turned over each note filed away in a small package till they found the note of my father, and then indorsed the interest thereon, I trembled with awe to think I stood in the presence of such wonderfully rich men. It was estimated that the richer of them was actually worth three thousand dollars!

Esquire Tom made quite a revolution here by one act. He got two yards of figured carpet to put down in front of his bed in the winter, because the bare board floor was too cold for his feet, while he was dressing. This was a big event in the social life of that day, and Esquire Tom was thought to be putting on airs which his great wealth alone permitted.

When I was but ten years old, newspapers came only once a week.

The man who brought us the week's paper came up from Norwalk, and drove through this section with newspapers for subscribers and pins and needles for customers. He was called Uncle Silliman. I can

remember well his weekly visit through Bethel, and his queer cry. On coming to a house or village he would shout "News! News! The Lord reigns!" One time he passed our school-house when a snow-storm was prevailing. He shouted: "News! News! The Lord reigns — and snows a little!"

It took two days, and sometimes more, to reach New York from Bethel or Danbury. My father drove a freight or market wagon from Bethel to Norwalk. Stage passengers for New York took sloop at Norwalk, sometimes arriving in New York the next morning, but were often detained by adverse winds several days.

Everybody had barrels of cider in their cellars and drank cider — spirits called "gumption." Professors of religion and the clergy all drank liquor. They drank it in all the hat and comb shops, the farmers had it at hay and harvest times. Every sort of excuse was made for being treated. A new journeyman must give a pint or quart of rum to pay his footing. If a man had a new coat he must "sponge" it by treating. Even at funerals the clergy, mourners, and friends drank liquor. At public vendues the auctioneer held a bottle of liquor in his hand and when bidding lagged he would cry "A dram to the next bidder," the bid would be raised a cent, and the bidder would take his dram boldly and be the envy of most of the others.

The public whipping post and imprisonment for debt both flourished in Bethel in my youthful days. Suicides were buried at cross-roads. How blessed are we to live in a more charitable and enlightened age, to enjoy the comforts and conveniences of modern times, and to realize that the world is continually growing wiser and better.

I sincerely congratulate my native village on her character for temperance, industry, and other good qualities.

And now, my friends, I take very great pleasure in presenting this fountain to the town and borough of Bethel as a small evidence of the love which I bear them and the respect which I feel for my successors, the present and future citizens of my native village.[5]

[5] A fuller version of this address, including matter of strictly local interest, may be found in Bailey and Hill, "History of Danbury, Conn., 1684–1896" (New York, 1896), pp. 540–548. In the course of years, the fountain fell into disrepair; finally it was sold to a junk-man, and the place thereof knows it no more. [Ed.]

Our Great Barnum-London Show closed its season at Newport, Arkansas, November 12, 1881, from whence it came direct to its Winter Quarters at Bridgeport, arriving on the morning of November nineteenth. The entire show travelled, during the season of thirty-three weeks, 12,266 miles. Bay City, Michigan, was the furthest point north which the Show visited; Bangor, Maine, the furthest east; Galveston, Texas, the furthest south, and Omaha, Nebraska, the furthest west.

In December of each year, I dispatch my manager and agents to Europe to discover fresh attractions "without regard to expense," and to bring home for my next season the many novelties which my European agents have secured during the preceding twelve months. My hunters, trappers, and agents in India, Africa, and Australia are continually capturing rare wild beasts, and in every part of the civilized globe where some startling curiosity or marvelous performer is seen, the question at once is, "Where is Barnum?" The news reaches me at an early date, and if the attraction described is found worthy of a place where none but THE VERY BEST is exhibited, it is secured.

CHAPTER LII

TWO FAMOUS ELEPHANTS

Another Baby Elephant — Jumbo, the Greatest of the Great — Visit to England — Irving Dinner — George Augustus Sala — Barnum More Than Half English.

On February 2, 1882, "Queen," one of my twenty-two elephants, gave birth to a young one at our winter quarters in Bridgeport. The event had long been anticipated and thoroughly published throughout America and Europe. Scientists, all over the country, had been informed that the period of gestation being known to be about twenty months, a "Baby Elephant" might be expected early in February. The public press, naturalists, college professors, and agents of zoölogical gardens in Europe were on the *qui vive,* and when the interesting event was imminent it was telegraphed through the Associated Press to all parts of the United States, and about sixty scientists, medical men, and reporters arrived in time to be present at the birth. The next morning more than fifty columns of details of the birth, weight, and name of the baby elephant appeared in the American papers, and notices cabled to London and Paris appeared in the morning papers. As this was the second elephant ever born in captivity, either in America or Europe, it created a great sensation. Its weight was only one hundred and forty-five pounds at birth. We named it "Bridgeport," after the place of its nativity and of my residence.

We opened our Great Show for the season of 1882 on Monday, March 13th, in Madison Square Garden, New York City, having given an illuminated street pageant the preceding Saturday evening which eclipsed all similar exhibitions ever witnessed in America. The fame of the "Baby Elephant" had

created quite a *furore* in the public mind, and from the very first night of opening our efforts were crowned with success totally unprecedented in the show business. Day after day, and night after night, we turned away multitudes for want of room.

"Jumbo," the largest elephant ever seen, either wild or in captivity, had been for many years one of the chief attractions of the Royal Zoölogical Gardens, London. I had often looked wistfully on Jumbo, but with no hope of ever getting possession of him, as I knew him to be a great favorite of Queen Victoria, whose children and grandchildren are among the tens of thousands of British juveniles whom Jumbo has carried on his back. I did not suppose he would ever be sold. But one of my agents, who made the tour of Europe in the summer and autumn of 1881 in search of novelties for our big show, was so struck with the extraordinary size of the majestic Jumbo that he ventured to ask my friend Mr. Bartlett, Superintendent of the Zoölogical Gardens, if he would sell Jumbo. The presumption of my agent startled Mr. Bartlett, and at first he replied rather sarcastically in the negative, but my agent pushed the question and said, "Mr. Barnum would pay a round price for him." Further conversation led my agent to think that possibly an offer of $10,000 might be entertained. He cabled me to that effect, to which I replied: "I will give ten thousand dollars for Jumbo, but the Zoo will never sell him." Two days afterwards my agent cabled me that my offer of $10,000 for Jumbo was accepted, I to take him in the Garden as he stood. The next day I dispatched Mr. Davis by steamer to London, with a bank draft for £2,000 sterling, payable to the order of the Treasurer of the Royal Zoölogical Gardens, London. From that time an excitement prevailed and increased throughout Great Britain which, for a cause so comparatively trivial, has never had a parallel in any civilized country. The council and directors of the Royal Zoo were denounced in strong terms for having sold Jumbo to the famous Yankee showman, Barnum. The newspapers, from the London "Times" down, daily thundered

anathemas against the sale, and their columns teemed with communications from statesmen, noblemen, and persons of distinction advising that the bargain should be broken at all risk, and promising that the money would be contributed by the British public to pay any damages which might be awarded to Barnum by the courts. It is said that the Queen and the Prince of Wales both asked that this course should be adopted. I received scores of letters from ladies and children, beseeching me to let Jumbo remain, and to name what damages I required and they should be paid. Mr. Laird, the ship-builder, wrote me from Birkenhead that England was as able to pay "Jumbo claims" as she was to pay the "Alabama claims," and it would be done if I would only desist and name my terms. All England seemed to run mad about Jumbo; pictures of Jumbo, the life of Jumbo, a pamphlet headed "Jumbo-Barnum," and all sorts of Jumbo stories and poetry, Jumbo Hats, Jumbo Collars, Jumbo Cigars, Jumbo Neckties, Jumbo Fans, Jumbo Polkas, etc., were sold by the tens of thousands in the stores and streets of London and other British cities. Meanwhile the London correspondents of the leading American newspapers cabled columns upon the subject, describing the sentimental Jumbo craze which had seized upon Great Britain. These facts stirred up the excitement in the United States, and the American newspapers, and scores of letters sent to me daily, urged me not to give up Jumbo.

The editor of the London "Daily Telegraph" cabled me to name a price for which I would cancel the sale, and permit Jumbo to remain in London:

LONDON, February 22.

P. T. Barnum, N. Y.:

Editor's compliments; all British children distressed at Elephant's departure; hundreds of correspondents beg us to inquire on what terms you will kindly return Jumbo. Answer, prepaid, unlimited.

LESARGE, *Daily Telegraph.*

I cabled back as follows:

NEW YORK, February 23, 1882.

To Lesarge, Daily Telegraph, London:

My compliments to Editor "Daily Telegraph" and British Nation. Fifty-one millions of American citizens anxiously awaiting Jumbo's arrival. My forty years' invariable practice of exhibiting the best that money could procure makes Jumbo's presence here imperative. Hundred thousand pounds would be no inducement to cancel purchase. My largest tent seats 20,000 persons, and is filled twice each day. It contains four rings, in three of which three full circus companies give different performances simultaneously.

In the large outer ring, or racing track, the Roman Hippodrome is exhibited. In two other immense connecting tents my colossal Zoölogical collection and museum are shown. . . . Wishing long life and prosperity to British Nation and "Telegraph" and Jumbo, I am the public's obedient servant, P. T. BARNUM.

This dispatch was published in the London "Daily Telegraph" the next morning, and was sent by the London Associated Press to the principal newspapers throughout Great Britain, which republished it the following day, giving the excitement an immense impetus. Crowds of men, women, and children rushed to the "Zoo" to see dear old Jumbo for the last time, and the receipts at the gates were augmented nearly two thousand dollars per day. A "fellow" or stockholder of the Royal Zoo sued out an injunction in the Chancery Court against the "councillors" of the Zoo and myself to quash the sale. After a hearing, which occupied two days, the sale was declared valid, and Jumbo was decided to be my property.

The fateful day arrived when Jumbo was to bid farewell to the Zoo, and then came the tug of war. The unfamiliar street waked in Jumbo's breast the timidity which is so marked a feature of elephant character. He trumpeted with alarm, turned to re-enter the Gardens, and, finding the gate closed, laid[1] down

[1] This and the participle *infra* have been left as printed in 1889. [Ed.]

Most Famous Beast Alive!

JUMBO!

The Pride of the British Heart and Admiration of Every Nationality. More than a Mastodon in Size, Almost Human in intelligence, and the Hero of Pathetic Song and Story.

THE LARGEST ELEPHANT

in or out of captivity, and seen by more people during the last season than ever before gazed upon

any marvel in a whole decade.

Newspapers in every tongue have published his history, and he is the confessed and undisputed

RULING RAGE OF THE TIMES.

One more season the Chief Feature and attraction with the world's only greatest and most stupendous moral,

Barnum, Bailey & Hutchinson's, Barnum and London Shows united forever,

Together with the Grandest Street Pageant, most novel, choice and comprehensive Menagerie, most original, classic and unique Circus in Three Rings and on an elevated stage, and rare and marvelous Museum of Living Wonders,

Selected by Barnum Himself,

that ever mortal vision was delighted with, will visit all the prominent cities of the Union in 1883.

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Courtesy of the Conn. Historical Society.

A Barnum Advertisement of the Elephant That Furnished a New Word to the English Language

From Barnum's own pamphlet "The Art of Money-Getting," 1882.

on the pavement. His cries of fright sounded to the uninitiated like cries of grief, and quickly attracted a crowd of sympathizers. British hearts were touched, British tears flowed for the poor beast who was so unwilling to leave his old home. Persuasion had no effect in inducing him to rise, force was not permitted, and indeed it would have been a puzzle what force to apply to so huge a creature. My agent, dismayed, cabled me, "Jumbo has laid down in the street and won't get up. What shall we do?" I replied, "Let him lie there a week if he wants to. It is the best advertisement in the world." After twenty-four hours the gates of his paradise were reopened and Jumbo allowed to return to his old quarters, while my agents set to work to secure him by strategy. A huge iron-bound cage was constructed with a door at each end and mounted on broad wheels of enormous strength. This, with the doors open, was backed up against the door entrance to Jumbo's den, and the wheels sunk so that the floor of the cage was on a level with that of the elephant's. A passageway was thus formed through which Jumbo must pass to reach the outer air. After much hesitation, he was persuaded to follow his keeper, Scott, through this cage to take his daily airing. For several days this ruse was repeated, then, as he entered the cage, the door behind him was swiftly closed, then the door in front of him, and Jumbo was mine.

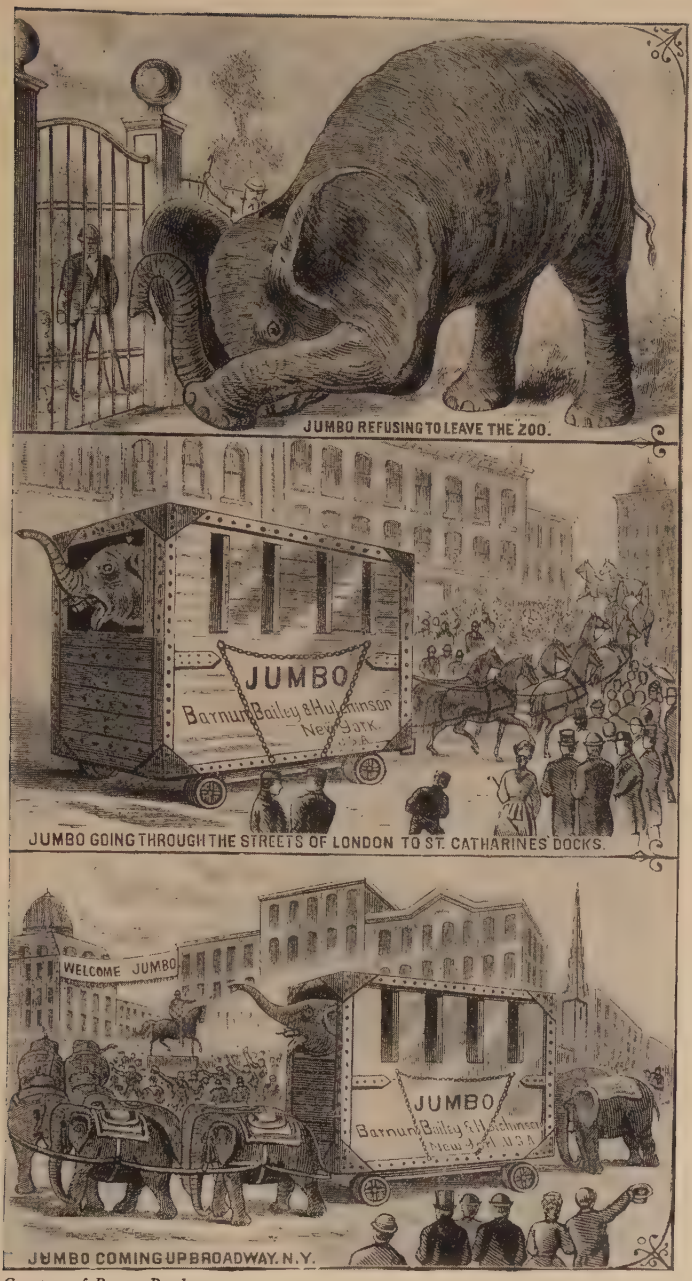
Meanwhile Jumbo came up in Parliament, where the President of the Board of Trade was questioned in regard to precautions being taken to protect the passengers on shipboard. Mr. Lowell, our American Minister to the Court of St. James, in a speech given at a public banquet in London, playfully remarked, "The only burning question between England and America is Jumbo." The London "Graphic," "Illustrated News," "Punch," and all the London papers published scores of pictures and descriptions of Jumbo, in prose and poetry, for several weeks in succession.

On the morning of his capture, March 25, 1882, the wheels of his cage were dug free of the ground, twenty horses at-

tached, and in the comparative silence of the following night, Jumbo was dragged miles to the steamship, "Assyrian Monarch," where quarters had been prepared for him by cutting away one of the decks. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals hovered over Jumbo to the last, and titled ladies and little children brought to the ship baskets of dainties for Jumbo's consumption during the voyage.

After a rough passage he arrived in New York, in good condition, Sunday morning, April 9th, and next day was placed on exhibition in the menagerie department of our Great Show where he created such a sensation that in the next two weeks the receipts *in excess of the usual amount* more than repaid us the $30,000 his purchase and removal had cost us. Being a little wearied after the excitement of this achievement, and knowing well that there is no rest and recuperative like a sea voyage, I sailed with my wife in the "City of Rome," for Liverpool, the latter part of May. We spent most of our time at the home of my wife's parents in Lancashire, making brief trips to London, visits made pleasant by the social attentions of old friends. I was present at the dinner given by Mr. Henry Irving, the eminent actor, on the stage of his Lyceum Theatre, June 25th. About seventy gentlemen of note were present, including Lord Lytton, the Lord Mayor, Sir Julius Benedict, Dion Boucicault, etc. The banquet was enlivened by speeches, and much humor and repartee. The Lord Mayor jocosely asked me what countryman I was. I replied, "A Yankee." Augustus Sala, whose ready wit is proverbial, immediately said, "I can prove that Barnum is more English than American." "How is that?" asked Mr. Henry Irving. "Because his better-half is English," was the famous editor's reply.

I also attended, by special invitation, a grand Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and other members of the Royal Family were present. My seat was located within a few feet of the Royal box. During the entertainment, some sixty of the Royal Life Guards, mounted on their jet-


JUMBO REFUSING TO LEAVE THE ZOO.
JUMBO
JUMBO GOING THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON TO ST. CATHARINES DOCKS.
WELCOME JUMBO
JUMBO
JUMBO COMING UP BROADWAY, N.Y.

Courtesy of Brown Brothers.

Jumbo Joins the Circus

He left the Gardens of the London Zoölogical Society, Regent's Park, on March 25, 1882; crossed the Atlantic on the British freighter "Assyrian Monarch"; arrived in New York on April 9.

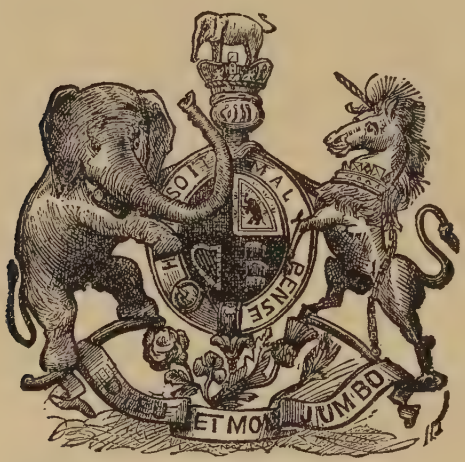
black steeds, gave what is called the "Musical Ride," consisting of an ingenious and exciting series of marches, countermarches, evolutions, and figures, not unlike those presented in the "grand entrées" of my circus rings. The large area of the Agricultural Hall gave space for elaboration. When I was pointed out to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, they rose and gave me a good stare, and then smilingly conversed. I fancy that, remembering my success in securing Jumbo, these royal personages were wondering whether I contemplated coming down with a swoop and carrying the Royal Life Guards off to America!

The success of the Great Show during the season of 1882 is well and briefly chronicled in the following extract:

[*From Harper's Weekly, November* 4, 1882.]

Few persons, outside of those immediately engaged in its management, have any idea of the vast amount of labor and money required to run a first-class circus. Mr. Barnum, having recently fallen into the hands of the interviewers, has given to the public press some points concerning his "Greatest Show on Earth" that are of curious interest. For instance, a single item of expenditure amounts to a snug fortune, viz., that of wintering the animals and their keepers, trainers and attendants, and getting matters into shape for the spring opening. Last year, said the veteran showman, this cost nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and that during a time when not a dollar was being earned. But large as it is, the cost of wintering is a mere "flea-bite" to that of securing fresh novelties. For this purpose scores of agents under large salaries are sent around the world every year to gather up the best of all that is new, regardless of expense. This year men have gone on these errands to far-away countries where no show agent ever before appeared. To meet the necessities of but one of these agents $70,000 were recently deposited with Messrs. Brown Brothers & Co. One of the most costly ventures was the Jumbo affair. The figures are not given, but the round outlay is said to have been enormous. Another important item this year

was the printing, which cost $175,000 exclusive of newspaper advertising. The gross receipts of the season of thirty-one weeks were a million and three-quarters of dollars. The receipts in New York were nearly $60,000 per week. In Philadelphia, $69,115.85 were taken in six days, four of which were rainy, and in Boston a single week rolled in $74,051.02.



From the 1889 "Struggles and Triumphs."

SUGGESTION FOR NEW ROYAL ARMS

Made by London "Fun." The "British lion" is replaced by Jumbo as supporter and crest.

CHAPTER LIII

THE WHITE ELEPHANT

Visit to Europe — Sir Charles Lees — Mackay, the Millionnaire — Death of Tom Thumb — Enormous Show Receipts — "Barnum in Britishland" — Almost My Obituary — The Sacred White Elephant — The Show in 1884 — How a Mean Town Got Left — Opening of the Barnum Natural History Museum at Tufts College — I Offer General Grant One Hundred Thousand Dollars and Valuable Inducement — Reception of Letter from Burmah Addressed, "Mr. Barnum, America."

On the 9th of August, 1883, "my wife and I" made our usual summer trip to Europe, being met, as always, by my father-in-law, John Fish, who, on this occasion, said, "Mr. Barnum, I am always glad to see you set your foot on English soil, for I really believe that every voyage you make across the Atlantic adds a year to your life."

"Then I will hereafter make two trips a year," I replied, which set my matter-of-fact English father-in-law to practicing arithmetic, in order to discover how long I should live if I became purser of a steamship, and made a dozen trans-Atlantic trips a year!

Among the pleasantest of our fellow-passengers on the "Adriatic," I count Sir Charles Lees, then Governor-General of the Bahamas, sometime prominent representative of the British government in Africa and Asia. I had with me several agents, on their way to these countries to secure natives for my Ethnological Congress. The knowledge of strange tribes and races which Sir Charles had acquired during long residence in foreign countries, he not only obligingly imparted to them, but gave them letters of introduction which were of much service to them in Siam, Burmah, India, etc., and placed me under further indebtedness by introducing me to the Foreign Office in Lon-

don. Though our busy hours may prevent our exchanging the visits we so faithfully promised each other, I shall always retain the pleasantest memory of this genial, cultured Englishman, and the conversations and stories with which we abbreviated the voyage. Touching Mackay, the California millionaire, he told a story that lost none of its point because of the deliberate, dryly humorous manner of narrating. Mackay, he said, was present on one occasion when Sir Charles, as the Queen's representative, opened the Parliament at Nassau, with much bravery of ermined robes, and due observance of ceremonies. In his speech, he spoke of the government debt as amounting to £60,000. Afterward, Mackay said, "Is that really all you owe?"

"That is all," replied Sir Charles.

"Well," said the money king, with a comical smile, *"I have a devilish good mind to give you a check for it!"*

In the summer of 1883 my little friend Tom Thumb died of apoplexy. He was at the time of his death a portly little man, of middle age, and in prosperous circumstances. His widow, the charming little Lavinia, of Chapter XXXVII, has since married again, and is now known as the Countess Magri.[1]

[1] In a Note that from 1884 onward was added to chapter xv of "Struggles and Triumphs," Barnum records: "General Tom Thumb died at Middleboro, Mass., July 15, 1883, aged 45½ years. . . . Minnie Warren died July 23, 1878, aged 29 years. Commodore Nutt died May 25, 1881, aged 33 years." In "Sketch of the Life, Personal Appearance, Character and Manners of Charles S. Stratton, the Man in Miniature, Known as General Tom Thumb," etc. (New York, 1860), is given (p. 20) a fac-simile of an autograph statement by the General that he was born January 4, 1838. "Sketch of the Life, Personal Appearance, Character & Manners of Charles S. Stratton . . . and His Wife, Lavinia Warren Stratton, . . . also a Sketch of the Life of Commodore Nutt, the 30,000 Dollar Nutt, and Miss Minnie Warren." . . . (London, 1871) gives the date of Minnie's birth as June 3, 1846; that of the Commodore's as April 2, 1844 (pp. 33–34). This would make Minnie a little over thirty-two at the time of her death, the Commodore a bit more than thirty-seven at the time of his. The same "official" pamphlet says that Lavinia was born October 31, 1842 (p. 8). She died on November 25, 1919, and her second husband, Count Primo Magri, a dwarf holding a Papal title of nobility, outlived her less than a year. Edmund Newell, Jr. (Major Newell), the midget whom Minnie Warren married in 1877, died in Liverpool in 1916 at the age of sixty. [Ed.]

In November I had the pleasure of entertaining at Waldemere Mr. Matthew Arnold, on the occasion of his lecturing in Bridgeport.[2]

The official accounts of the Show at the end of the travelling season gave much cause for congratulation. The expenses for the season amounted to $1,034,000, or more than $6,000 for each of the 176 exhibition days, out of which six performances were lost. A glance at some of these records of receipts will show where we get enough to pay $6,000 a day and still have sufficient to make a very satisfying division of profits at the end of the season. Take the six days in Philadelphia: April 30th, $8,416.75; May 1st, $12,000.15; May 2d, $16,382.15; May 3d, $17,187.25; May 4th, $16,064.80; May 5th, $10,053.10 — aggregating a grand total of $80,130.20 from that city alone. Out of Chicago, in the ten days, from June 4th to June 14th, both inclusive, the show took $119,172.30. Then take the single day's receipts into notice: Detroit, $15,538.10; Cleveland, $14,762.20; Pittsburgh, $14,376.20; Cincinnati, $14,133.65; Toronto, $13,864.80; Hamilton, $13,451.50; Toledo, $13,372.25; Baltimore, $13,352.05; Washington, $13,294.90; Louisville, $12,937.75; Montreal, $15,896.75; Brooklyn, $13,732.00.

I was the recipient of a very novel compliment at Christmas. Labouchere, M.P., the publisher of London "Truth," dubbed his Christmas number "Barnum in Britishland," and every line was devoted to imaginary interviews of P. T. Barnum with the most prominent Britishers, beginning with a hob-

[2] ". . . Matthew Arnold, when in America, went to Bridgeport as his [Barnum's] guest. The view at the Seaside Park pleased Mr. Arnold so much that he could not go in to dinner until he had walked down to the Sound to see the landscape and the captivating shore and water." — Benton, "P. T. Barnum, Showman and Humorist." — On November 15, 1883, Arnold wrote home from Hartford: "The night before last I dined and slept at Barnum's. He said my lecture was 'grand,' and that he was determined to belong to *the remnant;* that term is going the round of the United States, and I understand what Dizzy meant when he said that I performed 'a great achievement' by launching phrases." (Russell's "Letters of Matthew Arnold," vol. ii, pp. 230–231.) The lecture was on "Numbers: or the Majority and the Remnant." [Ed.]

nobbing *tête-à-tête* with the Prince of Wales. It was a witty hit (done up in rhyme) at the foibles, follies, customs, fashions, and sharp practices supposed to exist in Britishland. The sale reached a third edition, and exceeded by many thousands that of any previous season. The gratuitous advertisement was highly appreciated by me.

The New York "Sun," about the same time, published the following:

Under the moral influence of a great illuminated motto — "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" — in his luxuriously furnished parlor at Waldemere, his country seat near Bridgeport, the reporter found the venerable showman, P. T. Barnum. Plump, ruddy, lively, and active, the veteran looked as if he had juggled away a score, at least, of his seventy-four years. "But I'm getting pretty well on in years," he said, "for I was born on July 5, 1810."

"What is your actual present physical condition?" the reporter asked.

"I don't positively know, without trying, whether I could turn a somersault or not, but the chances are that I could, at least, as well as ever. At all events, I never was better in my life. I eat well, sleep well, and enjoy the most perfect health. Perhaps to maintain this condition I should walk more than I do, but I walk some, and go out riding every day twice. All the disease I have is old age, and my neighbors say I should not plead that, for I'm as young as most men of sixty. The sickness I had in New York three years ago, when the doctors gave me up, was the only one I had in many years, and seems to have renovated me — given me a new lease of life."

"What have been and are the personal habits that have conduced to such a good result?"

"Primarily, regularity; secondarily, abstinence from things that tend to shorten life. Sometimes, when neighbors do not come to me I go out to them in the evenings and play a game of whist, and occasionally I go to the theatre, but as a rule I am in bed by 10 o'clock every night. All my work, directing my personal business, conducting my correspondence, and communicating with my partners, I do in the forenoons, get-

ting through it in time for a drive before my dinner, which I take in the middle of the day. After dinner I am accustomed to doze for three or five minutes. If I just lose consciousness that long I am as much refreshed as if I had slept for hours. After that I take another drive. In the evening an hour's reading, a few games of cribbage or whist, or a little music fills up the time until my hour for retiring. I am always up by 7 o'clock in the morning."

"How long have you maintained such regular habits?"

"As far as practicable since 1847, when I became a teetotaler, although when I was a traveling showman my hours were necessarily not so good."

"Did you drink much prior to 1847?"

"Well, I wouldn't have allowed anybody to tell me so, but when I look back over that time I know now that I did. When I built my magnificent Oriental country seat Iranistan, I was proud of the house, but ten times prouder of my wine cellar than of anything else I had. I was not in the habit of drinking distilled liquors, but every day at dinner took my bottle of champagne, or its equivalent in other wines or malt liquors. I did no business after noon, and my mother-in-law used to say sometimes that I was 'heady' after dinner. I felt quite offended by the suggestion, and threatened to go back to whisky if it was repeated, for I really considered myself quite a temperance man, since I drank only wine, and thought my after-dinner feelings were due to overeating rather than drinking. But I got the Rev. Dr. Chapin to come up to Bridgeport and deliver a temperance lecture, for the subject of which he took 'The Moderate Drinker,' and I saw myself in quite a new light. I realized for the first time the bad example I was setting, and when I went home that night was so worried that I could scarcely sleep. The next morning I had my coachman knock the necks off all the champagne bottles I had in my cellar, some five or six dozen; the port and other medicinal wines I gave away in cases of sickness, and the liquors I returned to the dealers. That was the end of my drinking. As young bumblebees are biggest when they are first hatched, so I was, in the first heat of my conversion, an enthusiast on the subject of teetotalism. I went all over Connecticut and New York delivering free lectures on the subject, and even went out to Wisconsin, stumped the State

at my own expense, and at least helped to carry it on a temperance platform."

"You shut off on tobacco also?"

"Yes — or at least I stopped its use. I never chewed, but I was a great smoker. When I went over to England lecturing, in 1856, after the Jerome Clock Company disaster overwhelmed me, I was in such a situation that every pound was of importance to me, and as I was then using every week a sovereign's worth of cigars I thought I would practice economy and stop it. One Sunday I chewed camomile flowers all day instead of smoking, by a druggist's advice, and they almost killed me. The next day I went to smoking again, and continued it up to 1860. I could give up liquor easily enough, but not tobacco, and I averaged ten cigars a day. One day in 1860, on my way down to the Museum, I felt a strange choking sensation away down in my throat, and then a throbbing or palpitation of my heart. I had noticed it a little for a year before, but paid no particular attention to it until then. I asked my manager, Greenwood, what it was, and he said it was heart disease, and the symptoms I described as mine meant death. That scared me pretty badly. I determined to give up business at once, retire to the country, and prepare to die, but before doing so consulted Dr. Willard Parker. He examined me, and said: 'You may have a very hard heart, for all I know, but you have as strong a one as there is in New York. Nicotine is all that is the matter with you. Stop smoking.' I did so at once, I was so scared, and never smoked again. For a year, however, I used to carry bits of calamus in my pocket to chew when I wanted to smoke."

"So in your unregenerate state you used to drink and smoke. Did you gamble?"

"No, never. I never even speculated in stocks, but once in my life. That was in the time of the great panic, ten years or more ago. I had some money lying idle in bank, and, seeing everything humbled down to the lowest point apparently, I thought it would be a good time to buy and hold on for a raise. So I took down $100,000 to Hatch & Foote and told them to put it in whatever they thought best. They invested it, and I thought I was sure of making $25,000 anyway, but on the whole I lost. Some of my stocks went up eventually, but others went down, and

I was a loser. With that exception I have owned no railroad stocks or other speculative securities. I have my legitimate business as a showman, and want no other. In it I never made a mistake, but whenever I stepped outside I was pretty sure to."

"Why, when you made your will recently, did you take the trouble to call a conclave of physicians to certify to your condition?"

"Because of what I have seen of contests over wills, in the case of Frank Leslie and a dozen others. Why, we have had one right here, that over the will of Capt. John Brooks, who died in full possession of all his faculties, but pretty old, and left most of his money to the Church, and now relations he scarcely ever heard of are contesting his will. They had me on the witness stand, and asked me what, in my opinion, was Capt. Brooks' mental condition. I replied that I thought his mind was as sound as that of any rich man who has poor relations. They dropped me pretty quickly. I don't suppose that there is anything in my will that anybody will contest, but I don't propose to leave any ground for legal trouble over it. I provide that any legatee who makes a contest shall, as the penalty of so doing, forfeit whatever is bequeathed to him in the will, and I have left a fund of $100,000 in reserve in the hands of the executors until the will is probated, expressly to fight any contestant who may arise. And if that is not enough, they can then go and apply the estate to make the fight. As a measure of precaution, I called in my personal physician, who is an allopath, a prominent homœopathic physician, and the Treasurer of the Bridgeport Hospital, who is a leading doctor, and had them not only witness my will, but make oath that they believed me to be of sound mind."

"Independent of the donations you have made to advance your own landed interests, you have given largely solely for the public good, have you not?"

For the first time in the course of the interview, Mr. Barnum spoke with manifest reluctance. "I think," he said, "that it is not a becoming thing in me to recapitulate what my good fortune has enabled me to do for my friends and neighbors, for so I deem all Bridgeport. There are doubtless many among them who, had they been equally successful in having the means to dispose of, would have been at least as liberal as I have been. I had been lucky, and naturally wished those about me to

have some share in my luck. It will all be told when I am gone. In this matter I should, for once, prefer to drop the showman and not seem to be 'blowing my own horn.'"

"Let me speak for him," interpolated a friend who was present, "as I believe I can correctly, so far, at least, as the main things deserving of mention. Many years ago he and his then associate, Gen. Noble, donated to the City of Bridgeport, Washington Park, a beautiful grove surrounded by churches and fine residences, which the city would not sell now for hundreds of thousands of dollars. Then he, individually, gave the city $70,000 worth more of land for park purposes, on condition that the city is bound to forever maintain it as a park, and always to have a free bathing ground on its front. In the City Cemetery he gave several thousand dollars' worth of lots for a burial plot for the Grand Army of the Republic; as much more for the Fire Department of Bridgeport; three thousand single graves for poor people, on condition that they should be scattered all over the cemetery, not located in any one place together, where the spot might come to be known by the opprobrious name of Potter's Field, and the further condition that the very poor shall be buried for nothing, and in no case shall more than $2 be charged, instead of the ordinary rate of $7. In addition to all that, he gave some $50,000 worth of land for the cemetery. In his native town of Bethel, a few miles from here, he erected a fountain that cost him $10,000 in Berlin, and with the fitting up and ground about it, represented $20,000 at least. He gave ——"

"There! There! Stop!" interposed Mr. Barnum. "No more of that. To sit here and listen to you going on in that way makes me feel as if you were reading my obituary aloud."

To add to the attractions of "The Great Combined Show" during the season of 1884, my agents in Africa and in India and other parts of Asia, among whom were Messrs. J. B. Gaylord, Charles White, and Thomas H. Davis, after many months' residence in those lands, procured a number of additional ethnological specimens for exhibition in my "Grand Congress of the Nations." These novelties included specimens of the following tribes, namely: Nubian warriors, Zulu

chiefs, Afghans, Hindus, Todas Indians, and Singing and Dancing Nautch Girls of India. A preliminary private exhibition of these ethnological rarities was given to members of the press and of the clergy in Madison Square Garden, New York, on the afternoon of March 15, 1884, which was attended with the customary success. In the evening of the same day they were introduced to the public as part of the Great Show.

The particular additional feature, however, by which the season of 1884 was made memorable, was the exhibition for the first time in any civilized country of that rare and beautiful animal, which for ages has been recognized in Siam, Burmah, and other Buddhist countries as the "Royal Sacred White Elephant." This absolutely unique curiosity was accompanied by a Burmese orchestra and a retinue of Buddhist priests in full ecclesiastical costume, the sacred animal being surrounded by the same attendants and the like paraphernalia as during the performance of religious ceremonies in his native country. The priests were also supplied with documents, under the royal seal, attesting the sacred character of the beast, and with the royal bill of sale executed by King Theebaw's [3] Master of Elephants, and also bearing the King's seal.

Until my agent first visited Bangkok, the capital of Siam, and there saw the King's sacred white elephants, I had supposed that they were literally white, instead of technically so. Those who had not seen these animals, nor read authentic descriptions of them, had the same idea as myself. When, therefore, my sacred elephant arrived in London, a large portion of the public, having expected to see a milk-white elephant, were disappointed. The following article, which I clip from the New York "Tribune" of February 17, gives the facts in the case:

P. T. Barnum and his partners have dispelled a wide-spread popular illusion, that the so-called sacred white elephants of the kings of Siam and Burmah either are, or ever were, literally white. They say they have secured as perfect a specimen of this animal as exists anywhere,

[3] Other English spellings are "Thebaw" and "Thibaw." [Ed.]

and they do not claim that it is " white " in the strict sense of that word, yet it is the same species, and exact counterpart of those white sacred elephants worshiped for centuries by the Buddhists. Up to this time, no European monarch has ever been able to procure " a sacred white elephant," or even get it into a Christian country, and in that Barnum has succeeded.

A rival showman, who labored under the " popular illusion," had a common elephant painted milk-white, and so exhibited it for a time as a genuine specimen purchased in Siam. Two leading New York illustrated papers, early in 1882, were deceived into publishing pictures of this " pure white "-washed animal as a genuine Sacred *White* Elephant from Siam. The owner of this imposition soon announced that it had suddenly died. It was simply *un*-dyed! And thus another proof added to millions which have preceded it, demonstrates that truth will always triumph over falsehood.[4]

In his own land the white elephant is held in the utmost veneration; and as the people believe that if one of them leaves their country his departure will be the signal for dire calamities to them; and as, moreover, any person who is instrumental in sending one out of the country without the royal permission is liable to the penalty of death, the difficulty of procuring one for exportation has hitherto been so great as to have proved insurmountable. As, however, it has ever been my aim to bring together under our tents, utterly regardless of cost, the real marvels of this wonderful earth, I determined, if possible, even at the cost of half a million dollars, if necessary, to procure a curiosity which centuries of unsuccessful endeavor had seemed to prove utterly unattainable. Unfortunately, just as my agents

[4] The " rival showman " was " Ad " Forepaugh. Frank Presbrey (in an article entitled " Early Advertisers and Their Ads," in " The World's Work " for July 1926; p. 304) says that Barnum's white elephant " was made with peroxide of hydrogen " but gives no authority for this assertion. W. C. Coup testifies (" Sawdust and Spangles ") that " the Barnum animal was as good a specimen of the genuine white elephant as could be procured." True " white " elephants are albinos, either partial or complete. [Ed.]

seemed on the verge of success, they were doomed to disappointment. A white elephant purchased by them in Siam many months before "Toung Taloung" was obtained, was poisoned on the eve of its departure by its attendant priests rather than that it should fall into the hands of profane Christians. Finally, however, after three years of patient persistence, and the exercise, on the part of half a score of our shrewdest agents, of wonderful tact, diplomacy, and untiring energy, often at the peril of their lives, and the outlay of a quarter of a million dollars, our efforts were crowned with victory. We now possessed and regularly exhibited *the first and only* animal of the kind that ever had been seen or that probably ever will be seen in a Christian land. So enormous were the difficulties which had to be conquered in order to get this only genuine white elephant out of Burmah, that I am satisfied no other successful attempt to export one will ever again be made.[5]

The Royal Sacred White Elephant, Toung Taloung, was purchased at Mandalay, in Burmah; and having been brought away under the royal warrant of King Theebaw, was shipped from Rangoon, in British Burmah, in the steamship "Tenasserim," on December 8, 1883. After passing through the Suez Canal, and touching at Malta, it arrived safely at Liverpool, England, on January 14, 1884. Thence it was taken to London, where it was exhibited for several weeks at the Royal Zoölogical Gardens, Regent's Park, receiving the indorsement of many eminent scientists, prominent among whom was Professor W. H. Flower, President of the London Zoölogical Society and Curator of the Royal College of Surgeons. On March 13, 1884, it was shipped in the steamer "Lydian Monarch" for New York, and at that city it arrived on the 28th of the same month. On the 31st a special private exhibition of it was given to several hundred naturalists, scientists, Eastern

[5] Another, said to have been captured in 1918 in the Yamethin district of Burma, arrived in the United States in November 1926. It was announced that the British government had arranged for the export of the elephant, which was intended for exhibition. [Ed.]

travellers, scholars, leading physicians and clergymen, editors of New York and other papers, and other persons, whose closest scrutiny I invited, but who none of them doubted the animal was what he was described to be, namely a genuine white elephant from Burmah. Many certificates of his genuineness, now in our possession, were given by such eminent authorities as Colonel Daniel B. Sickles, late Minister to Siam; Colonel Thomas W. Knox, the only American to whom the King of Siam has ever presented the Order of the White Elephant; Mr. Edward Grey, author of "The Golden Lotus"; Mr. David Ker, Siamese correspondent of the New York "Times"; Frank Vincent, Jr., author of "The Land of the White Elephant," and many others.

As might have been anticipated, as a consequence of the exhibition of so unique a curiosity, not to speak of the other novelties, the tour of the "Greatest Show on Earth" during the season of 1884 was quite as successful as any previous one. The Show visited the principal cities of the United States as far east as Lewiston, Me., and as far west as Kansas City and Omaha.

It is worthy of special remark that with regard to the genuineness of the Sacred White Elephant, which has been the subject of so much discussion, every claim made in behalf of Toung Taloung has been substantiated by subsequent events. The Siamese "Weekly Advertiser," a paper printed partly in English and partly in Siamese, and published at Bangkok, the Siamese capital — where the King and his Court reside — in its issue of March 7th, 1885, prints the following editorial:

White Elephant. — It is stated that a White Elephant has been obtained at Pratabaung and will be sent to Bangkok as speedily as possible. There will doubtless be the usual pompous demonstrations in connection with bringing it to Bangkok, conferring on it a title and giving it a home in the vicinity of the palace. Foreigners naturally are surprised that such eminent honors should be conferred upon an animal,

by no means white, though perhaps a shade or two lighter than the ordinary elephant in some parts of the body.

The same paper, in its issue of April 18th, 1885, speaks as follows of the presentation of the elephant above referred to:

On the 3d instant, His Royal Highness Somdetch Chowfah Mahamalah Bamrahp Parapako conducted a male elephant into the Palace for presentation to His Majesty the King of Siam. His Majesty graciously accepted the animal and presented a sum of money and sundry articles of clothing to be given to Tepan, the mother, and her son, Ayaungtoh Karens, the owners of the elephant. The Siamese officials who brought the elephant to Bangkok were honored with an audience of His Majesty and were the recipients of suitable presents also.

Certainly the King of Siam ought to be accepted as good authority on the subject of white elephants, and here we have an account of his receiving with highest honors and rewards a "White Elephant" which in sacred attributes and required peculiarities of marking would have no comparison with ours. And this is supplemented by more recent proof from Burmah, which in the autumn of 1885 was conquered by Great Britain. The correspondent of the London "Daily Standard," who entered Mandalay, the capital, with General Prendergast's army, says:

I saw King Theebaw's Sacred White Elephant close by in a magnificent palace of his own. The only white about him is two small dirty spots, almost imperceptible.

The Manchester (Eng.) "Mail" says:

Barnum's Sacred White Elephant, exhibited in London last year, appears to have been whiter than King Theebaw's.

King Theebaw's white elephant died soon after his royal master's overthrow, and the New York "Commercial Advertiser," commenting on the fact, says:

Mr. Barnum's White Elephant was, after all, whiter than him of Mandalay.

The tour of the Great Show during the summer of 1884 was marked by an incident which is worthy of note here. The authorities of a thriving New England town, at which we were advertised to appear, demanded an exceptionally exorbitant sum as a license fee. Though our advance agent demurred to the imposition, the authorities, thinking no doubt that we would submit to it rather than pass by a town where the receipts for a day had averaged $10,000, were immovable. They reckoned without their host, however. We at once changed our plans, cancelled the date for their town, and announced instead that we would give the intended exhibition at a smaller town twelve miles off. The merchants, hotel-keepers, and other business men of the larger town offered us four times the amount of the license-fee demanded if we would adhere to our original purpose and exhibit there. We, however, were immovable in our turn, and declined to change our plans a second time. On the day of the exhibition we ran a large number of excursion trains to the smaller town; the other town was nearly deserted; the day's receipts for the exhibition were not $10,000, but $12,760.

Another incident, of a widely different character, by which the year 1884 was marked as a bright spot in my calendar, was the opening of the Natural History Museum of Tufts College, near Boston, of which admirable educational institution I was a trustee at its foundation. The want of a natural history museum had long been felt, and some time ago my friend President E. H. Capen made an appeal to me to supply the need. To this appeal I responded; and the outcome has been the erection of a large and handsome stone structure, partially furnished with a fine collection of natural history specimens and other curiosities interesting and useful to students. The building was completed in the spring of 1884, and it was formally inaugurated at the Commencement exercises of the college,

held on the 18th of June in the same year. The name of the founder had been kept a secret, but it was then publicly announced by President Capen in the course of his address.

The event was described by the "Christian Leader" of June 26th as follows:

There had been great curiosity in regard to the donor whose great heart had added to the group of buildings on College Hill the elegant structure in stone, to be known as the Natural History Museum. When, as the tone of the President's address eliminated one after another till it was clear that Phineas Taylor Barnum was the man, the applause became a shout, and for what seemed many minutes the throng testified their gratitude for the magnificent gift — of a character so exactly accordant with the spirit of the donor — in every articulate and muscular form in which an enthusiastic people know how to manifest their joy. It will hereafter be our great pleasure to put Mr. Barnum into the category of Tufts, Packard, Walker and the Goddards. It was the feature of the day, and it made the day most memorable in the history of Tufts College.

President Capen's address on the occasion was as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I had hoped to have the supreme felicity of introducing to you here and now the founder of the Natural History Museum. He made some weeks ago an engagement to be present, but within a few days has been obliged to cancel it. There has been a great deal of curiosity during the past year to know the name of our generous benefactor. A good many guesses have been ventured, but very few of them, so far as I know, have come near the mark. Our friend is one who has taken a deep interest in this college from the start. His name is on the original list of its trustees with Charles Tufts and Silvanus Packard and Oliver Dean and Thomas A. Goddard. He began life in poverty, but by an energy and a spirit of enterprise almost unequaled, even in this country, and in the face of difficulties that would have appalled most men, he has conquered poverty and secured for himself a place among the men of princely fortune. He had no such educational advantages as

the young men of this college enjoy. Even the lads in our primary schools get better training than he received. But by diligent use of his opportunities, by studious habits and an active brain he has not only stored his mind with varied and useful knowledge, but, as you shall presently see, has become the master of a vigorous and idiomatic style of English which would put many a college man to shame. Through all his life he has been a man of unbounded public spirit. In the city of his adoption he is, by unanimous consent, the foremost citizen, pouring out his money like water for every species of public improvement. I doubt if a single New England city has his superior in this respect. He is a man of pure life, who has taught temperance by precept and example to young and old alike. He is a man of positive religious convictions and deep religious life, the friend for many years of the venerable Dean of Tufts Divinity School, the Rev. Dr. Sawyer, and the parishioner and life-long friend of the lamented Chapin. He has been prominently identified with the Church to which his faith has allied him, and promoted its enterprises by generous contributions. In his business he has sought to combine popular amusement with popular education. He has searched all climates, from the frozen polar regions to the blazing tropics, regardless of pecuniary cost, that he might secure specimens of the rarest of living creatures for exhibition. Years ago he built up in the city of New York a museum which the late Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, characterized as one of the most important educational institutions in this country. And now, in the latter end of his varied and useful life, he has chosen this college in which to create an instrumentality in which his name may be perpetuated, and the work to which his best energies have been devoted may be carried forward on a scientific basis forever. Five years ago I took occasion to call his attention to this subject, and again some fourteen months since I renewed the suggestion. The response was almost instantaneous. From that moment until now the work has been pushed forward with an energy that is electric. The sum of $55,000 has been set apart for this object, which is ample for the erection of the building, for partially furnishing it with specimens, leaving a fund for its care and maintenance. I have received the following letter, which I am sure you will be glad to hear, and which, in the absence of our friend, I will venture to read:

E. H. Capen, D.D., President Tufts College, College Hill, Mass.:—

My Dear Mr. President — It is with unfeigned regret that I find it impossible to attend the Commencement exercises at Tufts, as promised. Often have I wished to be with you on these annual occasions, if for no other reason than to mark by my presence the deep interest I take and have always taken in an institution the prosperity of which I have watched with no small degree of satisfaction and pride. But a busy life has invariably brought with it duties which have deprived, from time to time, the realization of my desire to visit College Hill in June. Planning with more than usual foresight (as I had imagined) to be with you this year, and believing that the time had come when I could in person extend my congratulations to the faculty and the students, I find I must forego even this visit. But if absent in the flesh, I am with you in spirit, and my thoughts will wander to you in your rejoicings of commencement on the 18th instant. Deprived in my own youth of rare educational advantages, I have learned to appreciate their worth and to take solid delight in every evidence of greater enlightenment and progress. I never see an urchin plodding his way unwillingly to school but I contrast the meagre facilities of sixty years ago with the present wealth of instrumentalities within the reach of every American boy and girl. And so, when I hear the common-school bell ring, I bless the day which no longer sees any valid reason for ignorance in this country. I have always declared that I took more pleasure in paying my school-taxes than any other; for education often tends to lessen vice and crime, as well as to secure to its recipients reputation, honor, and success.

I may be pardoned, Mr. President, if on this occasion I assert that my interest in the higher education of the day has ever been constant and profound. Had my earlier advantages been greater, I might have achieved more; but looking back on a long and eventful career, I confess, in no boasting vein, that I have conscientiously labored to elevate and ennoble public amusements which play no small part among the educational agencies of the times. How successful I have been in blending healthful and moral instruction with recreation, it is not for me to state, but the satisfaction experienced in my life-work has been in itself a reward altogether apart from, and superior to, any golden harvest I

may have reaped. Not that I am insensible to the latter, for it is because of it that I am able, under the providence of a Good Father, who has blessed me all my life, to do somewhat for Tufts in the foundation of the Barnum Museum of Natural History.

I am happy in the thought that this Museum will be another factor in the work of the college, helping it on in its high career of usefulness. I have for many years past decided to do something for an institution the growing excellence and thoroughness of which must commend it to the lovers of knowledge everywhere. And now that the decision has been made, and the Museum Building erected, I hope the college may possess for many decades to come facilities sufficient to inspire its students to investigations in a branch of science which so wonderfully reveals in varied form the infinite wisdom and power of the Creator.

But I am afraid this letter exceeds all bounds, and should it be read on Commencement Day it will be considered irksome. And yet I cannot close without assuring you, Mr. President, the officers, teachers, patrons, and students of the college, of my strong faith in the brilliant future of Tufts. I believe, from what I know of the sacrificing spirit and intellectual standing of its faculty, that the possibilities within its reach will be attained, and that it will become an education centre fostered and nourished not only by men of brains, but also by men of fortune. It augurs well for the future of any cause when people of means are ready to give generously in its behalf. The history of most denominations to-day reveals the fact that there is more giving than formerly, and with it corresponding prosperity. Whilst feeding the churches, let us not neglect to foster the colleges, but endeavor to give them such prestige and position as shall enable them to exercise the most salutary influence and do *the very best work*. Hoping that others may do much more than I have, and that all will feel a pleasure in contributing according to their means, I am, my dear Mr. President,

Respectfully yours, P. T. BARNUM.

After reading the letter, President Capen said: "I give you the health of the Founder of the Barnum Museum of Natural History. May his life be prolonged. May he have prosperity

and success. May his declining days be crowned by domestic happiness and inward peace."

The audience arose and greeted the sentiment with heart and voice. It was an ovation.

When General Grant became financially embarrassed in 1884 he was specially anxious to secure Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt in the sum of $150,000, loaned to him under peculiar circumstances. The noble-hearted General and his wife made over to him all their personal property, including the valuable trophies and mementos presented to him not only in America but by monarchs, princes, and other admirers during his celebrated trip around the world.

Recognizing the fact that people everywhere would feel interested in seeing these trophies, and that I could by exhibiting them in a most elegant and suitable manner throughout the civilized world gratify millions of persons of taste and appreciation, while I could afford to compensate General Grant so liberally for the privilege as to assure him a fine income, I wrote to him the following letter and sent it by special messenger:

NEW YORK, January 12, 1885.

To General U. S. Grant, twice President of the United States, etc.:

HONORED SIR: The whole world honors and respects you. All are anxious that you should live happy and free from care. While they admire your manliness in declining the large sum recently tendered you by friends, they still desire to see you achieve financial independence in an honorable manner. Of the unique and valuable trophies with which you have been honored, we all have read, and all have a laudable desire to see these evidences of love and respect bestowed upon you by monarchs, princes, and people throughout the globe. While you would confer a great and enduring favor on your fellow-men and women by permitting them to see these trophies, you could also remove existing embarrassments in a most satisfactory and honorable manner. I will give you one hundred thousand dollars cash, besides a proportion of the profits, if I may be permitted to exhibit these relics to a grateful and appre-

ciative public, and I will give satisfactory bonds of half a million dollars for their safe-keeping and return.

These precious trophies of which all your friends are so proud, would be placed before the eyes of your millions of admirers in a manner and style at once pleasing to yourself and satisfactory to the best elements of the entire community. Remembering that the mementos of Washington, Wellington, Napoleon, Frederick the Great, and many other distinguished men have given immense pleasure to millions who have been permitted to see them, I trust you will in the honorable manner proposed gratify the public and thus inculcate the lesson of honesty, perseverance, and true patriotism so admirably illustrated in your career.

I have the honor to be truly your friend and admirer,

P. T. BARNUM.

I called at General's Grant's residence soon afterwards, and was politely received by him, his wife, and son, Colonel Frederick Grant.

I said to the General, after our greeting, "General, since your journey around the world you are the best-known man on the globe."

"No, sir," replied the General, "your name is familiar to multitudes who never heard of me. Wherever I went, among the most distant nations, the fact that I was an American led to constant inquiries whether I knew Barnum."

Proceeding to the business on which I had called, the General informed me that the trophies were no longer under his control, as Mr. Vanderbilt, after refusing to take them, out of respect to the General, had finally accepted them on condition that after General Grant's decease they should be lodged in some safe public place in Washington, where all could see them.

"After all, Mr. Barnum," said General Grant, "under the present arrangements, everybody who visits Washington can see them."

"Yes, General," I replied, "but millions of persons who

will never visit Washington will regret that I had never brought these historical relics where they would see them."

I shall always believe, regardless of any profit (or loss) which might have accrued to me, that my plan was one creditable to all concerned, and that it is to be regretted that it was not carried out.

I was reminded of General Grant's assurance of my name being known to the ends of the earth, when a few weeks later I received a letter addressed to "Mr. Barnum, America," and posted in Maulmein, British Burmah, on January 15th. It had been stamped seven times on its face and back, and bore the marks of the Post Office of Bombay, Brindisi, the Sea Post Office, and the Post Office in New York, whence it was transmitted to Bridgeport.[6] The envelope contained two letters in the Burmese language, to the attendants of the White Elephant. The "Daily Standard" remarked:

> The fact that the address was simply "Mr. Barnum, America" goes to show that our fellow-townsman is *the* Mr. Barnum, not only of the United States, or North America, but of the world.

[6] From 1883 onward, chapter xlix of "Struggles and Triumphs" was followed by a "Note," most of which is given in the Appendix to the present edition under the heading "Barnum's Ticket Sales." In that "Note," P. T. also said: "... 'Barnum' has occupied so much public attention for forty years, that the fact need not be wondered at (and it *is* a fact), that in 1870 a letter mailed in New Zealand, and addressed simply 'Mr. Barnum, America,' came as direct to me at Waldemere as if my full address had been written on the envelope." [Ed.]

CHAPTER LIV

ALICE

The Show in 1885 — *Elephant Albert Sentenced to Death and Shot — Death of Jumbo — His Skin Stuffed and His Skeleton Prepared for Exhibition — Jumbo's Size — Purchase of Alice, Jumbo's Widow — I Visit the Show* Incognito — *Withdrawal of My Partners, Messrs. Hutchinson, Cole, and Cooper — Death of Jenny Lind.*

Our Great Barnum-London Show opened its season at Madison Square Garden, New York City, Monday, March 16th, 1885, and closed at Newburg, N. Y., Saturday, October 24th, whence it was shipped directly to Winter Headquarters, Bridgeport, Conn. In the course of 192 days, exclusive of Sundays, it travelled 8,471 miles and exhibited in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine, New Brunswick, New Hampshire, Vermont, and the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, Canada. The net profits were larger than those of the previous year.

The first event of note during the season — and a most lamentable one — occurred at Nashua, N. H., on Saturday afternoon, July 18th, when "Albert," a very large and treacherous Asiatic elephant, attacked James McCormick, one of the keepers, inflicting internal injuries which resulted in death the next day. For this, and to prevent further possible loss of life, Albert was sentenced to death, and executed in a ravine in the suburbs of Keene, N. H., on Monday, July 20. After he had been chained to four large trees, and the location of his heart and brain marked with chalk, thirty-three members of the Keene Light Guard were marshalled in line at sixteen paces, and, at the word of command, discharged a volley into the huge culprit

with such accuracy of aim that he fell dead, without a struggle. Albert was worth $10,000. His remains were presented to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

On Tuesday, Sept. 15th, at St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada, occurred a universally announced and regretted tragedy, by which the Show suffered a great and irreparable loss. At about 9 o'clock on the evening of that day, Jumbo, the biggest, noblest, most famous, popular, and valuable of beasts, was killed. While being led along the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway to his car, an unexpected special freight train rushed upon him. There was no time for escape, and the locomotive struck Jumbo with terrific force. The engine was badly broken and derailed, and Jumbo's skull fractured and internal injuries inflicted by his huge body being crushed between the freight train and a train of show cars standing on an adjacent track. He died in a few moments. The dwarf clown elephant "Tom Thumb" had a leg broken, but has since recovered, retaining only an interesting little limp as a souvenir of his narrow escape.

The death of Jumbo was cabled all over the world, and, for the time, almost monopolized public attention, both at home and abroad. I received hundreds of telegrams and letters of sympathy. The London "Pall Mall Gazette," one of the leading English newspapers, referred editorially to the event as follows:

Mr. Barnum has, of course, been interviewed respecting the death of Jumbo, and the great showman, with that peculiar repose in faith which is one of his strongest characteristics, keeps on believing that Jumbo's death may prove a trump card yet. "The loss is tremendous," says Mr. Barnum, "but such a trifle never disturbs my nerves. Have I not lost a million dollars by fires, and half as much by other financial misfortunes? but long ago I learned that to those who mean right and try to do right, there are no such things as real misfortunes. On the other hand, to such persons, all apparent evils are blessings in disguise."

My first thought was of the many thousands who were counting on seeing the giant beast, the largest living creature in the world.

Fortunately, in the case of Jumbo, science achieved a substantial victory over death. Professor Henry A. Ward, the distinguished head of Ward's Natural Science Establishment at Rochester, N. Y., was for many months engaged in the labor of preserving Jumbo's form, and also preparing his skeleton for exhibition. This great work has been successfully concluded, and the public can now look upon Jumbo as majestic and natural as life, while beside him stands the prodigious framework of massive bones which sustained the vast weight of his flesh.[1]

So many letters have been received by me from all parts of the world, asking the exact size of the lamented Jumbo, that I am impelled to print the measurements made by Professor H. A. Ward.

JUMBO'S SIZE

Neck — Smallest circumference	11	feet,	6	inches.
Body — Circumference at shoulders	16	"	4	"
Circumference at middle	18	"		
Circumference at hind legs	17	"		
Fore legs — Circumference of leg 3 feet above sole of foot	3	"	10	"
Fore legs — Circumference of leg 5½ feet above sole of foot	5	"	7	"
Hind legs — Circumference of leg 2 feet above sole of foot	3	"		
Hind legs — Circumference of leg 4 feet above sole of foot	4	"	8	"
Length of tail	4	"	6	"
Length in all	14	"		
Height to shoulder	12	"		
Weight	7	tons.[2]		

[1] The stuffed hide found eventually a resting-place in the Barnum Museum at Tufts; "the prodigious framework of massive bones," in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The hide weighed 1,538 pounds. [Ed.]

[2] Conklin says that Samson, bought by W. W. Cole from a New York animal-dealer and exhibited with the Cole show, "was much more intelligent, being an

Soon after Jumbo's death I succeeded in purchasing from the Directors of the Zoölogical Society's Garden, London, the great African elephant "Alice," for sixteen years the companion and so-called "wife" of the great Jumbo. Alice, it will be remembered, was so sorrowfully excited when my agent attempted to remove Jumbo, February, 1882, that her groans and trumpetings frightened the wild beasts in the great "Zoo" into such howlings and roarings as were heard a mile away. When Jumbo was killed the English newspapers called Alice "Jumbo's widow," and several of the illustrated weeklies gave pictures of her wearing her "widow's cap." [3]

Alice joined the Greatest Show on Earth in the early days of her widowhood, and was exhibited side by side with the skeleton and stuffed hide of Jumbo. This pathetic juxtaposition did not apparently affect her spirits. The dead Jumbo and the living Alice were among the most interesting features of the show season of 1886, both at the Madison Square Garden, from April 1st to April 24th, and in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Georgia, South Caro-

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Indian elephant, than the Barnum elephant Jumbo, which was African." In Conklin's opinion, too, though Jumbo "may have measured a little more in height and had larger ears," Samson "had by far the greater bulk and weight." However, Conklin places Samson's weight at no more than "almost five tons"; and this leaves Jumbo, with seven tons, away ahead, unless Conklin's estimate was too low or Ward's figure was edited. Samson later became part of the Barnum & Bailey show and lost his life in 1887 when the winter quarters at Bridgeport were burned (see chapter lvi). "After the fire his bones were recovered and mounted and are now on exhibition in the Museum of Natural History in New York City." ("The Ways of the Circus," pp. 142–143.) [Ed.]

[3] At the height of the Jumbo pandemonium in Britain (see chapter lii), a popular music-hall ditty, says Finger, exulted in this chorus:

"Jumbo said to Alice, 'I love you.'
Alice said to Jumbo, 'I don't believe you do.
For if you really loved me,
As you say you do,
You wouldn't go to Yankee Land
And leave me in the Zoo.'" [Ed.]

lina, and North Carolina. The show, as usual, was larger and better than ever before, and its financial success proportionate. This was the first visit of the great show to the Southern States, where it was received with the greatest enthusiasm. It visited, during its season of 1886, 21 States and 144 cities, travelled 10,447 miles, and gave 344 performances. Its longest single run was from Springfield, Mo., to Memphis, Tenn., 285 miles.

In pursuance of my custom of visiting my Great Show at such places as are railroad centers, where I know thousands will come in by excursion trains, I last year met the show at Erie, Pa. I did not make myself known (for I like to mingle with the crowd *incognito,* and get information and pleasure listening to the various remarks, and especially criticisms, about the different details of the show) but seated myself among the audience, surrounded by the country people. It was a great satisfaction to witness their delight at the various exhibitions brought into the arena. One old farmer and his wife, who sat on the seat in front of me, attracted my attention.

"I declare, Sally," says the man, "I ain't seen a circus since I was twenty-one. I never did think it possible to do such wonderful things as I have seen here to-day."

"I have never," replied Sally, "seen a circus since I was a gal. But I was determined to see Barnum's, I had heard so much about it. It certainly beats all I had ever dreamt of."

"After all," said the husband, "there is one thing I would give more to see than the whole show, and that is Barnum himself."

"Well, perhaps you may see him," replied the wife, "they say he sometimes goes with his show."

"I hope I will get a look at him," said the husband.

After a while, a young rider about three-and-twenty years of age, a perfect athlete and equestrian, came into the ring, riding four bare-backed horses. They were very spirited animals, and they went through their various evolutions with such perfection and celerity as to bring repeated thunders of applause. Presently the youthful rider turned a somersault, alighted upon

his head, and in that position, with his heels in the air, rode several times around the ring. All were wondering at this extraordinary feat, when my old farmer friend jumped to his feet, wild with excitement, swung his hat in the air and exclaimed, "I'll bet five dollars that's Barnum! There ain't another man in America who can do that but Barnum!" I did not disabuse his mind. He felt that he had gotten his money's worth, and I was satisfied.

During the six weeks of the exhibition in New York, I was a constant visitor in the afternoons and an occasional one in the evenings, at which latter times I renewed many old acquaintanceships. When it was not possible to attend both, I always gave preference to the afternoon performances, so as to meet as many as possible of my little friends and patrons, to whose amusement and happiness it is such a pleasure to minister. To me there is no picture so beautiful as ten thousand smiling, bright-eyed, happy children; no music so sweet as their clear-ringing laughter. That I have had power, year after year, by providing innocent amusement for the little ones, to create such pictures, to evoke such music, is my proudest and happiest reflection. Often, as I walked through the Madison Square Garden, I was the recipient of spontaneous bursts of applause and clapping of little hands from the multitude of children present. These incidents are among the pleasantest of my life and never to be forgotten.

The show left the city for its annual travelling season and travelled through the following states, first going to Brooklyn, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, back to New York State, through Canada, then into New York State again, Pennsylvania, and lastly New Jersey, closing the season in Hoboken, on October 22, 1887. It was a most satisfactory season financially, although not quite as extensive as formerly. In its travels the show visited 175 cities, covering over 10,500 miles of territory and meeting with but few accidents, and none of any consequence. From Hoboken all

the animals and material were safely transported to the winter quarters at Bridgeport.

At the close of the season, Messrs. Hutchinson, Cole, and Cooper, feeling a desire for more leisurely lives than the terms of our partnership permitted, and being possessed of fortunes large enough to gratify all reasonable tastes, withdrew from the firm, with my free consent, and the show property was housed for the winter with myself and Mr. James A. Bailey as equal partners and proprietors, and under the name of the Barnum & Bailey Show.

The sad news of Jenny Lind's death in London November 2, 1887, news which flashed across the world awakening universal sorrow and regret, appealed peculiarly to me. It was not only that the dead songstress was associated with one of the most successful business enterprises of my life, and one in which I am particularly pleased, but from the time of our first association I conceived for the woman and the artist a warm regard which was not impaired by any subsequent events. Her impulses were always good, and if the somewhat abrupt termination of her engagement with me was not in keeping with the fine sense of justice which ordinarily regulated her actions, the blame must rest on her interested advisers, not on Jenny Lind.

In the years that have passed since then we have each held ourselves ready to do the other any friendly service possible, and have taken a mutual pleasure in recalling the many humorous and pathetic incidents of our concert season. I remember the glorious voice of the Nightingale, not alone in the raptures of unrivalled singing, but low and soft, with pitying, tender words, as she sought to comfort one in trouble; or ringing out in the hearty laughter of blithe and vigorous young womanhood. From my very heart came the words of sympathy I sent to her devoted husband, and from his, I am sure, came the message he cabled from Malvern, England, where he had just laid the body of his worshipped wife:

P. T. Barnum, New York:

Fully appreciate your condolences, coming from one who well knew my beloved wife, and was always remembered by her with sincere regard.

Otto Goldschmidt.

So dies away the last echo of the most glorious voice the world has ever heard.

CHAPTER LV

THE CHURCH AND CIRCUS

The Church and Circus — The Mission of the Circus — Morality of Employees — Speaking in Church — Indorsed by the Clergy and Religious Press — Bust for the Smithsonian Institution — Mr. Henry Bergh's Indorsement.

YEARS ago no two institutions were more actively antagonistic than the Church and Circus. The former waged fierce and uncompromising war against the latter, the Methodist Church going so far as to make it a part of their discipline that attendance at a circus entailed forfeiture of membership. That the Church should ever tolerate, patronize, or even recognize as an educator the circus, was a possibility that probably entered into the dreams of no man but myself, and perhaps no man but myself believed it possible to organize a circus which should respect the Church and all pertaining to it.

In those days the circus was very justly the object of the Church's animadversions. Its spectacular attractions consisted principally of six to ten entrée horses, with riders; two fairly good equestrians, whose standing feats on horseback were made on a broad pad saddle; half a dozen apprentice boys, who rode more or less (and rather less than more) and joined in flip-flaps, hand-springs, and in the afterpiece, "The Tailor of Tamworth" or "Pete Jenkins," in which drunken characters were represented and broad jokes, suited to the groundlings, were given. Its fun consisted of the clown's vulgar jests, emphasized with still more vulgar and suggestive gestures, lest providentially the point might be lost. Educational features the circus of that day had none. Its employees were mostly of the rowdy element, and it had a following of card-sharpers,

pickpockets and swindlers generally, who were countenanced by some of the circus proprietors, with whom they shared their ill-gotten gains. Its advent was dreaded by all law-abiding people, who knew that with it would inevitably come disorder, drunkenness, and riot. It will scarcely be believed that it was the custom of most of such circuses to engage in advance the firemen of the town they proposed to visit to help to protect the circus company against possible attacks of the rabble, who were apt to be belligerently indignant when too outrageously victimized. Some circus proprietors paid no salary to their ticket-sellers, but let them cheat it out of their customers by giving them short change in the rush and excitement which usually prevailed around the ticket wagon.[1]

THE MISSION OF THE CIRCUS

Every one in these enlightened days concedes that human nature imperatively demands amusement and recreation. The childish mind, to which all the world is yet fresh and interesting, and the jaded brain of the adult call with equal insistence for "something new and strange." Granted the necessity of amusements and the desirability of their being morally clean and healthful and instructive, the provider of such entertainments is a public benefactor and may reasonably ask for his wares the countenance of the Church.

The so-called circus of to-day, with, I regret to say, some exceptions, is a widely different affair from that of the past. When under proper management it is decorous and orderly in operation and composed of features which appeal to all ages, classes, and conditions. While modestly submitting to bear the generic title of circus, a genuine tent exhibition under that name must comprise a menagerie and museum, the accumulating of which necessitated a diligent searching of the whole earth at

[1] This is a condensed statement of what is abundantly confirmed in detail by such volumes as "The Ways of the Circus" (especially chapters vi and ix) and Gil Robinson's "Old Wagon Show Days" (Cincinnati, 1925). [Ed.]

an incredible pecuniary outlay. In the proper circus of to-day the athlete demonstrates the perfection of training of which the human body is capable. His feats of strength and graceful agility please the understanding as well as the eye, and if the average small boy does stand on his head and practice turning "hand-springs" and "flip-flaps" with exasperating persistence for three weeks running after going to the circus, his physique will be all the better for it. The juggler shows the marvelous precision and nicety of touch which can be acquired by patient practice. In the real circus of to-day the intelligent lover of horse-flesh will find the finest specimens of the equine race trained to do almost anything but talk. There the scientific mind is attracted by such strange examples of mechanism as the talking machine, an ingenious duplicate of the structure of the human throat, giving forth under manipulation a very human, if not very sweet, voice. The ethnologist finds gathered together for his leisurely inspection representatives of notable and peculiar tribes, civilized and savage, from far distant lands — types which otherwise he would never see, as they can only be sought in their native countries at the risk of life, and at an expenditure of time and money possible to very few. The menagerie of wild beasts, birds, and reptiles — comprising every curious specimen of animal life from the denizens of the torrid African jungle to those of the Polar regions — forms a study that will impart more valuable information in two hours than can be obtained from reading books on zoölogy in a year.

MORALITY OF EMPLOYEES

The morality of a genuine circus troupe compares favorably with that of any equal number of any other profession or trade. Many of them are educated and intelligent; most are loyal to strong family affections and to such domesticity as is attainable while travelling. For the rest, they are obliged to behave well. The circus proprietor has a more complete jurisdiction over his employees than any pastor over his congregation.

Would any clergyman dare to punish profanity by fine and drunkenness by expulsion? which is exactly what the best type of circus proprietor can do and does. He has the whip hand, and retains during the season a proportion of the employee's salary, which he receives at the end of the season if his record is good, not otherwise. Business interests compel strict discipline, and who shall say that the employee who is compelled to behave well is not, at the end of the season, somewhat the better for eight months of compulsory sobriety, civility, and orderly living?

The best circus of to-day is not a fair mark for the Church's hostility, and while the circus has advanced in merit, the Church has no less grown in tolerance. In my capacity of circus proprietor I have been the recipient of many flattering and amusing amenities on the part of the Church. As, for instance, when on Sunday evening, May 21, 1882, I entered the Church of the Messiah, New York City, Rev. Robert Collyer, pastor, and quietly took a back seat only to find the keen, clear eyes of the preacher fixed upon me, and to hear his resonant voice announce, "I see P. T. Barnum in a back pew of this church, and I invite him to come forward and take a seat in my family pew. Mr. Barnum always gives me a good seat in his circus and I want to give him as good in my church." I thought the reverend gentleman had the courage of his convictions to a most unusual degree, and I was grateful to his congregation for the gravity with which they listened to this very remarkable "pulpit notice" and made way for me as, with some embarassment, I took the prominent seat so peremptorily indicated.

Again, last summer, a few days before my great show was to visit St. Albans, Vt., I received a letter signed by the clergy of that town reminding me that my organization was to arrive among them on Sunday morning early, and asking that I would give orders that none of the paraphernalia, wagons, etc., should be in transit between the railroad depot and the show grounds during the hours of divine service. I was punctilious

in seeing that their very reasonable request was respected. Being in St. Albans myself that Sunday, I received, with my company, printed invitations to attend a prominent church. I, at least, went, and heard a very good sermon, and the preacher did not take the occasion to decry the calling I represented, as happened to Miss Emma Abbott recently.

SPEAKING IN CHURCH

I will not say whether I think it was well or ill advised of her to rise in meeting and combat the ungenerous strictures of the preacher, but I did the same thing myself (after the benediction was pronounced) under the same provocation, in Lenox, Mass., fifty-one years ago, and had a most attentive and sympathetic audience, as I doubt not Miss Abbott did. Many prominent clergymen have written me the most cordial expressions of their approbation of my circus and of their personal pleasure in attending it. I append three of the most notable and characteristic:

I should like, if I had time, to visit your gigantic combination once a week during the whole season, for there is so much to see that no one could do the matter justice in less time.

Yours, HENRY WARD BEECHER.

NEW YORK, *January* 15, 1878.

MY DEAR BARNUM: It gives me great pleasure to express my *sincere* opinion, that in the entertainments which you have furnished for the public, your patrons have always received a full and profitable money's-worth, and that they are fitted not only to amuse, but to *instruct*, and are certainly free from anything that can be in the least objectionable to any refined or religious person.

I remain, truly yours,

E. H. CHAPIN.

BROOKLYN, *January* 13, 1878.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND: "The King never dies." This old maxim of royalty seems to apply to you as the King of Exhibitors and Caterers, not merely to the public amusement, but to popular instruction.

Millions of "little folks" may consider you their benefactor in affording them innocent gratification. I have several times taken my children to your Museums, Menageries and Exhibitions, and have not observed there anything profane or impure. I especially thank you for your allegiance (both in your practice and in your business) to the principle of *total abstinence from all intoxicants.*

With a thousand good wishes, and with kindest regards to your family, I remain,

Your sincerely,
THEO. L. CUYLER.

The religious press has been no less kind and complimentary:

The "Examiner and Chronicle" said:

Barnum's Great Show is well worth everybody's seeing. It is not too much to say that it is the greatest exhibition of its kind in the world.

The "Christian at Work" said:

We have visited Barnum's Great Novel and Instructive Exhibition. Amusement is necessary to us all — and when we can combine instruction and amusement, as in this case, we see no reason why we should not be gratified in this respect, and our children as well.

The "Methodist" said:

Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, which we have visited at the American Institute in this city, is entirely worthy of public patronage. It is amusing, interesting and instructive.

The "Christian Union" said:

The delighted public has once more an opportunity of enjoying that Great Moral and Instructive Exhibition with which Mr. P. T. Barnum

has for a generation or two, and for a very moderate money consideration, innocently pleased and educated amusement-loving America.

The "Independent" said:

Barnum claims that his show is the Great Moral and Instructive Exhibition — and Barnum tells the truth. All the world says so.

Perhaps my experience has been exceptionally fortunate, but I am convinced that the Church and my circus, at least, are today on very good terms.

A secular recognition of my Great Show as an educator — a recognition of which I am very proud — is contained in the following letter:

UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF
THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.
WASHINGTON, *May* 1, 1882.

DEAR MR. BARNUM: Will you do us the favor to allow Mr. Clark Mills to make a face-mask of your countenance from which to prepare a bust for the National Museum, to be placed in our series of representations of men who have distinguished themselves for what they have done as promoters of the natural sciences?

Very truly yours,

P. T. BARNUM, ESQ. SPENCER BAIRD.

And my generous foe, Mr. Henry Bergh, the well-known and respected president of "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" (with whom I have had several tilts, as recorded in these pages), said in a letter to a New York paper in the summer of 1885, "I regard Mr. Barnum as one of the most humane and kind-hearted men living. . . . He manages an exhibition which, in view of its vast magnitude and amazing excellence of details, has no equal in the world."

CHAPTER LVI

MY FIFTH GREAT FIRE

Burning of the Winter Quarters at Bridgeport, Conn. — Mrs. Gilligan and the Lion — Death of the White Elephant and Alice — Growth of the City of Bridgeport — Inauguration of Bridgeport Hospital — I Give Two Gold Prize Medals Annually to Students in Bridgeport High School — Opening of Sea-Side Institute — My Gift to Sea-Side Park.

On November 20, 1887, I was again, and for the fifth time, a heavy loser by fire. About ten o'clock on that night fire broke out in the great animal building of the winter quarters at Bridgeport, Conn., and in spite of strenuous efforts to subdue the flames it was entirely consumed, and so rapidly that there was not time to rescue the animals. Of the herd of thirty-four elephants, thirty escaped. One lion, "Nimrod," a fine specimen and great favorite, was led out by his keeper. With these exceptions, the entire menagerie perished in the flames. An immense quantity of properties, canvas tents, poles, seats, harness, etc., stored in the second story was also destroyed.

Many thrilling incidents of that night will long remain vividly in the memory of those who witnessed them. A terrified spectator, who did not realize that the released lion would obey the restraining hand of his keeper, tangled in his mane, shot at the beast, which, startled, broke away, outstripped his pursuers and entered a barn some distance from the scene of the conflagration. There he attacked a cow and calf, whose cries brought their owner, a Mrs. Gilligan. Mistaking the lion in the dim light for a huge dog, she stoutly belabored him with a broom-stick, saying, "Shoo! shoo!" The lion kept on making a meal of the cow and calf, but growled such a vigorous objection to being interrupted that the widow retreated precipi-

tately, crying, "A bear! a bear!" A neighbor caught up his gun and ran to her assistance, and, little recking what noble game he was slaughtering, through the window of the barn he shot the trapped king of the forest dead.

The elephant "Gracie" rushed into the Sound, where she was found next morning swimming exhaustedly. She died of cold and exposure while being towed to shore. The white elephant determinedly committed suicide. Liberated with the rest of the elephants, he rushed back into the flames. Driven out again and again, each time he returned until the keepers were forced to abandon him to his fate. In the fiercest of the flames he was seen wildly thrashing his trunk in the air, then with one loud cry fell and was seen no more. The fire approached in a weird and picturesque way a very large portrait of myself painted on the end of the building overlooking the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad. For many minutes the picture glowed intact in an unbroken frame of flame.

As a strong force of water was suddenly turned into the fire hose, the great coils swelled and writhed and leaped along the ground, and many of the excited on-lookers fled in horror, and told honest stories of the huge boa-constrictors that were wandering about seeking whom they might devour. At two o'clock in the morning the telegraphic despatch telling the dire news reached my rooms at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, and was received by my wife, who is authority for the following story:

"I roused Mr. Barnum, who turned on his pillow just enough to focus one eye at me as I stood shivering in the chill morning air.

"'What is it?' said he.

"'A telegram,' said I.

"'What about?' said he.

"'I'll read it to you,' said I.

Burning of the Winter Quarters at Bridgeport on November 20, 1887
From the 1889 "Struggles and Triumphs."

"'BRIDGEPORT, Nov. 21, 1887.

"'To P. T. BARNUM, Murray Hill Hotel:

"'Large animal building entirely consumed. Six horses in ring barn burned, together with entire menagerie except thirty elephants and one lion.

"'C. R. BROTHWELL.'

"'I am very sorry, my dear,' said he calmly, 'but apparent evils are often blessings in disguise. It is all right.'

"With that he rolled back into his original comfortable position and, I give you my word for it, in three minutes was fast asleep."

The loss by this fire was $250,000. Insurance, only $31,000. Many people thought I would be deterred by this disaster from ever collecting another menagerie. Some even surmised that I would give up the show business altogether. But I am not in the show business alone to make money. I feel it my mission, as long as I live, to provide clean, moral, and healthful recreation for the public to which I have so long catered, and which has never failed to recognize most generously my efforts. Mr. Bailey was as little dismayed as myself. From all parts of the world, dealers in wild animals and our own hunters telegraphed, cabled, and wrote what they had to offer us. Eleven days after the fire I found Mr. Bailey intently reading a pile of telegrams and letters, and making memoranda. To my inquiry as to what he was doing, he coolly remarked, "I am ordering a menagerie." "What! all in one day?" I ejaculated, somewhat surprised. "Certainly," he replied. "I know from these telegrams just where we can get every animal we want, and in six hours we shall own a much finer menagerie than the one we have lost."

Apropos of this fire it is a strange coincidence that four of the most famous elephants the world ever saw, elephants which contributed very largely to the reputation and prosperity of my show, have all come to untimely ends. The baby elephant,

a most amiable and popular little creature, died April 12, 1886, at the tender age of four years, in the very spot where he was born. Jumbo was killed by a locomotive, and the white elephant and Alice perished tragically in the burning of the winter quarters.

The following petition, started without my knowledge, was signed by the mayor, three ex-mayors, bank presidents and cashiers, and more than one thousand of our principal citizens, including all our chief merchants and prominent business men, and I have not heard a dissenting voice:

To Messrs. Barnum & Bailey:

Gentlemen — The undersigned citizens and business houses of Bridgeport learn with regret that a proposal has been made to remove the Winter Quarters from this city. We respectfully request that such proposal be not entertained by you, but that the Winter Quarters will still remain in this city.

We should consider it a great injury to our city to have you remove, and trust that you will favorably consider our request to remain.

Bridgeport, Conn., Nov. 23, 1887.

Nearly every newspaper in the world will probably publish an account of my last fire. The hundreds of copies already received from every part of the United States and Canada express sympathy for my losses and admiration for the determination on my part to "die in harness" and hand down to future generations "The Greatest Show on Earth" unimpaired in magnitude and merit. I am proud to say that the most powerful and influential newspaper in the world, the London "Times," of November 22, 1887, devotes an editorial of more than a column to a complimentary sketch of my career, in which it recognizes mine as an institution of "definite educational value." The "Times" describes me as "the genial showman, favorably known in both hemispheres," and among other pleasant things also says:

"It would not be easy to forget the promptitude and energy with which one disaster after another was repaired as soon as sustained, with which the loss of some central object of interest was made good by the discovery of another, and the way, in short, in which many of the qualities which adorn a general or a statesman were displayed, in no insignificant degree, in an undertaking so humble as the conducting of a show. . . . Madame Jenny Lind, who probably, notwithstanding her magnificent voice, owed a large measure of her popularity in America to Mr. Barnum's management, always bore testimony to the absolute integrity and honor for his dealings with her. . . . We confess to a very friendly feeling for Mr. Barnum, and trust that his menagerie will soon rise from its ashes, and that the catastrophe by which it has been dispersed may furnish the means of rendering the successor still more attractive than the original."

My well-beloved city of Bridgeport, at this writing the second in the State, bids fair soon to become the first in population, as it has long been in enterprise. Important factors in its almost unprecedented growth and prosperity are its beautiful position on the shore of Long Island Sound and its desirable location with respect to the railroads. On the direct line of the Consolidated R. R. from New York to Boston, *via* Hartford (tapping the Boston & Albany R. R. at Springfield, Mass.), also *via* New London & Providence, it is also the terminus of the Housatonic and Naugatuck Railroads, both of which lines pass through fertile valleys, whose inexhaustible water-power feeds innumerable manufactories. Eighty-two passenger trains and thirty-five freight trains arrive in the Bridgeport depot every twenty-four hours, and three steamboats ply daily between New York and Bridgeport, besides freight steam propellers. There is also daily steamboat communication with Port Jefferson, L. I.

From the time I first settled in Bridgeport, forty years ago, when its inhabitants numbered only six thousand, I have been, by public and private enterprises, closely identified with its growth. For nearly forty years I have been opening streets,

planting trees, filling swamps, making docks, and erecting houses and factories in Bridgeport. As those persons who own the houses they live in are generally the best citizens, since they feel the responsibilities of householders and taxpayers, I sell them lots on credit, and build them small, convenient houses, my condition being that they shall furnish one-third of the cost of the houses alone, repaying the rest in easy installments, covering a period of ten or a dozen years, if they desire it.

The Bridgeport Hospital was inaugurated November 11, 1884. His Excellency William [1] B. Harrison, Governor of the State, and the mayors of all the cities in Connecticut were among the numerous distinguished guests, including prominent physicians from New York and elsewhere. A banquet, music, and speeches occupied four hours. As president of this noble institution I made the opening speech and congratulated the audience on being present at this dedication of a church, the "Church of Good Works," where the Good Samaritan stood far above priest or Levite, and where persons of all creeds could worship in harmony and love.

On the 16th of December, 1884, the Mayor and Common Council of Bridgeport passed a vote of thanks for one thousand dollars placed by me in the city treasury for the purchase annually of two gold medals to be presented to the two students in the Bridgeport High School who shall write and pronounce the best two English orations.

The corporation known as the Bridgeport Hydraulic Company, of which I was president, was unable, in consequence of the rapid growth of the city, to furnish that "abundant supply of pure water" which its charter required, without obtaining it from some other source than the Pequonnock River.

By acquiring the rights of Mill River, a stream of great volume and purity, and bringing it through very large pipes some eight miles into the city, Bridgeport has now a water-power whose natural force throws a stream over the tops of its highest buildings, and thus renders the use of fire engines unneces-

[1] This should be "Henry." [Ed.]

sary. This great blessing will largely enhance the growth and prosperity of our beautiful and thrifty city. Prominent among our finest buildings is the Sea-side Institute, erected by Drs. I. de Ver and Lucian Warner, as a club-house for the fifteen hundred women employed in their corset factory. Perfectly appointed, with parlors, music-rooms (two Steinway pianos), sewing-rooms, bath-rooms, restaurant, class-rooms, library, a great hall accommodating six hundred people (with stage, etc.), this Institute is as unique in elegance as it is in purpose. Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the President of the United States, paid to the Warner Brothers' generous gift the fitting and graceful tribute of signifying her willingness to open the Institute in person. The occasion was a most enjoyable one for the working women, every one of whom Mrs. Cleveland took by the hand, and for the few guests invited, among whom were my wife and myself. Excellent speeches were made by the Rev. Drs. Collyer and Taylor, of New York, and the formal opening of the Institute was greeted with an appreciative enthusiasm well merited by the founders.

The beautiful Sea-side Park in Bridgeport, whose beginning twenty years ago I described in Chapter XLV, has now become the most lovely park which lies on Long Island Sound. On several occasions it has been enlarged by valuable land fronting the Sound presented by me. My last gift of thirty acres at the west end, on which, including the dyke and original purchase money, I had expended more than fifty thousand dollars, extends the Park boundary to a creek, which in the near future the city of Bridgeport will bridge, thus extending the shore drive to Fairfield, Southport, Westport, and Norwalk, a distance of fourteen miles. At an expense of $90,000 I filled up forty-five acres of low, marshy land, owned by me, adjoining the Park, raising it six feet. This expensive improvement has materially enhanced the beauty of the Park and will be a great public benefit.

As I close this volume I am more thankful than words can express that my health is preserved, and that I am blessed with

a vigor and buoyancy of spirits vouchsafed to but few; but I am by no means insensible to the fact that I have reached the evening of life (which is well lighted, however), and I am glad to know that though this is indeed a beautiful, delightful world to those who have the temperament, the resolution, and the judgment to make it so, yet it happily is not our abiding-place; and that he is unwise who sets his heart so firmly upon its transitory pleasures as to feel a reluctance to obey the call when his Father makes it, to leave all behind and to come up higher, in that Great Future when all that we now prize so highly (except our love to God and man) shall dwindle into insignificance.

WALDEMERE, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., 1888.

POSTSCRIPT

Appended is the first proclamation of the new firm of Barnum & Bailey:

AN OPEN LETTER

WALDEMERE, BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Dec. 1, 1887.

Rising, phœnix-like, from the ashes of my fifth great fire, which only served to illuminate my path of duty as the American people's champion amusement-provider, I have taken into equal partnership my energetic and experienced friend and former associate JAMES A. BAILEY. We have enlarged and vastly improved The Greatest Show on Earth, which we propose to establish as a permanence, with a reserve capital of several millions of dollars. We also intend at an early date to establish in all our principal cities great museums of natural and artificial curiosities, to which will be added a spacious lecture room for scientific experiments and historical lectures,

Courtesy of Brown Brothers.

JAMES A. BAILEY

From a photograph by Rockwood

panoramas, pantomimes, and light entertainments of a pleasing and general nature. The Barnum & Bailey Show will present to this and future generations a WORLD'S FAIR and a moral SCHOOL OF OBJECT TEACHING, of unexampled variety and superior excellence, more amusing, instructive, comprehensive, and vast than was ever before seen or dreamed of. It is the pride of my declining years that I am able to give, as the result of my long life of experience and determined effort, that innocent and educational diversion which everyone concedes that human nature imperatively demands.

The public's obedient servant,

PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

MR. BAILEY'S POLICY

In re-entering the amusement field by becoming Mr. P. T. Barnum's equal and sole partner, and assuming the personal management of the great combined exhibitions bearing our names, I respectfully avail myself of the opportunity afforded to briefly and plainly state the basis upon which they are organized, the principles upon which they will be conducted, and the policy that will, under all circumstances, be rigidly enforced and adhered to.

I have returned to the show business to stay, so long as my health and life are spared, and to do my full share, in not only placing and maintaining the Great Barnum & Bailey World's Fair of Wonders upon a far higher, broader, and more liberal plane than was ever attained by any similar enterprise, but to continually enlarge its possessions and strengthen its popularity.

The partnership is not a temporary, but a permanent one, equally binding upon both partners, their heirs, administrators, executors, or assigns; and the death of either of them will in no wise affect the existence and continuation of the show.

It is not an experiment, but a solid, established business enterprise, whose name and character are continuous and permanent.

It will never, under any circumstances, or at any time or place, be divided, and the malicious circulators of libels or slanders to the contrary will be prosecuted and punished to the full extent of the law.

It will be honestly advertised.

The whole of it will always be exhibited in every place, large or small, wherever it is advertised to appear, and in no place will a single feature or act be omitted.

The magnificent free street pageant will never be anywhere curtailed by the omission of a single attraction.

Its menagerie and museum tent will never be taken down at night, until after the conclusion of both the circus and hippodrome performances.

The afternoon and evening performances will invariably be equally complete, perfect, and satisfactory, and, under no circumstances, will the evening performance be, in the slightest degree, abbreviated, cut, or neglected; but each and every act thereof will be presented according to the printed programme.

The convenience and pleasure of its patrons will be specially considered.

It will be a place which an unattended child can visit with perfect safety.

Its employees will be required to deal fairly and courteously with all, and to answer all proper questions intelligently and politely.

No peddling will be permitted under its tents.

No camp-followers, street fakirs, gamblers, or disreputable or intoxicated persons will be tolerated on its grounds.

Everything in the slightest degree calculated to offend or annoy its patrons will be absolutely prohibited. Morality, purity, and refinement will be the rule without exception.

I shall always be present to investigate any complaints and

to strictly enforce the above regulations, and all others that may be necessary to protect both the public and our own good name.

JAMES A. BAILEY.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

The Great Show travelled west and south in the summer of 1888, going as far as Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Dakota, Arkansas, and Texas. The financial result was satisfactory. During its absence we erected eight spacious fire-proof buildings on the eleven acres forming the old site of our Winter Quarters at Bridgeport, Conn., for keeping the immense collection of wild animals, and storing the cars, cages, chariots, and paraphernalia of "The Greatest Show on Earth" when not on public exhibition.

In the summer of 1888 I presented to the Bridgeport Scientific Society and the Fairfield County Historical Society a corner lot in the center of Bridgeport, on which, by provision in my will, a fire-proof building will be erected for their use.

We opened the "Great Show" in Madison Square Garden, in New York City, Saturday, March 25, 1889, for a period of four weeks, during which time the great building, seating over 10,000 persons, was filled twice each day to overflowing. It was unanimously agreed by the public and the press, secular and religious, that never before was seen in this country such an enormous variety of instructive, moral, and amusing novelties. My intention is that "The Greatest Show on Earth" shall continue to instruct and delight many future generations, and my eldest grandson, who has, at my request, legally assumed the name C. Barnum Seeley, and who is a gentleman of practical business training, will no doubt assist in its conduct after it passes into the possession of my heirs. He is now twenty-two years of age.

At this present writing we are earnestly engaged in preparations for transferring our entire show to London, where we have engaged the extensive Olympia buildings for its exhibition. This is by far the greatest and most daring undertaking that was ever before [*sic* — Ed.] ventured upon by individuals in the line of public exhibition. Several of the largest ocean steamships, including "The City of Rome" and the "Furnessia," will transport our whole plant across the Atlantic and back. Although in my eightieth year, I shall, if my present robust health continues, be with the exhibition in London. It will sail from New York City about October 16, 1889, exhibit in London *only,* where we intend to open on the eleventh day of November next, and return to New York in time for the spring and summer tour in America. The expense involved in this unparalleled enterprise will be nearly or quite a million of dollars.[2]

On the eighth of August I went to Bethel, desirous once more to revisit my birthplace, the scenes of my boyhood, prior to my departure for Europe. I proposed, with several members of my family, to take a quiet look at the old familiar places, but the good citizens of my native town made the occasion a festive one. The Bridgeport "Standard" of the next day gave the following report:

Mr. Barnum was met at the depot by several hundreds of the first citizens, who escorted him, with a long line of carriages, to the village hotel in which he resided with his parents sixty years ago. The streets and houses were gaily decorated with flags, the sidewalks crowded with people and cheers filled the air. Arriving at the hotel the multi-

[2] Barnum did go to London and delighted in the applause of the crowds as he was driven around the arena at the Olympia. On November 8th, 1889, an imposing banquet, presided over by the Earl of Kilmorey and under the auspices of a committee of notables, was given in his honor at the Hotel Victoria. Her Majesty the Queen attended the Show, which included Imre Kiralfy's pageant and spectacle "Nero," with a cast numbering 1,900. The "Times" had high praise for the Olympia performances, and said: "Mr. Barnum has stamped upon his entire company the absolute belief in him which he feels in himself." [Ed.]

tude drew up in front. Mr. Barnum was escorted to the piazza, where a speech of welcome was made and the freedom of the town was tendered to their guest. As Mr. Barnum commenced to speak he was greeted with three rousing cheers. The ovation was a complete surprise to the veteran showman, but he unhesitatingly delivered one of his characteristic speeches, interspersed with numerous jokes and anecdotes, strongly emphasized by expressions of pleasure and gratitude. At the close of his speech forty of the oldest inhabitants, whose ages ranged from 73 to 89 years, were severally introduced to their old townsman. Mr. Barnum recognized each one as he heartily shook hands, and the spectators were amused beyond measure at the remarks which he made, recalling some laughable circumstance applied to each, which transpired more than half a century ago. Mr. Barnum, escorted by several of the oldest citizens, was taken to every part of the town and its suburbs. He remembered every scene of his childhood and related scores of anecdotes connected therewith. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, provided by a committee of citizens, he left his native town amid the smiles and cheers of its inhabitants. He declares that this was the happiest day that he has experienced in a dozen years. It certainly is one which will never be forgotten by him nor by the good citizens of Bethel.

For a long time my wife and I had found Waldemere somewhat too large for our needs and comfort, besides lacking some of the latest improvements in electric lighting, sanitary plumbing, etc. It seemed desirable to build a new house, and I told my wife to go ahead and build the ideal house which every woman has in her mind. Not caring to give up the perfectly charming Waldemere site, the new house was built about three feet east of the old house, which was permitted to stand until the former was almost completed. Waldemere was then torn down, the cellar filled, and the site covered with turf and planted with large trees. "Marina," as its mistress named the ideal house when it had materialized, is a substantial structure of brick and stone, in the Queen Anne style, planned and built by Longstaff & Hurd, of Bridgeport, Ct.

When completed, I presented the deed of the house to my

wife, for whose present and future comfort, she being much my junior, I had taken pleasure in providing a beautiful and luxurious home.

I visited the Great Show at Boston, where it exhibited from June 17th to 22d. The Boston Press Club tendered me a reception at their rooms, at which I received quite an ovation from some two hundred members of the club, an honor which I acknowledged and appreciated.

On the night of August 22d, one of the trains of our Great Show was wrecked while *en route* on the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railway, from Gouverneur to Montreal. A broken axle was the cause. Thirty-three ring horses and two camels were killed. Six cars were derailed and two were telescoped. Fortunately no person was injured. Our loss was about $40,000, besides the day's receipts at Montreal, which would have been about $18,000. I received the news at Paul Smith's, in the Adirondack Mountains, where I had gone for an "outing" with my wife. As I always accept with equanimity every event which I cannot avoid, the intelligence did not disturb my sleep or comfort.

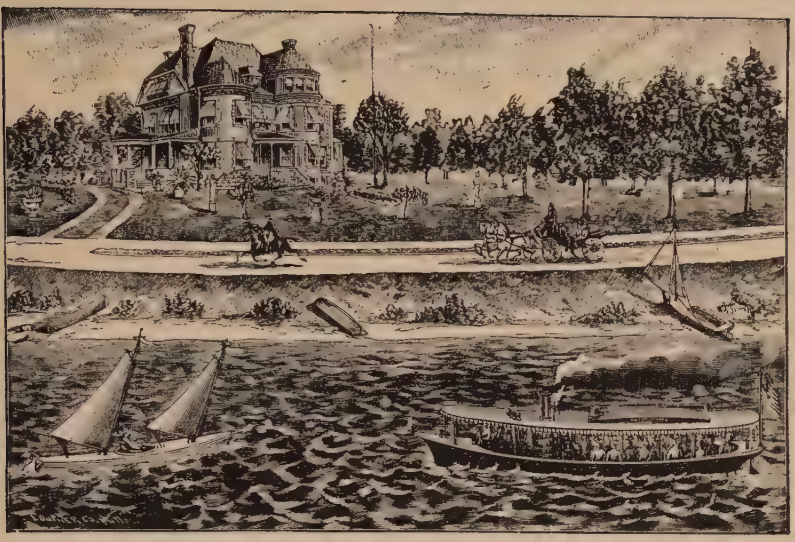
By the way, I played an old chestnut of a joke on my good landlord Paul Smith. It is told as follows by the New York "Tribune" of August 25th:

Paul Smith and Barnum are good friends. They spend many pleasant hours together. But the ever-vivacious showman must have his practical jokes, and even his friend Paul was made one of his victims last week.

These two celebrities met on the grand piazza after breakfast, and, passing the usual morning greeting, Paul Smith said, "Well, friend Barnum, how do you find things here this year?"

"I am delighted as usual," replied the cheerful showman, "and I particularly admire your enterprise in erecting so many new cottages, and introducing running water and steam heating into your big hotel"

"Glad to hear you like it," said Paul. "Praises from a man of your



As It Was Pictured in the 1889 "Struggles and Triumphs."

Photograph by A. D. Fuller.

As It Appeared in 1926

MARINA

Barnum's Residence from 1888.

years and experience give me new heart and courage. But I will thank you still more heartily if you will frankly tell me whenever you discover anything about my hotel that is not clean up to the highest mark. I am as proud of providing the very best of everything as you are in your big show."

"That's right," responded Barnum; "a true friend will always tell us our faults. And this reminds me that there is one thing that I noticed on your table which I thought I ought to mention to you. You know most of our food and drinks are adulterated. Yours I have generally found fresh and pure, but the ground black pepper on your table is largely mixed with peas."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the old pioneer. "Why, I buy all my groceries from Bacon, Stickney & Co., the wholesale dealers in Albany, and they stand high for goods of pure quality."

"Can't help it," said Barnum; "you investigate it, and I'll give you a hundred dollars if you don't find all your so-called 'pepper' is at least one-half peas."

"I will write my grocers to-day and give them fits. 'Half peas,' indeed! That reminds me that thirty-three years ago I ran a boat from New York to St. John, Canada. I often brought cargoes of peas from St. John and delivered them to the large coffee dealers in New York, but these grocers shall not swindle me."

Paul Smith's son immediately wrote a letter from his father's dictation, blowing his grocers sky-high for selling him adulterated pepper. He told them that P. T. Barnum declared it was at least half peas, and threatened them with instant withdrawal of his patronage if they did not immediately send him a box of pure ground pepper without a single pea in it.

Three days afterwards Paul received an answer from his grocers, in which they humbly asked his pardon. They confessed that there were peas in their pepper, even to the extent charged by Mr. Barnum, but they cautioned him to look out for that merry old wag of a showman, and to carefully spell "pepper," assuring him that the purest specimen in the market consisted of half P's.

Paul Smith was astounded, but he took the joke in good part. In reply to the laughter and jeers of his guests, he said:

"I am sorry friend Barnum is a temperance man, otherwise I would be glad to stand a basket or two of champagne."

Among the other ways of announcing in London the contemplated visit of our Great Show to that great city, we have issued several hundred thousand copies of our illustrated paper, of the same size as "Harper's Weekly," for free distribution throughout Great Britain. Of course this paper describes in detail the main attractions of the show. I cut from its columns the following, which was intended for the special consideration of "parents and guardians":

P. T. BARNUM'S PHILOSOPHY

If you would be as happy as a child, please one.
Childish wonder is the first step in human wisdom.
To best please a child is the highest triumph of philosophy.
A happy child is the most likely to make an honest man.
To stimulate wholesome curiosity in the mind of the child is to plant golden seed.
I would rather be called the children's friend than the world's king.
Amusement to children is like rain to flowers.
He that makes useful knowledge most attractive to the young is the king of sages.
Childish laughter is the echo of heavenly music.
The noblest art is that of making others happy.
Wholesome recreation conquers evil thoughts.
Innocent amusement transforms tears into rainbows.
The author of harmless mirth is a public benefactor.
I say — as the poet said of his ballads — if I might provide the amusements of a nation, I would not care who made its laws.

I have in preparation a volume of hitherto unpublished reminiscences, which I intend to issue next spring.[3] P. T. B.

[3] "Dollars and Sense, or How to Get On" (Chicago, 1890) is largely made up of old material. [Ed.]

APPENDIX

THE LAST CHAPTER [1]

By NANCY BARNUM

THE winter of 1889 to 1890 saw the gratification of one of Mr. Barnum's greatest and longest cherished ambitions. He took the "Greatest Show on Earth" to London, where, in the great amusement building called "Olympia" (perhaps the largest in the world), it at once became the fashion — a great social and financial success. Royalty went, attended with all due ceremony, and went again, and yet again, incognito. It became a rendezvous for the nobility; the favorite resort of the great middle class; and the Mecca of the poor. The public, charmed and dazzled by the brilliant spectacle, were eager to see its author and proprietor. Royalty greeted him cordially, the Prince of Wales saying, "We are old friends and need no introduction," and cast aside the formalities which hedge them in from their own subjects. At the other end of the social gamut, the little street Arabs clamored affectionately for "Good Old Barnum," an appellation which, heard everywhere in the street, made his heart and face glow. Mr. Barnum attended nearly every performance; driving twice daily many miles for the purpose, and keeping, for him, unusually late hours. Often wearied with excitement and the unwonted irregularity, his genuine pleasure and gratified pride made him unwilling to admit, even to himself, any weariness or discomfort indicating an increase of the heart-weakness the existence of which had been known to us both for some years.

When he returned to America in March, circumstances detained me, much against my will, in London; and thus I lost three months of his companionship, out of what, we both of us little knew, was to be the last year of his life.

When I returned in June it seemed to me as if the kindly face which smiled up at me over a big bouquet, as I looked down at the wharf

[1] This is reprinted from Mrs. Barnum's privately issued booklet "The Last Chapter: In Memoriam P. T. Barnum." [Ed.]

from the deck of the "Britannic," had a pallor it did not wear when last we parted; but in the joy of having his home circle once more complete he seemed more than ever light-hearted, and gay and active. The summer sped by with its usual swiftness, in the enjoyment of simple home pleasures, which included all his family — children, grandchildren, and the great-grandchildren who were his chief joy and pride.

On July 4, 1890, we celebrated his eightieth birthday, which really fell on the fifth, by the usual assembling around our table of all the family. He seemed on this day unusually anxious that none should be missing, unusually tender to every one present — child, grandchild, and great-grandchild.

On this day he gave a dinner to all his employees and their families, going to them later, from his family gathering, and addressing them a short speech of much feeling and earnestness. Many of those present had served him twenty, and some even thirty years. With moist eyes, and a voice that now faltered with emotion, and again rang with earnestness, he reviewed the years of their association; thanking them for their fidelity, and giving them with paternal tenderness good counsel for the future conduct of their lives. It was as if he had some prescience that it was for the last time.

Again, as if with some foreboding that it was his last birthday, he gave me a copy of his "Life," in which he wrote the date, adding, "With love forevermore." August we spent, according to custom, at Paul Smith's; and after another month at our beautiful home, Marina, we set out for Colorado, in fulfilment of his great desire to show me the West; and to pay a long-promised visit to his daughter, the wife of Dr. Buchtel, of Denver. We stopped, *en route*, a few days at Chicago, and Kansas City, where we saw the show for the last time. The warm-hearted Western people who, in Kansas City, gave us such a delightful informal reception, and made our two weeks' stay in Denver one unbroken round of pleasure, will never forget the hale, hearty, handsome old man, the incarnation of vigor and hilarity, who received every stranger as an old friend, and greeted every former acquaintance with some allusion which showed a flattering clearness of recollection of their last meeting.

Sir Edwin Arnold says, in his preface to "Japonica": "It is much if any man can register, amid the vicissitudes of time, one whole *annus delectabilis*, with none but delightful experiences and agreeable memories." It is much to be able to record one month of pleasure without

alloy, and I can say of October, 1890, that it was, for two people at least, a month of flawless happiness. Never, so Mr. Barnum said, did he enjoy a journey so much as this, which we little dreamed was to be his last; never had nature seemed to him so beautiful. He entered with boyish eagerness into every excursion, regardless of all entreaties to be careful, regardless of all cautions as to the possible ill effects of such an altitude. He was perfectly and exuberantly happy, thinking all the world fair, and all mankind true. No less happy was the coming home, rich in pleasant memories, to Marina, and our "own folks."

"Coming events" do not always "cast their shadows before," and when, on November 6th, he was unusually drowsy and listless after his customary afternoon nap, it did not seem as if it could be the "beginning of the end"; but in the next three days he developed acute congestion of the brain. By dint of great care, and his good constitution, this danger was safely past in three weeks, and he seemed then on the way to recovering his usual robust health; but the insidious heart-weakness had in the meantime made decided progress, and the verdict of the physicians was, "The end may not be near, but this is his last sickness." To this they added strictest cautions that the truth must be kept from the patient, as it might produce depression, and depression would quickly cause death. All excitement and fatigue were forbidden.

Then began the cruel strain on those who loved him, and who, knowing the inevitable end, must yet enter into all his plans for the future; and while mourning the fading of the precious life, were obliged to answer cheerily when he said, as he did so often, "Now I feel that I am really getting well." Mercifully suffering scarcely at all, he was always cheerful, often merry. His room was the one bright spot in a sad house, and his hearty laugh was often heard. Each day up to the last day he lived he was dressed, and spent several hours in the sunny bay-window of his room, from which he could see the Park, beyond that the Sound, and still beyond, the faint line of Long Island.

Keeping his hold on all his business affairs, he exercised his usual shrewdness in directing them: carrying out transactions involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. One of these was the erection of a block of business buildings.

The name, fame, and interest of the "Greatest Show on Earth" were near to his heart as ever; and he worked hard, alone, and in collaboration with Mr. Bailey, to secure new features, and superior general excellence for the season of 1891. His hearty coöperation was a

great help and comfort to Mr. Bailey, who hoped against hope that his old friend and partner would be spared yet many years.

An inimitable story-teller, he was eager as ever to procure a good story, and was then boyishly impatient to relate it. Among his most appreciative listeners was his friend and lawyer, Mr. Curtis Thompson, for whom, having got a new and good anecdote, he would send at once, and, as he entered the room, greet him with a jovial: "Well, Curtis, I don't want you on business, but I will pay you just the same. I have heard such a good story," etc., etc. Then followed roars of laughter, and it was hard to realize that the loudest and heartiest was that of a dying man.

Determined to live, he was docile in following the doctors' injunctions, and bore, with unwavering patience, a confinement that must have been very irksome to a man of such active habits. But he never murmured.

Generous as ever, and sensitive to the sufferings of others, he signalized every holiday by remembering, out of his abundance, institutions, and individuals in need.

At Thanksgiving he presented a parsonage to the Church of the Redeemer, of which he had been a member, and very largely a supporter for many years. At Christmas he gave generously to the poor and sick, the widowed and orphans. In the name of his beloved great-grandchildren he sent toys to the less fortunate little ones of the poor. To every society working for the good and comfort of the people of Bridgeport, he sent liberal subscriptions.

At this time he matured his plan of providing a permanent home for the Bridgeport Scientific, Historical, and Medical societies. On March 16, 1891, he signed the contract for the handsome brown-stone building on the corner of Main and Gilbert streets — one of the chief ornaments of Bridgeport, and quite worthy of the generous donor.

The genuine love and anxiety of the American people for the man who had contributed so largely to their pleasure became a menace to the patient. The public demanded to know his condition; and as weeks wore into months, reporters were unsatisfied with non-committal bulletins. As Mr. Barnum rarely missed a day reading his beloved New York "Tribune," and the Bridgeport papers, looking always for the report of his condition, it became a very serious matter what was printed concerning him. The consideration shown by the press, when the situation was explained, will always be gratefully remembered by the writer.

I do not think that, until the last two weeks of his sickness, Mr. Barnum gave up his hope of getting well. There was nothing to show when he gave up clinging to the life he so much enjoyed, and loved so well. Of his own death he would not speak; of death in the abstract, he said: "It is a good thing, a beautiful thing, just as much so as life; and it is wrong to grieve about it, and to look on it as an evil."

But there came into his eyes a great wistfulness whenever he looked on a loved face; and he busied himself more than ever, but all for the comfort of others when he should be gone. Often he mused silently, for hours, with a calm, intent gaze that seemed to see beyond the present, and at night his last half-whispered words were, "Thy will be done."

Sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker, but rarely helpless, and still more rarely depressed, it would not have been possible to believe him dying, but for the assurance of his devoted physicians, Drs. Hubbard and Godfrey, that the heart which had beaten so bravely for eighty years was becoming more and more weary. For the assiduous and tender care which watched him untiringly, and lightened as much as possible the suffering from which we could save him, he was most grateful and appreciative.

The first week in April found him a little more languid than usual, but he sent for his business men and lawyers, and quietly, without any hurry, and with his usual attention to details, closed up many affairs. With the same calmness he gave directions as to his funeral, ignoring, when possible, any mention of death.

On Sunday, the fifth of April, he said to her whom his loss would leave most lonely, "I want you with me every moment of the little time that is left."

On Monday, the sixth, he was as usual dressed and on the lounge during two or three hours of the morning, talking with his trusty agents Mr. Bowser and Mr. Brothwell. In the afternoon he received the last of many visits from Dr. A. L. Loomis, of New York. In the evening began a slight restlessness, which grew more and more pronounced, and at midnight the heart's action indicated a dangerous condition, and telegrams were sent to all the absent members of the family. At two A.M. he spoke of certain business matters, expressed one or two last wishes, and saying tenderly to his wife, "My last thoughts are of you," sank into a heavy sleep which lasted until seven o'clock. While he never fully roused from this lethargy, he showed that he was conscious to the

last. At eight o'clock, when told a gratifying item of election news, he faintly said, "I am glad." At nine he whispered a few loving words for the comfort of a grieving heart. All that weary day, as his sorrowing children and grandchildren gathered at his bedside, a faint word of tenderness, faint as a breath, fluttered forth to greet each one.

Morning wore into afternoon, and afternoon into the dusk of early evening. Death was kind, and no physical pain disturbed the quiet figure on the little bed. Quicker and quicker beat the tired heart, then slower and still slower; and at 6.34, with undaunted heart and unclouded brain, passed out of this place of being which we call life, one of the most remarkable and best loved men of his country.

The news of his death called out a universal expression of sorrow. The leading newspapers of the Old and New World devoted whole pages to a review of his unique career, paying generous tribute to his shrewdness, courage, enterprise, and liberality. Rich and poor, patrician and plebeian, high and low, praised and sorrowed for him.

The blotting out of his vivid personality left a gap and a silence in his home and the community of which he had been the life. The city which had owed to him so much of its prosperity, beauty, and reputation paid him all honor. Public and private buildings were draped with black. Everywhere draped and flower-wreathed portraits met the eye. Little children, awed and grieved by the death of him who had seemed to their childish admiration immortal, crept wistfully to the darkened house to beg a flower from the funeral wreath that hung on the great oaken doors of Marina.

On the day of burial, the eleventh of April, a short service at Marina was conducted by Rev. L. B. Fisher, in presence of Mr. Barnum's family and intimate friends, his partner Mr. Bailey, and many faithful employees, after which the funeral cortège passed through sympathizing throngs to the South Church, the largest in Bridgeport, which yet was inadequate to hold all who wished to pay a last tribute. Mr. Barnum's old and attached friend, Rev. Robert Collyer, looking down with tear-wet face on the flower-covered casket, delivered an impressive funeral address, while behind him on the platform were gathered all the clergymen of the city, without regard to creed or color; everything forgotten but the common loss. In accordance with Mr. Barnum's wish, the text, Luke xxii. 24, "Not my will, but Thine, be done," was the motive of the address; and hymns by Whittier and Holmes, with whose views of life and death he had been in such sympathy, were sung. The honorary

pall-bearers were Major W. B. Hincks, administrator of the estate; Curtis Thompson, Mr. Barnum's lawyer and confidential adviser; R. B. Lacey, Secretary of the Historical Society; Nathaniel Wheeler, of the Board of Trade; Isaac Holden, President of the Scientific Society; Postmaster J. W. Knowlton, and Jerome Orcutt, of the Universalist Church; Dr. I. D. V. Warner; E. W. Marsh, of the Hospital Association; and Bernard Peters, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

If there were need of material monuments to keep his name and memory from oblivion, these are not wanting. Among the chief is the magnificent granite Museum of Natural History, which he built and presented to Tufts College, and which he liberally endowed at his death.

A fine bronze statue of himself, a perfect portrait, by Thomas Ball, was presented to the city of Bridgeport by his former partners, Jas. A. Bailey, Jas. L. Hutchinson, and W. W. Cole. This now stands on a superbly sculptured granite pedestal, the gift of the citizens of Bridgeport, in the beautiful Seaside Park, of which he was one of the founders, and the largest donor. It is a particularly well-chosen site, his favorite summer-day haunt, on the margin of the Sound, and within sight of his former home.

But a better fame is his, for, though the busy hands are folded, the cheery voice stilled, and the kindly smile hid forever, he lives in the love of his devoted family; in the hearts of all who came within the circle of his wonderfully magnetic personality; and, it will be long ere the world forgets P. T. Barnum.

BARNUM'S TICKET SALES

These figures are from a note added by Barnum to chapter xlix of "Struggles and Triumphs" in the abridged form and appearing unchanged in the various editions. — Ed.

DURING the forty years that I have been a manager of public amusements, the number of my patrons has been almost incredible. From a careful examination of my account-books for the different exhibitions which I have owned and controlled, I find that more than eighty-two

millions of tickets, in the aggregate, were disposed of, and numerous exhibitions which I have had at various times are not included in this statement.

The travelling exhibitions which I managed during the six years preceding my purchase of the New York American Museum, in 1841, were attended by	1,500,000	persons.
The American Museum, which I managed from 1841 to 1865, when it was destroyed by fire, sold	37,560,000	tickets.
My Broadway Museum, in 1865–6–7 and 8, sold	3,640,000	"
My Philadelphia Museum, 1849, 1850, and 1851, sold	1,800,000	"
My Baltimore Museum sold	900,000	"
My travelling Asiatic Caravan, Museum, and Menagerie in 1851–2–3 and 4 sold	5,824,000	"
My great travelling World's Fair and Hippodrome, in 1871–2–3–4–5 and 6, sold	7,920,000	"
My other travelling exhibitions in America and Europe sold	2,200,000	"
General Tom Thumb has exhibited for me 34 years, and sold	20,400,000	"
Jenny Lind's Concerts, under my management, were attended by	600,000	persons.
Catherine Hayes' 60 Concerts in California, under my contract, sold	120,000	tickets.
Thus, my patrons amount to the enormous number of	82,464,000	

Of course, eighty-two millions of different individuals have not visited my various exhibitions, for many persons visited my museums, etc., scores and some undoubtedly hundreds of times. But, taken altogether, I think I can, without egotism, say that I have amused and instructed more persons than any other manager who ever lived. In addition to the eighty-two millions who have visited my public exhibitions, I may add that I have delivered over seven hundred public lectures, which were attended in the aggregate by 1,300,000 persons.

BARNUM ON FARMING

In chapter xvi of the present edition, Barnum refers to the address delivered by him at Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1849, as president of the Fairfield County Agricultural Society. The extracts here printed from that address have been taken from chapter xiii of the "Life" (1855).—Ed.

In the fall of 1848, my head gardner reported that I had fifty bushels of potatoes to spare. I thereupon directed him to barrel them up and ship them to New York for sale. He did so, and received two dollars per barrel, or about sixty-seven cents per bushel. But unfortunately, after the potatoes had been shipped, I found that my gardener had selected all the *largest* for market, and left my family nothing but "*small potatoes*" to live on during the winter. But the worst is still to come. My potatoes were all gone before March, and I was obliged to buy, during the spring, over fifty bushels of potatoes *at* $1.25 *per bushel!*

I trust that, inasmuch as I missed a figure or two in this operation, my friends will profit by my ignorance, and never be in a hurry to *sell* their productions until they have discovered that they have more on hand than will be required for family use!

My next experiment, which was in the horticultural line, will not, I fear, redound more to my credit than the potato operation. Last spring I observed my gardener cutting off from our young maple trees all the small limbs and shoots which had started out from the body from two to six or eight feet from the ground. I inquired the object of this, and he informed me that these shoots were not only useless to the trees, but were, in fact, an injury, inasmuch as they absorbed the sap, which was needed in the upper branches. I immediately saw the philosophy of this, and feeling that, as President of the Fairfield County Agricultural Society, it was my duty to have some *practical* experience in farming matters, I soon proceeded to the house, and having selected a large and very sharp carving-knife, went at once on to my grounds, with the full determination of destroying every worthless limb, sprout, and "sucker" which came in my way.

I soon found myself between a couple of rows of thrifty-looking

young cherry trees, but, strange to say, their bodies were covered with "suckers" or "sprouts." Here was a sad neglect of my gardener; but I held in my hand a weapon capable of neutralizing the results of his forgetfulness, and at it I went, right and left. The carving-knife, in my determined hand, worked wonders; and in less than an hour, I had trimmed every cherry tree nearly as high as I could reach, and looked with pleasure upon their symmetrical and much improved appearance. While thus beholding the fruit of my labor, and feeling a conscious pride over this, my first grand achievement in farming, my gardener came up, and with a feeling of satisfaction that I shall never forget, I pointed to the quantities of cherry sprouts which I had brought to the ground. The gardener started suddenly, gave a look of surprise, which instantly changed to despair, and clasping his hands as if in the deepest agony, he exclaimed, "*Merciful heavens! you have cut off all the grafts.*"

This was a sad blow to my farming aspirations! It has caused me, not exactly to abandon the business in despair, but rather to be cautious about using the *pruning knife* until I know a sprout from a graft! I am convinced, from the foregoing experiments, that my education in the agricultural line was sadly neglected! "

. . .

Land being more plenty than people, it is *cheap* here, in comparison with other countries, and therefore the farmer settles on new land, which is bought for a trifle, and when he has nearly exhausted his soil, instead of attempting to renew it, he adopts what he considers a cheaper course; he sells his farm for what he can get, pulls up stakes, and moves away to some other new land, the soil of which, without the trouble or expense of manuring, is ready to bring forth large crops upon merely receiving the seed from the hand of the owner. Well, this system may have been very well once; it has served to push our backwoodsmen further towards our borders in the Great West, and thus aid in peopling our magnificent territory, and developing our vast resources; but as it is important that we somehow manage to keep a *few* farmers in our New England and Middle States, it stands us in hand to see that they pay attention to improvements in agriculture and the creation of new soils, so that they may not be tempted to run away to the rich prairies of the West, and leave those engaged in other occupations to eat their own

productions. For my own part, as a showman, I should be sadly puzzled if I was forced to eat stuffed monkey, Fejee mermaids, or woolly horses; and I have no doubt that many others would be bothered to digest their own productions. I will merely instance the blacksmith, the shoemaker, the clergyman, the dentist, the saddler, the carpenter, and the stone mason. Surely the blacksmith would be obliged to pick his teeth with one of his own nail-rods, after having made a breakfast of horse-shoes or ox-chains; the shoemaker, after dining on shoe-leather and black wax, would hope it was his *last* and his *all;* the clergyman, who could digest nothing but his own sermons, would consider it a terrible sentence to be forced to "eat his words"; the carpenter would declare it was the hardest *deal* he ever *saw*, if he was obliged to swallow deal boards for his lunch; the dentist would starve to death "in spite of his teeth," if he had nothing but teeth for his food; the saddler would rather be a horse, and wear the saddle on the outside, than to find a place for a *stir-up* in his interior; and the stone mason would soon be at work building his own sepulchre, if he saw that he must gnaw nothing but granite till "dust returned to dust."

It seems quite necessary, therefore, that we should keep the farmers among us; and as this is only to be done by letting them have land worth tilling, it is highly important that they should know how to *make* such land.

Let the farmer learn the best and cheapest method of procuring or manufacturing manure, and then see that plenty of that kind of manure which his particular soil requires is applied to the land. Let him never half-manure a field: it is like administering half a dose of physic; it makes the patient stomach-sick and qualmish, but does not operate. Land half manured gives the farmer just as much trouble to cultivate it as if it was thoroughly done; and after all his trouble he gets but half a crop. If you can only procure half the amount of manure sufficient to enrich your land thoroughly, put it all on one half the land, and let the other half lie idle until you *can* manure it; you then save the trouble of tilling one half the quantity of land, and your crop will be as great as if put upon the whole land, half manured. Any thing that is worth doing at all, is worth doing *well*. It is the cheapest and best way in the end. Half-way measures and half-way men are like flying squirrels — neither one thing nor the other — neither bird nor beast — neither useful nor ornamental. But no farmer's land need stand idle because he cannot procure manure. The system of "green cropping" — that is, sowing

crops, and ploughing them in while green, for the purpose of enriching the land — is now, I believe, generally acknowledged as an excellent substitute for other manures. Therefore, don't *desert* your land the moment it exhibits weakness, but give it *strength* — nurse it — doctor it — *cure* it, and it is as good as ever again.

. . .

The farmer, as well as every other person, should pursue his avocation with an eye to *pleasure* as well as profit. He should render the old homestead attractive; and certainly no place can so easily be made beautiful as the farm-house, and no beauty within the power of art can equal that with which nature can clothe the habitation of the farmer. His door-yard should be filled with flowers and shrubbery; the roadside leading to his house should be hedged with roses, and lined with trees, of all the varieties that nature produces, or that our climate and soil will suffer to grow; his porches and piazzas, and the sides of his house, should be trellised with vines, and its windows adorned with flowers. The farmer, with his bowers of roses, his plants, shrubs, and flowers, has a palace more beautifully adorned than if covered with rubies and diamonds. Festoons of natural flowers are as much more elegant than strings of pearls, as nature is superior to art. The king may obtain all that wealth can procure to decorate his palace, but the humblest farmer has a decorator whose knowledge is infinite; and the simplest flower that God ever made as far exceeds in real beauty and sublimity the richest trinket that the handicraft of man ever produced, as the bright tints of the rainbow surpass the coarsest daub of the painter's apprentice.

It is a very singular and lamentable fact that agriculture, in this great and emphatically agricultural country, does not stand so high in the scale of human occupations and industry as it deserves. From some cause, which it will be the object of this essay to discover, the *farmer* is not elevated in the estimation of the community to the eminence to which his calling justly entitles him. He is looked upon as a being quite below the lawyer, the physician, the divine, the artist, the merchant, or even the merchant's clerk. To be a farmer is to be a nobody, a mere clodhopper, a delver in bogs, a digger in ditches, and a dirty wallower in *free soil*. He is regarded as a mere swine-herd, a hewer of wood and drawer of water, a senseless lump of clay, gifted with *animation* solely that he may root up the clay that is *in*animate. I propose

to inquire whether this is the necessary position of the tiller of the soil, and to learn whether, in fact, the farmer's is not one of the most, if not *the* most honorable and independent calling in the universe. Look candidly at this subject, and see whether there is any thing degrading in the life of the husbandman. Compare him with those engaged in other pursuits, and my word for it, we will find the farmer the very foundation of our social being, our true happiness, our manly independence; and when we have piled up every calling and occupation until we have raised a pyramid whose summit shall kiss the clouds, we will find the honest, hardworking, practical farmer at the very top of the heap.

While we would give all due honor to the professions, we must not elevate them *above* their deserts, and thrust down the farmer, the real producer and public benefactor, below his proper level.

It will always be well to remember that the learned professions depend solely for support upon the misfortunes, miseries, or foibles of mankind.

If all men were inclined to honesty and peace, the lawyer would pocket no fees, and must abandon his profession or go supperless to bed.

If men were abstemious in their habits, and were not the victims of accident or misfortune, the doctor would be obliged to take up some other pursuit to gain his bread — unless he choose to eat his own pills. And if all mankind would be righteous, and break off from their sins, the clergy might exclaim with Othello, " Our occupation's gone! "

The farmer, therefore, who *produces* food and raiment for the comfort and sustenance of the human family, need not feel that he is *below* occupations which exist to so large a degree on the miseries of humanity.

The highest aspiration of many parents is, that their son may become a merchant. This is the very acme of their desires. To be a *merchant* they fancy is to be a prince, a potentate, who can stand, as it were, in the very centre of the earth, and call to him all the productions of the world. They see no care in the life of the merchant. They do not think of the hopes and fears which agitate his breast from early morn to the noon of night. What do they know of his anxiety as he seizes the morning's paper, to read of the loss of his favorite and most valuable ship, or the destruction by fire of the store-house in which was centred his all? The merchant lives in an agony of excitement. The market is dull, and his large stock hangs on his hands unsold, and perhaps unpaid for. But pay-day must come, and then his misery is enhanced. He rises from his sleepless pillow, frantic with the reflection that the banks have stopped

discounting — that his note comes due this day, and unless paid before three o'clock, must be protested, and he become a ruined man. He thinks over his resources, but alas! they are all exhausted. He considers his list of friends, but they are as badly off as himself. He has only one despairing hope left. He must go again to the usurer, and borrow money to pay borrowed. Borrow, did I say? No, he must *buy* the use of it, and perhaps pay cent. per cent. for the purchase. Thus he goes on from one day to another, living in misery, and yet forced to *appear* happy; sweating out his very life-blood over his desk and between the horrible brick walls. Cut off from the fresh air and the enjoyments of life — pent up in the close, unhealthy city — not an hour that he can call his own — his opportunities for rest, reflection, or recreation gone for ever — he is a mere plodding, hard-working machine, obliged every day to go its rounds of toil and misery, till at last misfortune closes his mercantile career, he is declared a bankrupt, and he flies to the country with his shattered fortune and ruined health, and there he is found inhaling the pure air and refreshing breeze, and declaring from his heart of hearts that this is the first feeling of pleasure he has enjoyed for years, and that if his health was good — poor as he is — he could really be happy in the glorious country. Poor man! had he clung to the old farm, he would have had health, happiness, and competence. He would have known nothing of bank discounts, or the tender mercies of note-shavers; he would have been ignorant of dull markets, over-trading, or over-imports; but he would have been independent, healthy, and happy, and engaged in an occupation that would have elevated his mind, instead of cramping it into the narrow prison of a trader, whose highest ambition frequently consists in driving a sharp bargain, carrying out a nice operation in the stocks, or being able to meet his notes without a *protest*.

Statistics reveal the astounding fact that sixty-seven out of every hundred retail merchants in the city of Boston fail in business, and that ninety-three in every hundred wholesale merchants become bankrupt! And yet this swopping, trading, bargaining, health-destroying occupation holds out its *false* colors, its glittering allurements, and leads the sturdy, hearty young yeoman to pant, as for very life, for the chance of quitting his father's noble fields, his native hills and verdant valleys, in order that he can become a *clerk* in a store! Quit the good old farm, with its invigorating exercises, its manly occupations, its delightful air, the fragrance of its flowers, the beauties of its golden harvests, and the delights of its season of fruits, for the great privilege of learning to

sweep out a store, take down and put up window-shutters; and finally, after spending years in acquiring this beautiful elementary branch, get to be a clerk out of employ, or possibly have the privilege of starting a store on his own account, and receive all the pleasures just named, as the certain accompaniment of the merchant. And when a merchant proves successful — when, after years of toil and pain, of strife, excitement, and misery, he accumulates a fortune — what does he do then? Where then does he look for happiness as the reward for all his life of labor and self-denial? Why, to the *country!* His great desire is to retire to fields where he can raise his own corn and potatoes, eat butter and cheese from his own dairies, and pluck fruit from his own vines and trees! Thus, at nearly the termination of his life, he is able to become a farmer, and enjoy what he might have delighted in during the previous thirty years, if he had not been dazzled with the *false* idea that the merchant is *more respectable* than the agriculturist.

RULES FOR SUCCESS

The "Rules" that here follow have been taken from chapter xiv of the 1855 "Life." They were not given in "Struggles and Triumphs." These are the maxims admired and followed by John Fish (see chapter xxxii). Some portions were incorporated in the lecture on "The Art of Money-Getting." — Ed.

In 1852, Edwin T. Freedley, Esq., of Philadelphia, informed me by letter that he was about to publish a book, entitled "A Practical Treatise on Business," and he desired me to furnish him a communication embodying *the results* of my experience and observation. I wrote him the following article, which he published in his valuable work under the title,

BARNUM'S RULES FOR SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

1. *Select the* KIND *of business that suits your natural inclinations and temperament.* Some men are naturally mechanics; others have a strong aversion to anything like machinery, and so on; one man has a natural taste for one occupation, and another for another. "I am glad that we

do not all feel and think alike," said Dick Homespun, "for if we did, everybody would think my gal, Sukey Snipes, the sweetest creature in all creation, and they would all be trying to court her at once."

I never could succeed as a merchant. I have tried it unsuccessfully several times. I never could be content with a fixed salary, for mine is a purely speculative disposition, while others are just the reverse; and therefore all should be careful to select those occupations that suit them best.

2. *Let your pledged word ever be sacred.* Never promise to do a thing without performing it with the most rigid promptness. Nothing is more valuable to a man in business than the name of always doing as he agrees, and that to the moment. A strict adherence to this rule gives a man the command of half the spare funds within the range of his acquaintance, and always encircles him with a host of friends who may be depended upon in almost any conceivable emergency.

3. *Whatever you do, do with all your might.* Work at it if necessary early and late, in season and out of season, not leaving a stone unturned, and never deferring for a single hour that which can be done just as well *now*. The old proverb is full of truth and meaning, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Many a man acquires a fortune by doing his business *thoroughly*, while his neighbor remains poor for life because he only *half* does his business. Ambition, energy, industry, perseverance, are indispensable requisites for success in business.

4. *Sobriety. Use no description of intoxicating drinks.* As no man can succeed in business unless he has a *brain* to enable him to lay his plans, and *reason* to guide him in their execution, so, no matter how bountifully a man may be blessed with intelligence, if his brain is muddled, and his judgment warped by intoxicating drinks, it is impossible for him to carry on business successfully. How many good opportunities have passed never to return, while a man was sipping a "social glass" with his friend! How many foolish bargains have been made under the influence of the *nervine* which temporarily makes its victim so *rich!* How many important chances have been put off until to-morrow, and thence for ever, because the wine-cup has thrown the system into a state of lassitude, neutralizing the energies so essential to success in business. The use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage is as much an infatuation as is the smoking of opium by the Chinese, and the former is quite as destructive to the success of the business man as the latter.

5. *Let hope predominate, but be not too visionary.* Many persons are

Photograph by A. D. Fuller.

BARNUM AS CARICATURED BY LESLIE WARD ("SPY") IN "VANITY FAIR" (LONDON), NOVEMBER 16, 1889

From the lithograph in Barnum's own scrap-book, by courtesy of the Bridgeport Public Library.

always kept poor, because they are too *visionary*. Every project looks to them like certain success, and therefore they keep changing from one business to another, always in hot water, always "under the harrow." The plan of "counting the chickens before they are hatched" is an error of ancient date, but it does not seem to improve by age.

6. *Do not scatter your powers.* Engage in one kind of business only, and stick to it faithfully until you succeed, or until you conclude to abandon it. A constant hammering on one nail will generally drive it home at last, so that it can be clinched. When a man's undivided attention is centred on one object, his mind will constantly be suggesting improvements of value which would escape him if his brain were occupied by a dozen different subjects at once. Many a fortune has slipped through men's fingers by engaging in too many occupations at once.

7. *Engage proper employees.* Never employ a man of bad habits, when one whose habits are good can be found to fill his situation. I have generally been extremely fortunate in having faithful and competent persons to fill the responsible situations in my business, and a man can scarcely be too grateful for such a blessing. When you find a man unfit to fill his station, either from incapacity or peculiarity of character or disposition, dispense with his services, and do not drag out a miserable existence in the vain attempt to change his nature. It is utterly impossible to do so. "You cannot make a silk purse," etc. He was created for some other sphere. Let him find and fill it.

8. *Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel.* Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, *advertise* it thoroughly and efficiently, in some shape or other that will arrest public attention. I freely confess that what success I have had in my life may fairly be attributed more to the public press than to nearly all other causes combined. There *may* possibly be occupations that do not require advertising, but I cannot well conceive what they are.

Men in business will sometimes tell you that they have tried advertising, and that it did not pay. This is only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homœopathic doses of advertising will not pay perhaps — it is like half a potion of physic, making the patient sick, but effecting nothing. Administer liberally, and the cure will be sure and permanent.

Some say they cannot afford to advertise; they mistake — they cannot afford *not* to advertise. In this country, where everybody reads

the newspapers, the man must have a thick skull who does not see that these are the cheapest and best medium through which he can speak to the public, where he is to find his customers. Put on the *appearance* of business, and generally the *reality* will follow. The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping, his corn and potatoes are growing. So with advertising. While you are sleeping, or eating, or conversing with one set of customers, your advertisement is being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw you, nor heard of your business, and never would, had it not been for your advertisement appearing in the newspapers.

The business men of this country do not, as a general thing, appreciate the advantages of advertising thoroughly. Occasionally the public are aroused at witnessing the success of a Swaim, a Brandreth, a Townsend, a Genin, or a Root, and express astonishment at the rapidity with which these gentlemen acquire fortunes, not reflecting that the same path is open to all who *dare* pursue it. But it needs *nerve* and *faith*. The former, to enable you to launch out thousands on the uncertain waters of the future; the latter, to teach you that after many days it shall surely return, bringing an hundred or a thousand fold to him who appreciates the advantages of "printer's ink" properly applied.

9. *Avoid extravagance; and always live considerably within your income, if you can do so without absolute starvation!* It needs no prophet to tell us that those who live fully up to their means, without any thought of a reverse in life, can never attain to a pecuniary independence.

Men and women accustomed to gratify every whim and caprice, will find it hard at first to cut down their various unnecessary expenses, and will feel it a great self-denial to live in a smaller house than they have been accustomed to, with less expensive furniture, less company, less costly clothing, a less number of balls, parties, theatre-goings, carriage ridings, pleasure excursions, cigar smokings, liquor-drinkings, etc., etc., etc.; but, after all, if they will try the plan of laying by a "nest-egg," or in other words, a small sum of money, after paying all expenses, they will be surprised at the pleasure to be derived from constantly adding to their little "pile," as well as from all the economical habits which follow in the pursuit of this peculiar pleasure.

The old suit of clothes, and the old bonnet and dress, will answer for another season; the Croton or spring water will taste better than champagne; a brisk walk will prove more exhilarating than a ride in the

finest coach; a social family chat, an evening's reading in the family circle, or an hour's play of "hunt the slipper" and "blind man's buff," will be far more pleasant than a fifty- or a five-hundred-dollar party, when the reflection on the *difference in cost* is indulged in by those who begin to know the *pleasures of saving*.

Thousands of men are kept poor, and tens of thousands are made so after they have acquired quite sufficient to support them well through life, in consequence of laying their plans of living on too expensive a platform. Some families in this country expend twenty thousand dollars per annum, and some much more, and would scarcely know how to live on a less sum.

Prosperity is a more severe ordeal than adversity, especially sudden prosperity. "Easy come, easy go" is an old and true proverb. *Pride*, when permitted full sway, is the great undying cankerworm which gnaws the very vitals of a man's worldly possessions, let them be small or great, hundreds or millions. Many persons, as they begin to prosper, immediately commence expending for luxuries, until in a short time their expenses swallow up their income, and they become ruined in their ridiculous attempts to keep up appearances, and make a "sensation."

I know a gentleman of fortune, who says, that when he first began to prosper, his wife *would have* a new and elegant sofa. "That sofa," he says, "cost me thirty thousand dollars!" The riddle is thus explained:

When the sofa reached the house, it was found necessary to get chairs to "match," then sideboards, carpets, and tables, "to correspond" with them, and so on through the entire stock of furniture, when at last it was found that the house itself was quite too small and old-fashioned for the furniture, and a new one was built to correspond with the sofa and *et ceteras;* "thus," added my friend, "running up an outlay of thirty thousand dollars caused by that single sofa, and saddling on me, in the shape of servants, equipage, and the necessary expenses attendant upon keeping up a fine 'establishment,' a yearly outlay of eleven thousand dollars, and a tight pinch at that; whereas, ten years ago, we lived with much more real comfort, because much less care, on as many hundreds. The truth is," he continued, "that sofa would have brought me to inevitable bankruptcy, had not a most unexampled tide of prosperity kept me above it."

10. *Do not depend upon others.* Your success must depend upon your

own individual exertions. Trust not to the assistance of friends; but learn that every man must be the architect of his own fortune.

With proper attention to the foregoing rules, and such observations as a man of sense will pick up in his own experience, the road to competence will not, I think, usually be found a difficult one.

P. T. BARNUM.

THE ART OF MONEY-GETTING

The text here given of Barnum's lecture is that of the first edition (1869) of "Struggles and Triumphs." This is the lecture that Horace Greeley thought "worth a hundred dollar greenback to a beginner in life." [2] *— Ed.*

IN the United States, where we have more land than people, it is not at all difficult for persons in good health to make money. In this comparatively new field there are so many avenues of success open, so many vocations which are not crowded, that any person of either sex who is willing, at least for the time being, to engage in any respectable occupation that offers, may find lucrative employment.

Those who really desire to attain an independence, have only to set their minds upon it, and adopt the proper means, as they do in regard to any other object which they wish to accomplish, and the thing is easily done. But however easy it may be found to make money, I have no doubt many of my hearers will agree it is the most difficult thing in the world to keep it. The road to wealth is, as Dr. Franklin truly says, "as plain as the road to mill." It consists in expending less than we earn; that seems to be a very simple problem. Mr. Micawber, one of those happy creations of the genial Dickens, puts the case in a strong light when he says that to have an income of twenty pounds, per annum, and spend twenty pounds and sixpence, is to be the most miserable of men; whereas, to have an income of only twenty pounds, and spend but nineteen pounds and sixpence, is to be the happiest of mortals.[3] Many of my

[2] Other lectures of Barnum's were "The World and How to Live in It," "The Philosophy of Humbug," and "Success in Life." [Ed.]

[3] The actual golden words of Mr. Micawber (in the twelfth chapter of "David Copperfield") are: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expendi-

hearers may say, "We understand this; this is economy, and we know economy is wealth; we know we can't eat our cake and keep it also." Yet I beg to say that perhaps more cases of failure arise from mistakes on this point than almost any other. The fact is, many people think they understand economy when they really do not.

True economy is misapprehended, and people go through life without properly comprehending what that principle is. Some say, "I have an income of so much, and here is my neighbor who has the same; yet every year he gets something ahead and I fall short. Why is it? I know all about economy." He thinks he does, but he does not. There are many who think that economy consists in saving cheese-parings and candle ends, in cutting off two pence from the laundress' bill and doing all sorts of little, mean, dirty things. Economy is not meanness. The misfortune is also that this class of persons let their economy apply in only one direction. They fancy they are so wonderfully economical in saving a half-penny where they ought to spend two pence, that they think they can afford to squander in other directions. A few years ago, before kerosene oil was discovered or thought of, one might stop over night at almost any farmer's house in the agricultural districts and get a very good supper, but after supper he might attempt to read in the sitting room, and would find it impossible with the inefficient light of one candle. The hostess, seeing his dilemma, would say: "It is rather difficult to read here evenings; the proverb says 'You must have a ship at sea in order to be able to burn two candles at once'; we never have an extra candle except on extra occasions." These extra occasions occur, perhaps, twice a year. In this way the good woman saves five, six, or ten dollars in that time; but the information which might be derived from having the extra light would, of course, far outweigh a ton of candles.

But the trouble does not end here. Feeling that she is so economical in tallow candles, she thinks she can afford to go frequently to the village and spend twenty or thirty dollars for ribbons and furbelows, many of which are not necessary. This false economy may frequently be seen in men of business, and in those instances it often runs to writing paper. You find good business men who save all the old envelopes and scraps, and would not tear a new sheet of paper, if they could avoid it, for the

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ture nineteen ought and six, result happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and — and in short you are forever floored." [Ed.]

world. This is all very well; they may in this way save five or ten dollars a year, but being so economical (only in note paper), they think they can afford to waste time; to have expensive parties, and to drive their carriages. This is an illustration of Dr. Franklin's "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung-hole"; "penny wise and pound foolish." "Punch" in speaking of this "one-idea" class of people says "they are like the man who bought a penny herring for his family's dinner and then hired a coach and four to take it home." I never knew a man to succeed by practising this kind of economy.

True economy consists in always making the income exceed the out-go. Wear the old clothes a little longer if necessary; dispense with the new pair of gloves; mend the old dress; live on plainer food if need be; so that under all circumstances, unless some unforeseen accident occurs, there will be a margin in favor of the income. A penny here, and a dollar there, placed at interest, goes on accumulating, and in this way the desired result is attained. It requires some training, perhaps, to accomplish this economy, but when once used to it, you will find there is more satisfaction in rational saving, than in irrational spending. Here is a recipe which I recommend; I have found it to work an excellent cure for extravagance and especially for mistaken economy: When you find that you have no surplus at the end of the year, and yet have a good income, I advise you to take a few sheets of paper and form them into a book and mark down every item of expenditure. Post it every day or week in two columns, one headed "necessaries" or even "comforts," and the other headed "luxuries," and you will find that the latter column will be double, treble, and frequently ten times greater than the former. The real comforts of life cost but a small portion of what most of us can earn. Dr. Franklin says, "It is the eyes of others and not our own eyes which ruin us. If all the world were blind except myself I should not care for fine clothes or furniture." It is the fear of what Mrs. Grundy may say that keeps the noses of many worthy families to the grindstone. In America many persons like to repeat "We are all free and equal," but it is a great mistake in more senses than one.

That we are born "free and equal" is a glorious truth in one sense, yet we are not all born equally rich, and we never shall be. One may say, "There is a man who has an income of fifty thousand dollars per annum, while I have but one thousand dollars; I knew that fellow when he was poor like myself; now he is rich and thinks

he is better than I am; I will show him that I am as good as he is; I will go and buy a horse and buggy; — no, I cannot do that but I will go and hire one and ride this afternoon on the same road that he does, and thus prove to him that I am as good as he is."

My friend, you need not take that trouble, you can easily prove that you are as good as he is; you have only to behave as well as he does, but you cannot make anybody believe that you are as rich as he is. Besides, if you put on these "airs," and waste your time and spend your money, your poor wife will be obliged to scrub her fingers off at home, and buy her tea two ounces at a time, and everything else in proportion, in order that you may keep up "appearances," and after all, deceive nobody. On the other hand, Mrs. Smith may say that her next-door neighbor married Johnson for his money, and "everybody says so." She has a nice one-thousand-dollar camel's hair shawl, and she will make Smith get her an imitation one and she will sit in a pew right next to her neighbor in church, in order to prove that she is her equal.

My good woman, you will not get ahead in the world, if your vanity and envy thus take the lead. In this country, where we believe the majority ought to rule, we ignore that principle in regard to fashion, and let a handful of people, calling themselves the aristocracy, run up a false standard of perfection, and in endeavoring to rise to that standard, we constantly keep ourselves poor; all the time digging away for the sake of outside appearance. How much wiser to be a "law unto ourselves" and say, "We will regulate our out-go by our income, and lay up something for a rainy day." People ought to be as sensible on the subject of money-getting as on any other subject. Like causes produce like effects. You cannot accumulate a fortune by taking the road that leads to poverty. It needs no prophet to tell us that those who live fully up to their means, without any thought of a reverse in this life, can never attain a pecuniary independence.

Men and women accustomed to gratify every whim and caprice, will find it hard, at first, to cut down their various unnecessary expenses, and will feel it a great self denial to live in a smaller house than they have been accustomed to, with less expensive furniture, less company, less costly clothing, fewer servants, a less number of balls, parties, theatre-goings, carriage-ridings, pleasure excursions, cigar-smokings, liquor-drinkings, and other extravagances; but, after all, if they will try the plan of laying by a "nest-egg," or in other words, a small sum of money, at interest or judiciously invested in land, they will be sur-

prised at the pleasure to be derived from constantly adding to their little "pile," as well as from all the economical habits which are engendered by this course.

The old suit of clothes, and the old bonnet and dress, will answer for another season; the Croton or spring water will taste better than champagne; a cold bath and a brisk walk will prove more exhilarating than a ride in the finest coach; a social chat, an evening's reading in the family circle, or an hour's play of "hunt the slipper" and "blind man's buff," will be far more pleasant than a fifty- or a five-hundred-dollar party, when the reflection on the difference in cost is indulged in by those who begin to know the pleasures of saving. Thousands of men are kept poor, and tens of thousands are made so after they have acquired quite sufficient to support them well through life, in consequence of laying their plans of living on too broad a platform. Some families expend twenty thousand dollars per annum, and some much more, and would scarcely know how to live on less, while others secure more solid enjoyment frequently on a twentieth part of that amount. Prosperity is a more severe ordeal than adversity, especially sudden prosperity. "Easy come, easy go," is an old and true proverb. A spirit of pride and vanity, when permitted to have full sway, is the undying cankerworm which gnaws the very vitals of a man's worldly possessions, let them be small or great, hundreds or millions. Many persons, as they begin to prosper, immediately expand their ideas and commence expending for luxuries, until in a short time their expenses swallow up their income, and they become ruined in their ridiculous attempts to keep up appearances, and make a "sensation."

I know a gentleman of fortune who says, that when he first began to prosper, his wife would have a new and elegant sofa. "That sofa," he says, "cost me thirty thousand dollars!" When the sofa reached the house, it was found necessary to get chairs to match; then sideboards, carpets and tables "to correspond" with them, and so on through the entire stock of furniture; when at last it was found that the house itself was quite too small and old-fashioned for the furniture, and a new one was built to correspond with the new purchases; "thus," added my friend, "summing up an outlay of thirty thousand dollars caused by that single sofa, and saddling on me, in the shape of servants, equipage, and the necessary expenses attendant upon keeping up a fine 'establishment,' a yearly outlay of eleven thousand dollars, and a tight pinch at that; whereas, ten years ago, we lived with much more real

comfort, because with much less care, on as many hundreds. The truth is," he continued, " that sofa would have brought me to inevitable bankruptcy, had not a most unexampled tide of prosperity kept me above it, and had I not checked the natural desire to 'cut a dash.' "

The foundation of success in life is good health; that is the substratum of fortune; it is also the basis of happiness. A person cannot accumulate a fortune very well when he is sick. He has no ambition; no incentive; no force. Of course, there are those who have bad health and cannot help it; you cannot expect that such persons can accumulate wealth; but there are a great many in poor health who need not be so.

If, then, sound health is the foundation of success and happiness in life, how important it is that we should study the laws of health, which is but another expression for the laws of nature! The closer we keep to the laws of nature, the nearer we are to good health, and yet how many persons there are who pay no attention to natural laws, but absolutely transgress them, even against their own natural inclination. We ought to know that the " sin of ignorance " is never winked at in regard to the violation of nature's laws; their infraction always brings the penalty. A child may thrust its finger into the flame without knowing it will burn, and so suffers; repentance even will not stop the smart. Many of our ancestors knew very little about the principle of ventilation. They did not know much about oxygen, whatever other " gin " they might have been acquainted with; and consequently, they built their houses with little seven-by-nine-feet bedrooms, and these good old pious Puritans would lock themselves up in one of these cells, say their prayers, and go to bed. In the morning they would devoutly return thanks for the " preservation of their lives " during the night, and nobody had better reason to be thankful. Probably some big crack in the window, or in the door, let in a little fresh air, and thus saved them.

Many persons knowingly violate the laws of nature against their better impulses, for the sake of fashion. For instance, there is one thing that nothing living except a vile worm ever naturally loved, and that is tobacco; yet how many persons there are who deliberately train an unnatural appetite, and overcome this implanted aversion for tobacco, to such a degree that they get to love it. They have got hold of a poisonous, filthy weed, or rather that takes a firm hold of them. Here are married men who run about spitting tobacco juice on the carpet and floors, and sometimes even upon their wives besides. They do not kick their wives out of doors like drunken men, but their wives, I have no

doubt, often wish they were outside of the house. Another perilous feature is that this artificial appetite, like jealousy, "grows by what it feeds on"; when you love that which is unnatural, a stronger appetite is created for the hurtful thing than the natural desire for what is harmless. There is an old proverb which says that "habit is second nature," but an artificial habit is stronger than nature. Take for instance an old tobacco-chewer; his love for the "quid" is stronger than his love for any particular kind of food. He can give up roast beef easier than give up the weed.

Young lads regret that they are not men; they would like to go to bed boys and wake up men; and to accomplish this they copy the bad habits of their seniors. Little Tommy and Johnny see their fathers or uncles smoke a pipe and they say, "If I could only do that I would be a man, too; Uncle John has gone out and left his pipe of tobacco, let us try it." They take a match and light it, and puff away. "We will learn to smoke; do you like it, Johnny?" That lad dolefully replies: "Not very much; it tastes bitter"; by and by he grows pale, but he persists, and he soon offers up a sacrifice on the altar of fashion; but the boys stick to it and persevere until at last they conquer their natural appetites and become the victims of acquired tastes.

I speak "by the book," for I have noticed its effects on myself, having gone so far as to smoke ten or fifteen cigars a day, although I have not used the weed during the last fourteen years, and never shall again. The more a man smokes, the more he craves smoking; the last cigar smoked, simply excites the desire for another, and so on incessantly.

Take the tobacco-chewer. In the morning when he gets up, he puts a quid in his mouth and keeps it there all day, never taking it out except to exchange it for a fresh one, or when he is going to eat; oh! yes, at intervals during the day and evening, many a chewer takes out a quid and holds it in his hand long enough to take a drink, and then pop! it goes back again. This simply proves that the appetite for rum is even stronger than that for tobacco. When the tobacco chewer goes to your country seat and you show him your grapery and fruit house and the beauties of your garden, when you offer him some fresh, ripe fruit, and say, "My friend, I have got here the most delicious apples and pears and peaches and apricots; I have imported them from Spain, France, and Italy, — just see those luscious grapes; there is nothing more delicious nor more healthy than ripe fruit, so help yourself; I want to see you delight yourself with these things," he will roll the dear quid under his

tongue and answer, "No, I thank you, I have got tobacco in my mouth." His palate has become narcotized by the noxious weed, and he has lost, in a great measure, the delicate and enviable taste for fruits. This shows what expensive, useless, and injurious habits men will get into. I speak from experience. I have smoked until I trembled like an aspen leaf, the blood rushed to my head, and I had a palpitation of the heart which I thought was heart disease, till I was almost killed with fright. When I consulted my physician, he said, "Break off tobacco using." I was not only injuring my health and spending a great deal of money, but I was setting a bad example. I obeyed his counsel. No young man in the world ever looked so beautiful as he thought he did behind a fifteen-cent cigar or a meerschaum!

These remarks apply with ten-fold force to the use of intoxicating drinks. To make money, requires a clear brain. A man has got to see that two and two make four; he must lay all his plans with reflection and forethought, and closely examine all the details and the ins and outs of business. As no man can succeed in business unless he has a brain to enable him to lay his plans, and reason to guide him in their execution, so, no matter how bountifully a man may be blessed with intelligence, if the brain is muddled, and his judgment warped by intoxicating drinks, it is impossible for him to carry on business successfully. How many good opportunities have passed, never to return, while a man was sipping a "social glass" with his friend! How many foolish bargains have been made under the influence of the "nervine" which temporarily makes its victim think he is rich. How many important chances have been put off until to-morrow, and then forever, because the wine cup has thrown the system into a state of lassitude, neutralizing the energies so essential to success in business. Verily, "wine is a mocker." The use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage is as much an infatuation as is the smoking of opium by the Chinese, and the former is quite as destructive to the success of the business man as the latter. It is an unmitigated evil, utterly indefensible in the light of philosophy, religion, or good sense. It is the parent of nearly every other evil in our country.

Don't mistake your vocation. — The safest plan, and the one most sure of success for the young man starting in life, is to select the vocation which is most congenial to his tastes. Parents and guardians are often quite too negligent in regard to this. It is very common for a father to say, for example: "I have five boys. I will make Billy a

clergyman; John a lawyer; Tom a doctor, and Dick a farmer." He then goes into town and looks about to see what he will do with Sammy.

He returns home and says, "Sammy, I see watch-making is a nice, genteel business; I think I will make you a goldsmith." He does this regardless of Sam's natural inclinations, or genius.

We are all, no doubt, born for a wise purpose. There is as much diversity in our brains as in our countenances. Some are born natural mechanics, while some have great aversion to machinery. Let a dozen boys of ten years get together and you will soon observe two or three are "whittling" out some ingenious device; working with locks or complicated machinery. When they were but five years old, their father could find no toy to please them like a puzzle. They are natural mechanics; but the other eight or nine boys have different aptitudes. I belong to the latter class; I never had the slightest love for mechanism; on the contrary, I have a sort of abhorrence for complicated machinery. I never had ingenuity enough to whittle a cider tap so it would not leak. I never could make a pen that I could write with, or understand the principle of a steam engine. If a man was to take such a boy as I was and attempt to make a watchmaker of him, the boy might, after an apprenticeship of five or seven years, be able to take apart and put together a watch; but all through life he would be working uphill and seizing every excuse for leaving his work and idling away his time. Watch-making is repulsive to him.

Unless a man enters upon the vocation intended for him by nature, and best suited to his peculiar genius, he cannot succeed. I am glad to believe that the majority of persons do find the right vocation. Yet we see many who have mistaken their calling, from the blacksmith up (or down) to the clergyman. You will see, for instance, that extraordinary linguist the "learned blacksmith," who ought to have been a teacher of languages; [4] and you may have seen lawyers, doctors, and clergymen who were better fitted by nature for the anvil or the lapstone.

SELECT THE RIGHT LOCATION. — After securing the right vocation, you must be careful to select the proper location. You may have been cut out for a hotel keeper, and they say it requires a genius to "know how to keep a hotel." You might conduct a hotel like clock-

[4] Presumably an allusion to Elihu Burritt (1810–1879) of New Britain, Conn., who worked as a blacksmith both there and in Worcester, Mass., and by the time he was thirty could read almost fifty languages. [Ed.]

work, and provide satisfactorily for five hundred guests every day; yet, if you should locate your house in a small village where there is no railroad communication or public travel, the location would be your ruin. It is equally important that you do not commence business where there are already enough to meet all demands in the same occupation. I remember a case which illustrates this subject. When I was in London in 1858, I was passing down Holborn with an English friend and came to the "penny shows." They had immense cartoons outside, portraying the wonderful curiosities to be seen "all for a penny." Being a little in the "show line" myself, I said, "Let us go in here." We soon found ourselves in the presence of the illustrious showman, and he proved to be the sharpest man in that line I had ever met. He told us some extraordinary stories in reference to his bearded ladies, his albinos, and his armadillos, which we could hardly believe, but thought it "better to believe it than look after the proof." He finally begged to call our attention to some wax statuary, and showed us a lot of the dirtiest and filthiest wax figures imaginable. They looked as if they had not seen water since the Deluge.

"What is there so wonderful about your statuary?" I asked.

"I beg you not to speak so satirically," he replied. "Sir, these are not Madam Tussaud's wax figures, all covered with gilt and tinsel and imitation diamonds, and copied from engravings and photographs. Mine, sir, were taken from life. Whenever you look upon one of those figures, you may consider that you are looking upon the living individual."

Glancing casually at them, I saw one labelled "Henry VIII" and feeling a little curious upon seeing that it looked like Calvin Edson, the living skeleton, I said:

"Do you call that 'Henry the Eighth'?"

He replied, "Certainly, sir; it was taken from life at Hampton Court by special order of His Majesty, on such a day."

He would have given the hour of the day if I had insisted. I said, "Everybody knows that Henry VIII was a great, stout old king, and that figure is lean and lank. What do you say to that?"

"Why," he replied, "you would be lean and lank yourself, if you sat there as long as he has."

There was no resisting such arguments. I said to my English friend, "Let us go out; do not tell him who I am; I show the white feather; he beats me."

He followed us to the door, and seeing the rabble in the street he called out, " Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to draw your attention to the respectable character of my visitors," pointing to us as we walked away. I called upon him a couple of days afterward; told him who I was, and said:

" My friend, you are an excellent showman, but you have selected a bad location."

He replied, " This is true, sir; I feel that all my talents are thrown away; but what can I do? "

" You can go to America," I replied. " You can give full play to your faculties over there; you will find plenty of elbow room in America; I will engage you for two years; after that you will be able to go on your own account."

He accepted my offer and remained two years in my New York Museum. He then went to New Orleans and carried on a travelling show business during the summer. To-day he is worth sixty thousand dollars, simply because he selected the right vocation and also secured the proper location. The old proverb says, " Three removes are as bad as a fire," but when a man is in the fire, it matters but little how soon or how often he removes.

Avoid debt. — Young men starting in life should avoid running into debt. There is scarcely anything that drags a person down like debt. It is a slavish position to get in, yet we find many a young man hardly out of his " teens " running in debt. He meets a chum and says, " Look at this; I have got trusted for a new suit of clothes." He seems to look upon the clothes as so much given to him. Well, it frequently is so, but, if he succeeds in paying and then gets trusted again, he is adopting a habit which will keep him in poverty through life. Debt robs a man of his self-respect, and makes him almost despise himself. Grunting and groaning and working for what he has eaten up or worn out, and now when he is called upon to pay up, he has nothing to show for his money: this is properly termed " working for a dead horse." I do not speak of merchants buying and selling on credit, or of those who buy on credit in order to turn the purchase to a profit. The old Quaker said to his farmer son, " John, never get trusted; but if thee gets trusted for anything, let it be for manure, because that will help thee pay it back again."

Mr. Beecher advised young men to get in debt if they could to a small amount in the purchase of land in the country districts. " If a

young man," he says, "will only get in debt for some land and then get married, these two things will keep him straight, or nothing will." This may be safe to a limited extent, but getting in debt for what you eat and drink and wear is to be avoided. Some families have a foolish habit of getting credit at the stores, and thus frequently purchase many things which might have been dispensed with.

It is all very well to say, "I have got trusted for sixty days, and if I don't have the money, the creditor will think nothing about it." There is no class of people in the world who have such good memories as creditors. When the sixty days run out, you will have to pay. If you do not pay, you will break your promise and probably resort to a falsehood. You may make some excuse or get in debt elsewhere to pay it, but that only involves you the deeper.

A good-looking, lazy young fellow, was the apprentice boy Horatio. His employer said, "Horatio, did you ever see a snail?" "I — think — I — have," he drawled out. "You must have met him then, for I am sure you never overtook one," said the "boss." Your creditor will meet you or overtake you and say, "Now, my young friend, you agreed to pay me; you have not done it, you must give me your note." You give the note on interest and it commences working against you; it is a "dead horse." The creditor goes to bed at night and wakes up in the morning better off than when he retired to bed because his interest has increased during the night, but you grow poorer while you are sleeping, for the interest is accumulating against you.

Money is in some respects like fire — it is a very excellent servant but a terrible master. When you have it mastering you, when interest is constantly piling up against you, it will keep you down in the worst kind of slavery. But let money work for you, and you have the most devoted servant in the world. It is no "eye-servant." There is nothing animate or inanimate that will work so faithfully as money when placed at interest, well secured. It works night and day, and in wet or dry weather.

I was born in the blue-law State of Connecticut, where the old Puritans had laws so rigid that it was said they fined a man for kissing his wife on Sunday. Yet these rich old Puritans would have thousands of dollars at interest, and on Saturday night would be worth a certain amount; on Sunday they would go to church and perform all the duties of a Christian. On waking up on Monday morning, they would find themselves considerably richer than the Saturday night previous, simply

because their money placed at interest had worked faithfully for them all day Sunday, according to law!

Do not let it work against you; if you do, there is no chance for success in life so far as money is concerned. John Randolph, the eccentric Virginian, once exclaimed in Congress, "Mr. Speaker, I have discovered the philosopher's stone: pay as you go." This is indeed nearer to the philosopher's stone than any alchemist has ever yet arrived.

PERSEVERE. — When a man is in the right path, he must persevere. I speak of this because there are some persons who are "born tired"; naturally lazy and possessing no self-reliance and no perseverance. But they can cultivate these qualities, as Davy Crockett said:

> "This thing remember, when I am dead,
> Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

It is this go-aheaditiveness, this determination not to let the "horrors" or the "blues" take possession of you, so as to make you relax your energies in the struggle for independence, which you must cultivate.

How many have almost reached the goal of their ambition, but losing faith in themselves have relaxed their energies, and the golden prize has been lost forever.

It is, no doubt, often true, as Shakespeare says:

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

If you hesitate, some bolder hand will stretch out before you and get the prize. Remember the proverb of Solomon: "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand: but the hand of the diligent maketh rich." [5]

Perseverance is sometimes but another word for self-reliance. Many persons naturally look on the dark side of life, and borrow trouble. They are born so. Then they ask for advice, and they will be governed by one wind and blown by another, and cannot rely upon themselves. Until you get so that you can rely upon yourself, you need not expect to succeed. I have known men personally who have met with pecuniary reverses, and absolutely committed suicide, because they thought they could never overcome their misfortune. But I have known others who have met more serious financial difficulties, and have bridged them over by simple perseverance, aided by a firm belief that they were doing

[5] Proverbs x. 4. [Ed.]

justly, and that Providence would "overcome evil with good." You will see this illustrated in any sphere of life.

Take two generals; both understand military tactics, both educated at West Point, if you please, both equally gifted; yet one, having this principle of perseverance, and the other lacking it, the former will succeed in his profession, while the latter will fail. One may hear the cry, "The enemy are coming, and they have got cannon!"

"Got cannon?" says the hesitating general.

"Yes."

"Then halt every man."

He wants time to reflect; his hesitation is his ruin. The enemy passes unmolested, or overwhelms him. The general of pluck, perseverance, and self-reliance goes into battle with a will, and amid the clash of arms, the booming of cannon, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying, you will see this man persevering, going on, cutting and slashing his way through with unwavering determination, and if you are near enough, you will hear him shout, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."[6]

WHATEVER YOU DO, DO WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT. — Work at it, if necessary, early and late, in season and out of season, not leaving a stone unturned, and never deferring for a single hour that which can be done just as well *now*. The old proverb is full of truth and meaning, "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Many a man acquires a fortune by doing his business thoroughly, while his neighbor remains poor for life because he only half does it. Ambition, energy, industry, perseverance, are indispensable requisites for success in business.

Fortune always favors the brave, and never helps a man who does not help himself. It won't do to spend your time like Mr. Micawber, in waiting for something to "turn up." To such men one of two things usually "turns up": the poor-house or the jail; for idleness breeds bad habits, and clothes a man in rags. The poor spendthrift vagabond said to a rich man:

"I have discovered there is money enough in the world for all of us, if it was equally divided; this must be done, and we shall all be happy together."

"But," was the response, "if everybody was like you, it would be spent in two months, and what would you do then?"

[6] Grant's dispatch from Spottsylvania to Washington (May 11, 1864) was: "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." [Ed.]

"Oh! divide again; keep dividing, of course!"

I was recently reading in a London paper an account of a like philosophic pauper who was kicked out of a cheap boarding-house because he could not pay his bill, but he had a roll of papers sticking out of his coat pocket, which, upon examination, proved to be his plan for paying off the national debt of England without the aid of a penny. People have got to do as Cromwell said: "not only trust in Providence, but keep the powder dry." [7] Do your part of the work, or you cannot succeed. Mahomet, one night, while encamping in the desert, overheard one of his fatigued followers remark: "I will loose my camel, and trust it to God." "No, no, not so," said the prophet, "tie thy camel, and trust it to God!" Do all you can for yourselves, and then trust in Providence, or luck, or whatever you please to call it, for the rest.

Depend upon your own personal exertions. — The eye of the employer is often worth more than the hands of a dozen employees. In the nature of things, an agent cannot be so faithful to his employer as to himself. Many who are employees will call to mind instances where the best employees have overlooked important points which could not have escaped their own observation as a proprietor. No man has a right to expect to succeed in life unless he understands his business, and nobody can understand his business thoroughly unless he learns it by personal application and experience. A man may be a manufacturer; he has got to learn the many details of his business personally; he will learn something every day, and he will find he will make mistakes nearly every day. And these very mistakes are helps to him in the way of experiences if he but heeds them. He will be like the Yankee tin-peddler, who, having been cheated as to quality in the purchase of his merchandise, said: "All right, there's a little information to be gained every day; I will never be cheated in that way again." Thus a man buys his experience, and it is the best kind if not purchased at too dear a rate.

I hold that every man should, like Cuvier, the French naturalist, thoroughly know his business. So proficient was he in the study of natural history, that you might bring to him the bone or even a section of a bone of an animal which he had never seen described, and reasoning from analogy, he would be able to draw a picture of the object from which the bone had been taken. On one occasion his students attempted

[7] According to the story, Cromwell's words were: "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry!" [Ed.]

to deceive him. They rolled one of their number in a cow skin and put him under the Professor's table as a new specimen. When the philosopher came into the room, some of the students asked him what animal it was. Suddenly the animal said, "I am the devil and I am going to eat you." It was but natural that Cuvier should desire to classify this creature, and examining it intently, he said,

"Divided hoof; graminivorous; it cannot be done!"

He knew that an animal with a split hoof must live upon grass and grain, or other kind of vegetation, and would not be inclined to eat flesh, dead or alive, so he considered himself perfectly safe. The possession of a perfect knowledge of your business is an absolute necessity in order to insure success.

Among the maxims of the elder Rothschild was one, an apparent paradox: "Be cautious and bold." This seems to be a contradiction in terms, but it is not, and there is great wisdom in the maxim. It is, in fact, a condensed statement of what I have already said. It is to say, "You must exercise your caution in laying your plans, but be bold in carrying them out." A man who is all caution, will never dare to take hold and be successful; and a man who is all boldness, is merely reckless, and must eventually fail. A man may go on "'change" and make fifty or one hundred thousand dollars in speculating in stocks, at a single operation. But if he has simple boldness without caution, it is mere chance, and what he gains to-day he will lose to-morrow. You must have both the caution and the boldness, to insure success.

The Rothschilds have another maxim: "Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place." That is to say, never have anything to do with a man or place which never succeeds, because, although a man may appear to be honest and intelligent, yet if he tries this or that thing and always fails, it is on account of some fault or infirmity that you may not be able to discover, but nevertheless which must exist.

There is no such thing in the world as luck. There never was a man who could go out in the morning and find a purse of gold in the street to-day, and another to-morrow, and so on, day after day. He may do so once in his life; but so far as mere luck is concerned, he is as liable to lose it as to find it. "Like causes produce like effects." If a man adopts the proper methods to be successful, "luck" will not prevent him. If he does not succeed, there are reasons for it, although perhaps he may not be able to see them.

USE THE BEST TOOLS. — Men in engaging employees should be

careful to get the best. Understand, you cannot have too good tools to work with, and there is no tool you should be so particular about as living tools. If you get a good one, it is better to keep him, than keep changing. He learns something every day, and you are benefited by the experience he acquires. He is worth more to you this year than last, and he is the last man to part with, provided his habits are good and he continues faithful. If, as he gets more valuable, he demands an exorbitant increase of salary on the supposition that you can't do without him, let him go. Whenever I have such an employee, I always discharge him; first, to convince him that his place may be supplied, and second, because he is good for nothing if he thinks he is invaluable and cannot be spared.

But I would keep him, if possible, in order to profit from the result of his experience. An important element in an employee is the brain. You can see bills up, "Hands Wanted," but "hands" are not worth a great deal without "heads." Mr. Beecher illustrates this, in this wise:

An employee offers his services by saying, "I have a pair of hands and one of my fingers thinks." "That is very good," says the employer. Another man comes along, and says he has two fingers that think. "Ah! that is better." But a third calls in and says that all his fingers and thumbs think. That is better still. Finally another steps in, and says, "I have a brain that thinks; I think all over; I am a thinking as well as a working man!" "You are the man I want," says the delighted employer.

Those men who have brains and experience are therefore the most valuable and not to be readily parted with; it is better for them, as well as yourself, to keep them, at reasonable advances in their salaries from time to time.

Don't get above your business. — Young men after they get through their business training, or apprenticeship, instead of pursuing their avocation and rising in their business, will often lie about doing nothing. They say, "I have learned my business, but I am not going to be a hireling; what is the object of learning my trade or profession, unless I establish myself?"

"Have you capital to start with?"

"No, but I am going to have it."

"How are you going to get it?"

"I will tell you confidentially; I have a wealthy old aunt, and she will die pretty soon; but if she does not, I expect to find some rich old

man who will lend me a few thousands to give me a start. If I only get the money to start with, I will do well."

There is no greater mistake than when a young man believes he will succeed with borrowed money. Why? Because every man's experience coincides with that of Mr. Astor, who said it was more difficult for him to accumulate his first thousand dollars, than all the succeeding millions that made up his colossal fortune. Money is good for nothing unless you know the value of it by experience. Give a boy twenty thousand dollars and put him in business and the chances are that he will lose every dollar of it before he is a year older. Like buying a ticket in the lottery, and drawing a prize, it is "easy come, easy go." He does not know the value of it; nothing is worth anything, unless it costs effort. Without self-denial and economy, patience and perseverance, and commencing with capital which you have not earned, you are not sure to succeed in accumulating. Young men instead of "waiting for dead men's shoes" should be up and doing, for there is no class of persons who are so unaccommodating in regard to dying as these rich old people, and it is fortunate for the expectant heirs that it is so. Nine out of ten of the rich men of our country to-day, started out in life as poor boys, with determined wills, industry, perseverance, economy, and good habits. They went on gradually, made their own money and saved it; and this is the best way to acquire a fortune. Stephen Girard started life as a poor cabin boy, and died worth nine million dollars. A. T. Stewart was a poor Irish boy; now he pays taxes on a million and a half dollars of income per year. John Jacob Astor was a poor farmer boy, and died worth twenty millions. Cornelius Vanderbilt began life rowing a boat from Staten Island to New York; now he presents our government with a steamship worth a million of dollars, and he is worth fifty millions.

"There is no royal road to learning," says the proverb, and I may say it is equally true there is no royal road to wealth. But I think there is a royal road to both. The road to learning is a royal one; the road that enables the student to expand his intellect and add every day to his stock of knowledge, until, in the pleasant process of intellectual growth, he is able to solve the most profound problems, to count the stars, to analyze every atom of the globe, and to measure the firmament — this is a regal highway, and it is the only road worth travelling.

So in regard to wealth. Go on in confidence, study the rules, and above all things, study human nature; for "the proper study of mankind is man," and you will find that while expanding the intellect and

the muscles, your enlarged experience will enable you every day to accumulate more and more principal, which will increase itself by interest and otherwise, until you arrive at a state of independence. You will find, as a general thing, that the poor boys get rich and the rich boys get poor. For instance, a rich man at his decease, leaves a large estate to his family. His eldest sons, who have helped him earn his fortune, know by experience the value of money, and they take their inheritance and add to it. The separate portions of the young children are placed at interest, and the little fellows are patted on the head, and told a dozen times a day, "You are rich; you will never have to work, you can always have whatever you wish, for you were born with a golden spoon in your mouth." The young heir soon finds out what that means; he has the finest dresses and playthings; he is crammed with sugar candies and almost "killed with kindness," and he passes from school to school, petted and flattered. He becomes arrogant and self-conceited, abuses his teachers, and carries everything with a high hand. He knows nothing of the real value of money, having never earned any; but he knows all about the "golden spoon" business. At college, he invites his poor fellow-students to his room where he "wines and dines" them. He is cajoled and caressed, and called a glorious good fellow, because he is so lavish of his money. He gives his game suppers, drives his fast horses, invites his chums to fêtes and parties, determined to have lots of "good times." He spends the night in frolics and debauchery, and leads off his companions with the familiar song, "We won't go home till morning." He gets them to join him in pulling down signs, taking gates from their hinges and throwing them into back yards and horse-ponds. If the police arrest them, he knocks them down, is taken to the lock-up, and joyfully foots the bills.

"Ah! my boys," he cries, "what is the use of being rich, if you can't enjoy yourself?"

He might more truly say, "if you can't make a fool of yourself"; but he is "fast," hates slow things, and don't [*sic* — Ed.] "see it." Young men loaded down with other people's money are almost sure to lose all they inherit, and they acquire all sorts of bad habits which, in the majority of cases, ruin them in health, purse, and character. In this country, one generation follows another, and the poor of to-day are rich in the next generation, or the third. Their experience leads them on, and they become rich, and they leave vast riches to their young children. These children, having been reared in luxury, are inexpe-

rienced and get poor; and after long experience another generation comes on and gathers up riches again in turn. And thus "history repeats itself," and happy is he who by listening to the experience of others avoids the rocks and shoals on which so many have been wrecked.

LEARN SOMETHING USEFUL. — Every man should make his son or daughter learn some trade or profession, so that in these days of changing fortunes — of being rich to-day and poor to-morrow — they may have something tangible to fall back upon. This provision might save many persons from misery, who by some unexpected turn of fortune have lost all their means.

LET HOPE PREDOMINATE, BUT BE NOT TOO VISIONARY. — Many persons are always kept poor, because they are too visionary. Every project looks to them like certain success, and therefore they keep changing from one business to another, always in hot water, always "under the harrow." The plan of "counting the chickens before they are hatched" is an error of ancient date, but it does not seem to improve by age.

DO NOT SCATTER YOUR POWERS. — Engage in one kind of business only, and stick to it faithfully until you succeed, or until your experience shows that you should abandon it. A constant hammering on one nail will generally drive it home at last, so that it can be clinched. When a man's undivided attention is centred on one object, his mind will constantly be suggesting improvements of value, which would escape him if his brain was occupied by a dozen different subjects at once. Many a fortune has slipped through a man's fingers because he was engaging in too many occupations at a time. There is good sense in the old caution against having too many irons in the fire at once.

BE SYSTEMATIC. — Men should be systematic in their business. A person who does business by rule, having a time and place for everything, doing his work promptly, will accomplish twice as much and with half the trouble of him who does it carelessly and slipshod. By introducing system into all your transactions, doing one thing at a time, always meeting appointments with punctuality, you find leisure for pastime and recreation; whereas the man who only half does one thing, and then turns to something else and half does that, will have his business at loose ends, and will never know when his day's work is done, for it never will be done. Of course there is a limit to all these rules. We must try to preserve the happy medium, for there is such a thing as being too systematic. There are men and women, for instance, who put away

things so carefully that they can never find them again. It is too much like the "red tape" formality at Washington, and Mr. Dickens' "Circumlocution Office"[8] — all theory and no result.

When the Astor House was first started in New York City, it was undoubtedly the best hotel in the country.[9] The proprietors had learned a good deal in Europe regarding hotels, and the landlords were proud of the rigid system which pervaded every department of their great establishment. When twelve o'clock at night had arrived and there were a number of guests around, one of the proprietors would say, "Touch that bell, John"; and in two minutes sixty servants with a water bucket in each hand, would present themselves in the hall. "This," said the landlord, addressing his guests, "is our fire bell; it will show you we are quite safe here; we do everything systematically." This was before the Croton water was introduced into the city.[10] But they sometimes carried their system too far. On one occasion when the hotel was thronged with guests, one of the waiters was suddenly indisposed, and although there were fifty waiters in the hotel, the landlord thought he must have his full complement, or his "system" would be interfered with. Just before dinner time he rushed down stairs and said, "There must be another waiter, I am one waiter short, what can I do?" He happened to see "Boots" the Irishman. "Pat," said he, "wash your hands and face; take that white apron and come into the dining-room in five minutes." Presently Pat appeared as required, and the proprietor said: "Now, Pat, you must stand behind these two chairs and wait on the gentlemen who will occupy them; did you ever act as a waiter?"

"I know all about it sure, but I never did it."

Like the Irish pilot, on one occasion when the captain, thinking he was considerably out of his course, asked, "Are you certain you understand what you are doing?"

Pat replied, "Sure and I knows every rock in the channel."

That moment "bang" thumped the vessel against a rock.

"Ah! be jabers, and that is one of 'em," continued the pilot. But to return to the dining-room. "Pat," said the landlord, "here we do

[8] "Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving HOW NOT TO DO IT." — "Little Dorrit," Book II, chapter v. [Ed.]

[9] It extended from Vesey street to Barclay street on the west side of Broadway, and was opened in 1836. [Ed.]

[10] The Croton water was brought in in 1842. [Ed.]

everything systematically. You must first give the gentlemen each a plate of soup, and when they finish that, ask them what they will have next."

Pat replied, " Ah! an' I understand parfectly the vartues of shystem."

Very soon in came the guests. The plates of soup were placed before them. One of Pat's two gentlemen ate his soup, the other did not care for it. He said, " Waiter, take this plate away and bring me some fish." Pat looked at the untasted plate of soup, and remembering the injunctions of the landlord in regard to " system," replied:

" Not till ye have ate yer supe! "

Of course that was carrying " system " entirely too far.

READ THE NEWSPAPERS. — Always take a trustworthy newspaper and thus keep thoroughly posted in regard to the transactions of the world. He who is without a newspaper is cut off from his species. In these days of telegraphs and steam, many important inventions and improvements in every branch of trade are being made, and he who don't [*sic* — Ed.] consult the newspapers will soon find himself and his business left out in the cold.

BEWARE OF " OUTSIDE OPERATIONS." — We sometimes see men who have obtained fortunes, suddenly become poor. In many cases this arises from intemperance, and often from gaming and other bad habits. Frequently it occurs because a man has been engaged in " outside operations " of some sort. When he gets rich in his legitimate business, he is told of a grand speculation where he can make a score of thousands. He is constantly flattered by his friends, who tell him that he is born lucky, that everything he touches turns into gold. Now if he forgets that his economical habits, his rectitude of conduct, and a personal attention to a business which he understood, caused his success in life, he will listen to the syren voices. He says:

" I will put in twenty thousand dollars. I have been lucky, and my good luck will soon bring me back sixty thousand dollars."

A few days elapse and it is discovered he must put in ten thousand dollars more; soon after he is told it is all right, but certain matters not foreseen require an advance of twenty thousand dollars more, which will bring him a rich harvest; but before the time comes around to realize, the bubble bursts, he loses all he is possessed of, and then he learns what he ought to have known at the first, that however successful a man may be in his own business, if he turns from that and engages in a business which he don't [*sic* — Ed.] understand he is like Samson

when shorn of his locks — his strength has departed, and he becomes like other men.

If a man has plenty of money, he ought to invest something in everything that appears to promise success and that will probably benefit mankind; but let the sums thus invested be moderate in amount, and never let a man foolishly jeopardize a fortune that he has earned in a legitimate way, by investing it in things in which he has had no experience.

Don't indorse without security. — I hold that no man ought ever to indorse a note or become security for any man, be it his father or brother, to a greater extent than he can afford to lose and care nothing about, without taking good security. Here is a man that is worth twenty thousand dollars; he is doing a thriving manufacturing or mercantile trade; you are retired and living on your money; he comes to you and says:

"You are aware that I am worth twenty thousand dollars, and don't owe a dollar. If I had five thousand dollars in cash, I could purchase a particular lot of goods and double my money in a couple of months. Will you indorse my note for that amount? "

You reflect that he is worth twenty thousand dollars, and you incur no risk by indorsing his note; you like to accommodate him, and you lend your name without taking the precaution of getting security. Shortly after, he shows you the note with your indorsement cancelled, and tells you, probably truly, that he made the profit that he expected by the operation. You reflect that you have done a good action, and the thought makes you feel happy. By and by, the same thing occurs again, and you do it again; you have already fixed the impression in your mind that it is perfectly safe to indorse his notes without security.

But the trouble is, this man is getting money too easily. He has only to take your note to the bank, get it discounted and take the cash. He gets money for the time being without effort; without inconvenience to himself. Now mark the result. He sees a chance for speculation outside of his business. A temporary investment of only $10,000 is required. It is sure to come back before a note at the bank would be due. He places a note for that amount before you. You sign it almost mechanically. Being firmly convinced that your friend is responsible and trustworthy, you indorse his notes as "a matter of course."

Unfortunately the speculation does not come to a head quite so soon as was expected, and another $10,000 note must be discounted to take up the last one when due. Before this note matures the speculation has

proved an utter failure and all the money is lost. Does the loser tell his friend, the indorser, that he has lost half of his fortune? Not at all. He don't [*sic* — Ed.] even mention that he has speculated at all. But he has got excited; the spirit of speculation has seized him; he sees others making large sums in this way (we seldom hear of the losers), and like other speculators, he "looks for his money where he loses it." He tries again. Indorsing his notes has become chronic with you, and at every loss he gets your signature for whatever amount he wants. Finally you discover your friend has lost all of his property and all of yours. You are overwhelmed with astonishment and grief, and you say, "It is a hard thing, my friend here has ruined me," but, you should add, "I have also ruined him." If you had said in the first place, "I will accommodate you, but I never indorse without taking ample security," he could not have gone beyond the length of his tether and he would never have been tempted away from his legitimate business. It is a very dangerous thing, therefore, at any time to let people get possession of money too easily; it tempts them to hazardous speculations, if nothing more. Solomon truly said:[11] "He that hated suretiship is sure."

So with the young man starting in business; let him understand the value of money by earning it. When he does understand its value, then grease the wheels a little in helping him to start business, but remember men who get money with too great facility cannot usually succeed. You must get the first dollars by hard knocks, and at some sacrifice, in order to appreciate the value of those dollars.

ADVERTISE YOUR BUSINESS. — We all depend, more or less, upon the public for our support. We all trade with the public — lawyers, doctors, shoemakers, artists, blacksmiths, showmen, opera singers, railroad presidents, and college professors. Those who deal with the public must be careful that their goods are valuable; that they are genuine, and will give satisfaction. When you get an article which you know is going to please your customers, and that when they have tried it, they will feel they have got their money's worth, then let the fact be known that you have got it. Be careful to advertise it in some shape or other, because it is evident that if a man has ever so good an article for sale, and nobody knows it, it will bring him no return. In a country like this, where nearly everybody reads, and where newspapers are issued and circulated in editions of five thousand to two hundred thousand, it would be very unwise if this channel was not taken advantage of to reach the

[11] Proverbs xi. 15. [Ed.]

public in advertising. A newspaper goes into the family and is read by wife and children, as well as the head of the house; hence hundreds and thousands of people may read your advertisement, while you are attending to your routine business. Many, perhaps, read it while you are asleep. The whole philosophy of life is, first "sow," then "reap." That is the way the farmer does; he plants his potatoes and corn, and sows his grain, and then goes about something else, and the time comes when he reaps. But he never reaps first and sows afterwards. This principle applies to all kinds of business, and to nothing more eminently than to advertising. If a man has a genuine article, there is no way in which he can reap more advantageously than by "sowing" to the public in this way. He must, of course, have a really good article, and one which will please his customers; anything spurious will not succeed permanently, because the public is wiser than many imagine. Men and women are selfish, and we all prefer purchasing where we can get the most for our money; and we try to find out where we can most surely do so.

You may advertise a spurious article, and induce many people to call and buy it once, but they will denounce you as an impostor and swindler, and your business will gradually die out, and leave you poor. This is right. Few people can safely depend upon chance custom. You all need to have your customers return and purchase again. A man said to me, "I have tried advertising, and did not succeed; yet I have a good article."

I replied, "My friend, there may be exceptions to a general rule. But how do you advertise? "

"I put it in a weekly newspaper three times, and paid a dollar and a half for it."

I replied: "Sir, advertising is like learning — 'a little is a dangerous thing.'"

A French writer says that "The reader of a newspaper does not see the first insertion of an ordinary advertisement; the second insertion he sees, but does not read; the third insertion he reads; the fourth insertion he looks at the price; the fifth insertion he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth insertion he is ready to purchase, and the seventh insertion he purchases." Your object in advertising is to make the public understand what you have got to sell, and if you have not the pluck to keep advertising until you have imparted that information, all the money you have spent is lost. You are like the fellow who told the gentleman if he would give him ten cents it would save him a dollar. "How can I help you so

much with so small a sum? " asked the gentleman in surprise. " I started out this morning," hiccuped the fellow, " with the full determination to get drunk, and I have spent my only dollar to accomplish the object, and it has not quite done it. Ten cents' worth more of whiskey would just do it, and in this manner I should save the dollar already expended."

So a man who advertises at all must keep it up until the public know who and what he is, and what his business is, or else the money invested in advertising is lost.

Some men have a peculiar genius for writing a striking advertisement, one that will arrest the attention of the reader at first sight. This tact, of course, gives the advertiser a great advantage. Sometimes a man makes himself popular by an unique sign or a curious display in his window. Recently I observed a swing sign extending over the sidewalk in front of a store, on which was the inscription, in plain letters,

" DON'T READ THE OTHER SIDE."

Of course I did, and so did everybody else, and I learned that the man had made an independence by first attracting the public to his business in that way and then using his customers well afterwards.

Genin, the hatter, bought the first Jenny Lind ticket at auction for two hundred and twenty-five dollars, because he knew it would be a good advertisement for him.[12] " Who is the bidder? " said the auctioneer, as he knocked down that ticket at Castle Garden. " Genin, the hatter," was the response. Here were thousands of people from the Fifth Avenue, and from distant cities in the highest stations of life. " Who is Genin, the hatter? " they exclaimed. They had never heard of him before. The next morning the newspapers and telegraph had circulated the facts from Maine to Texas, and from five to ten millions of people had read that the tickets sold at auction for Jenny Lind's first concert amounted to about twenty thousand dollars, and that a single ticket was sold at two hundred and twenty-five dollars, to " Genin, the hatter." Men throughout the country involuntarily took off their hats to see if they had a " Genin " hat on their heads. At a town in Iowa it was found that in the crowd around the Post Office, there was one man who had a " Genin " hat, and he showed it in triumph, although it was worn out and not worth two cents. " Why," one man exclaimed, " you have

[12] See chapter xviii. [Ed.]

a real 'Genin' hat. What a lucky fellow you are!" Another man said, "Hang on to that hat, it will be a valuable heirloom in your family." Still another man in the crowd, who seemed to envy the possessor of this good fortune, said, "Come, give us all a chance; put it up at auction!" He did so, and it was sold as a keepsake for nine dollars and fifty cents! What was the consequence to Mr. Genin? He sold ten thousand extra hats per annum, the first six years. Nine-tenths of the purchasers bought of him, probably, out of curiosity, and many of them, finding that he gave them an equivalent for their money, became his regular customers. This novel advertisement first struck their attention, and then, as he made a good article, they came again.

Now, I don't say that everybody should advertise as Mr. Genin did. But I say if a man has got goods for sale, and he don't [*sic* — Ed.] advertise them in some way, the chances are that some day the sheriff will do it for him. Nor do I say that everybody must advertise in a newspaper, or indeed use "printers' ink" at all. On the contrary, although that article is indispensable in the majority of cases, yet doctors and clergymen, and sometimes lawyers and some others can more effectually reach the public in some other manner. But it is obvious, they must be known in some way, else how could they be supported?

BE POLITE AND KIND TO YOUR CUSTOMERS. — Politeness and civility are the best capital ever invested in business. Large stores, gilt signs, flaming advertisements, will all prove unavailing if you or your employees treat your patrons abruptly. The truth is, the more kind and liberal a man is, the more generous will be the patronage bestowed upon him. "Like begets like." The man who gives the greatest amount of goods of a corresponding quality for the least sum (still reserving to himself a profit) will generally succeed best in the long run. This brings us to the golden rule, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them," and they will do better by you than if you always treated them as if you wanted to get the most you could out of them for the least return. Men who drive sharp bargains with their customers, acting as if they never expected to see them again, will not be mistaken. They never will see them again as customers. People don't like to pay and get kicked also.

One of the ushers in my Museum once told me he intended to whip a man who was in the lecture room as soon as he came out.

"What for?" I inquired.

"Because he said I was no gentleman," replied the usher.

"Never mind," I replied, "he pays for that, and you will not convince him you are a gentleman by whipping him. I cannot afford to lose a customer. If you whip him, he will never visit the Museum again, and he will induce friends to go with him to other places of amusement instead of this, and thus, you see, I should be a serious loser."

"But he insulted me," muttered the usher.

"Exactly," I replied, "and if he owned the Museum, and you had paid him for the privilege of visiting it, and he had then insulted you, there might be some reason in your resenting it, but in this instance he is the man who pays, while we receive, and you must, therefore, put up with his bad manners."

My usher laughingly remarked, that this was undoubtedly the true policy, but he added that he should not object to an increase of salary if he was expected to be abused in order to promote my interests.

Be charitable. — Of course men should be charitable, because it is a duty and a pleasure. But even as a matter of policy, if you possess no higher incentive, you will find that the liberal man will command patronage, while the sordid, uncharitable miser will be avoided.

Solomon says: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." [13] Of course the only true charity is that which is from the heart.

The best kind of charity is to help those who are willing to help themselves. Promiscuous almsgiving, without inquiring into the worthiness of the applicant, is bad in every sense. But to search out and quietly assist those who are struggling for themselves, is the kind that "scattereth and yet increaseth." But don't fall into the idea that some persons practise, of giving a prayer instead of a potato, and a benediction instead of bread, to the hungry. It is easier to make Christians with full stomachs than empty.

Don't blab. — Some men have a foolish habit of telling their business secrets. If they make money they like to tell their neighbors how it was done. Nothing is gained by this, and ofttimes much is lost. Say nothing about your profits, your hopes, your expectations, your intentions. And this should apply to letters as well as to conversation. Goethe makes Mephistopheles say: "Never write a letter nor destroy one." Business men must write letters, but they should be careful what they put in them. If you are losing money, be specially cautious and not tell of it, or you will lose your reputation.

[13] Proverbs xi. 24. [Ed.]

PRESERVE YOUR INTEGRITY. — It is more precious than diamonds or rubies. The old miser said to his sons: "Get money; get it honestly, if you can, but get money." This advice was not only atrociously wicked, but it was the very essence of stupidity. It was as much as to say, "If you find it difficult to obtain money honestly, you can easily get it dishonestly. Get it in that way." Poor fool, not to know that the most difficult thing in life is to make money dishonestly; not to know that our prisons are full of men who attempted to follow this advice; not to understand that no man can be dishonest without soon being found out, and that when his lack of principle is discovered, nearly every avenue to success is closed against him forever. The public very properly shun all whose integrity is doubted. No matter how polite and pleasant and accommodating a man may be, none of us dare to deal with him if we suspect "false weights and measures." Strict honesty not only lies at the foundation of all success in life financially, but in every other respect. Uncompromising integrity of character is invaluable. It secures to its possessor a peace and joy which cannot be attained without it — which no amount of money, or houses and lands can purchase. A man who is known to be strictly honest, may be ever so poor, but he has the purses of all the community at his disposal; — for all know that if he promises to return what he borrows, he will never disappoint them. As a mere matter of selfishness, therefore, if a man had no higher motive for being honest, all will find that the maxim of Dr. Franklin can never fail to be true, that "honesty is the best policy."

To get rich, is not always equivalent to being successful. "There are many rich poor men," while there are many others, honest and devout men and women, who have never possessed so much money as some rich persons squander in a week, but who are nevertheless really richer and happier than any man can ever be while he is a transgressor of the higher laws of his being.

The inordinate love of money, no doubt, may be and is "the root of all evil," but money itself, when properly used, is not only a "handy thing to have in the house," but affords the gratification of blessing our race by enabling its possessor to enlarge the scope of human happiness and human influence. The desire for wealth is nearly universal, and none can say it is not laudable, provided the possessor of it accepts its responsibilities, and uses it as a friend to humanity.

The history of money-getting, which is commerce, is a history of civilization, and wherever trade has flourished most, there, too, have

art and science produced the noblest fruits. In fact, as a general thing, money-getters are the benefactors of our race. To them, in a great measure, are we indebted for our institutions of learning and of art, our academies, colleges, and churches. It is no argument against the desire for, or the possession of wealth, to say that there are sometimes misers who hoard money only for the sake of hoarding, and who have no higher aspiration than to grasp everything which comes within their reach. As we have sometimes hypocrites in religion, and demagogues in politics, so there are occasionally misers among money-getters. These, however, are only exceptions to the general rule. But when, in this country, we find such a nuisance and stumbling block as a miser, we remember with gratitude that in America we have no laws of primogeniture, and that in the due course of nature the time will come when the hoarded dust will be scattered for the benefit of mankind. To all men and women, therefore, do I conscientiously say, make money honestly, and not otherwise, for Shakespeare has truly said, "He that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends." [14]

MORE BARNUM STORIES

These anecdotes were included in the original chapter xlv of "Struggles and Triumphs" but eventually were omitted from the volume. — Ed.

THE old adages, "Every man to his vocation," and "Nature will assert herself" are oftentimes amusingly illustrated. Every one knows the fable of the man who prayed to Jupiter to convert his cat into a woman, and Jupiter kindly gratified him and the man married the woman. This was well enough, till one night the feline female heard a mouse scratching at the door, when she jumped out of bed and began a vigorous hunt, to the consternation of her husband, if not of the mouse. Something almost as absurd and quite as illustrative of "instinct," or "nature" occurred during my management of the Museum.

[14] Some of the shepherd Corin's philosophizing in "As You Like It," Act iii, sc. 2. [Ed.]

I had brought out a play entitled "The Patriot Fathers," or something of the sort; it was patriotic at any rate, and required a great many people, who had very little to do excepting to dress, group themselves, and go on and off the stage at the proper times demanded by the incidents or situations of the play. One night I suddenly found myself short of supernumeraries to do these subordinate parts, so I sent up to Centre Market for a supply of young men who were willing to be soldiers, Indians, or anything else which the exigencies of Revolutionary times not less than my own immediate necessities demanded.

Now, it fortunately happened that an engine company near by, the famous "Forty" of by-gone days, had just returned from a fire, and my messenger proposed to these men to come down and help me out of my difficulty. The boys wanted no better fun. At least thirty of them came, headed by their foreman, Mr. William Racey. They were soon dressed, one as a woman, a mother of the Revolution; others as Indians, British soldiers, Hessian grenadiers, and Continentals. A very little drilling sufficed to put these new recruits in order for presentation on the stage, for they had little to do but to follow directions as to where they must stand, and when they must go on and off. Numbers, not talent, were needed. They were apt pupils, and did excellently well from the start.

But in the very midst of one of those convulsions which threatened the fate of the struggle for Independence, the City Hall bell sounded out the alarm for fire. That was enough. Racey shouted out on the stage:

"Boys, there's a fire in the Seventh! Put for 'Forty'!" — and the thirty incontinently fled in post haste for "Forty" and soon after appeared in the street, followed by a jeering, cheering crew, the most motley company that ever dragged a fire-engine through the streets of New York. They were in full costume as they left the Museum. The red-coated British troops, the Hessians in their tall bear-skin caps, the Indians in their paint and feathers, and even the "woman" helped to drag the machine, and at the fire these strange people, including the woman, helped to "man" the brakes. It is unnecessary to say that they succeeded in creating in the street what I hoped they would have done on the stage, a positive sensation.

Let me give an illustration of a " practical joke " which is quite professional as well as practical with the operator, and in nine cases out of ten, no doubt, profitable withal. When I was in Paris in 1845, there came one day to my room in the Hotel Bedford, where I was staying, a smart little Frenchman with a case of instruments under his arm. He announced himself as a chiropodist who could instantly remove the worst corns, not only without pain, but he promised by means of a mysterious liniment in his possession to immediately heal the spot from which he removed the corn.

Now I had not a corn on my feet, but willing to test his wonderful powers, I told him to examine my left foot, and to remove a troublesome corn on the little toe. Surely enough he did remove and exhibit such a corn as I am sure would have prevented my walking, had I known that I was so grievously afflicted. He then poured some of his red oil on the toe and triumphantly showed me that the place had already entirely healed. Pretending to be delighted with his skill, I held out another toe for " operation "; and watching him carefully I saw him slip a manufactured corn into his oil-bottle, which, after fumbling awhile and pretending to pare the unoffending toe, he " extracted." More delighted than ever, I rang the bell, and told the servant to send up the landlord, as I wished him to witness the extraordinary skill of the corn-doctor. The landlord arrived, and, after a few words of eulogy upon the chiropodist, I submitted another healthy toe, and forth came another monstrous corn; for the same process of extraction, with the same results, could have been performed on the foot of a marble statue.

It was now my turn to " operate," so I rose and bolted the door and took off my coat, telling the " doctor " that I greatly admired his gold-mounted instruments and the brazen impudence with which he swindled the public, but that this time he had " caught a Tartar " and that he could not leave the room till he had been searched.

The quack bristled up in grand style at what he termed my ungentlemanly behavior, and threatened if I touched him to bring me before the " Tribunal." I remarked that I rather thought the " Tribunal " was the last place on earth at which he desired to appear, and then assuring the landlord that the fellow was an arrant impostor, and that if he would assist me in searching him I would prove it and warrant that no harm should come to the searchers, he consented, and collared the chiropodist. The fellow seeing that we were resolved, quietly submitted. We first searched his pockets and found nothing; but upon ex-

amining his morocco instrument case, we discovered a drawer in which were eighty ready-made corns and a small piece of horn which furnished the raw material for the manufacture! Fortunately, my right foot was not bare, and I forthwith gave the chiropodist a lesson in the shape of a warm visitation of shoe-leather, which sent him flying down stairs, where the dose was doubled by an attentive servant till the chiropodist reached the street. He did not call at the Hotel Bedford again during my stay.

I was a good deal amused when I was in Brighton, England, during the same year, to see how some people manage to reconcile cash and conscience. Every one knows that Brighton is a fashionable watering-place, frequented by all sorts of people; but the actual residents, many of whom are very wealthy, are supposed to be quite removed from the fashionable and other follies of the visitors from abroad during the "season." The millionnaires of Brighton, when I was there, were great church-goers, and at the same time were extensive owners in the stock of the railway which brought so many visitors to the place. It was therefore for their interest that trains should run on Sundays, as well as on other days, but as such a course would clash with their religious professions, it was necessary that some plan should be devised by which a compromise could be effected between profits and profession, cash and conscience — for the idea of ever sacrificing interest to principle never enters the minds of those whose religion may be in their heads while it never reaches their hearts. The compromise between the duty and the dividends of the Brighton railway shareholders was effected as follows:

After a great deal of talk *pro* and *con* on the subject, the trains on Sunday were permitted to arrive and depart on the following conditions. But little noise and confusion was manifest and there were fewer porters employed about the station than on week-days, obliging the arriving and departing passengers not only to look after, but to lift, their baggage, and as bell-ringing, that is locomotive bell-ringing, would disturb the sanctity of the Sabbath, a bugle gave notice of the incoming and outgoing of the trains. But even this was not enough; it was expressly stipulated that the bugle-player should play nothing but sacred music! Thus trains came in to "Old Hundred" [15] or some similar Psalm tune, and

[15] "Old Hundred" it has become and "Old Hundred" it is likely to be, but it started as "Old Hundredth." [Ed.]

went out to the air of "Dismission"[16] common to the hymn commencing, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing." I do not know that this custom is still kept up at Brighton, but it certainly was so when I was there in 1845; and it was gravely recommended to others who favored a very strict observance of Sunday, and yet liked their dividends, or were eager for Sunday mails. In common phrase, it was whipping the Evil One[17] round the stump in a curious way.

It reminded me of the good old deacon in Connecticut who was in the habit of selling milk to his neighbors on all days in the week. One Sunday, however, his parson came home with him to tea, and while they were at the table a little girl came in for a quart of milk. The deacon was afraid of being scandalized in the presence of the parson, and so he told the girl he did not sell milk on Sunday. The girl, who had been accustomed to buy on that day as on other days, was much surprised and turned to go away, when the sixpence in her hand was too much of a temptation for the deacon, who called out:

"Here, little girl! you can leave the money now, and call and get the milk to-morrow!"

During my journeyings abroad I was not wholly free from the usual infirmity of travellers, *viz.*, a desire to look at the old castles of feudal times, whether in preservation or in ruins; but there was one of our party, Mr. H. G. Sherman, who had a peculiar and irresistible taste for the antique. He gathered trunks full of stone and timber mementos from every place of note which we visited; and, if there was anything which he admired more than all else, it was an old castle. He spent many hours in clambering [upon? — Ed.] the broken walls of Kenilworth, in viewing the towers and dungeons of Warwick, and climbing the precipices of Dumbarton. When travelling by coach, Sherman always secured an outside seat, and, if possible, next to the coachman, so as to be able to make inquiries regarding everything which he might happen to see.

On our journey from Belfast to Drogheda, Sherman occupied his usual seat beside the driver, and asked him a thousand questions. The coachman was a regular wag, with genuine Irish wit, and he determined to have a little bit of fun at the expense of the inquisitive Yankee. As we came within eight miles of Drogheda, the watchful eye of Sherman

[16] "Dismissal" — the Sicilian Mariner's hymn? [Ed.]
[17] In common phrase, the Devil. [Ed.]

caught the glimpse of a large stone pile, appearing like a castle, looming up among some trees in a field half a mile from the roadside.

"Oh, look here! What do you call that?" exclaimed Sherman, giving the coachman an elbowing in the ribs which was anything but pleasant.

"Faith," replied the coachman, "you may well ask what we call that, for divil a call do we know what to call it. That is a castle, sir, beyond all question the oldest in Ireland; indade, none of the old books nor journals contain any account of it. It is known, however, that Brian Boroimhe inhabited it some time, though it is supposed to have been built centuries before his day."

"I'll give you half-a-crown to stop the coach long enough for me to run and bring a scrap of it away," said Sherman.

"Sure, and isn't this the royal mail coach? and I would not dare detain it for half the Bank of Ireland," replied the honest coachman.

"How far is it to Drogheda?" inquired Sherman.

"About eight miles, more or less," answered the coachman.

"Stop your coach and let me down, then," replied Sherman. "I'll walk to Drogheda, and would sooner walk three times the distance than not have a nearer view, and carry off a portion of the oldest castle in Ireland."

With that Sherman dismounted, and, raising his umbrella to protect him from the cold rain which was falling in torrents, he marched off in the mud, calling out to me that I might expect him in Dublin by the next train to that which would take us from Drogheda, the railroad being then completed only to that point from Dublin.

We arrived in Dublin about five o'clock, cold and uncomfortable; but warm apartments and good fires were in waiting for us, and in a few hours we had partaken of an excellent supper, and were as happy as lords. About nine o'clock in the evening, the door of our parlor was opened, and who should come in but poor Sherman, drenched to the skin with cold rain — the legs of his boots pulled over the bottoms of his pantaloons, and covered with thick mud to the very tops, and himself looking like a half-famished, weary, and frozen traveller.

"For Heaven's sake, let me get to the fire!" exclaimed Sherman, and we were too much struck with his suffering appearance not to heed it.

"Well, Sherman," I remarked, "that must have been a tedious walk for you — eight long Irish miles through the rain and mud."

"I guess you would have thought so if you had walked it yourself," replied Sherman, doggedly.

"I hope you have brought away trophies enough from the castle to pay you for all this trouble," I continued.

"Oh, curse the castle!" exclaimed Sherman.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Oh, you need not look surprised," replied Sherman; "for I have no doubt that you and that bog-trotting Irish coachman have had fun enough at my expense before this time."

I assured him that I positively had not heard the coachman speak on the subject, and begged him to tell me what had occurred to vex him in this manner.

"Why, if you don't already know," replied Sherman, "I would not have you know for twenty pounds, for you would be sure to publish it. However, now your curiosity is excited, you would be certain to find it all out, if you had to hire a post-chaise, and ride there on purpose; so I may as well tell you."

"Do tell me," I replied, "for I confess my curiosity is excited, and I am unable to guess why you are so angry; for I know you love to see castles, and that pleasure you surely have enjoyed, for I caught a glimpse of one myself."

"No, you have not seen a castle to-day, nor I either!" exclaimed Sherman.

"What on earth was it, then?" I asked.

"A thundering old lime-kiln!" exclaimed Sherman; "and I only wish I could pitch that infernal Irish coachman into it while it was under full blast!"

It was many a long day before Sherman heard the last of the lime-kiln; in fact, this trick of the Irish coachman rendered him cautious in making inquiries of strangers.

One day we rode to Donnybrook, the place so much celebrated for its fairs and its black eyes; for it would be quite out of character for Pat to attend a fair without having a flourish of the shillelah, and a scrimmage which would result in a few broken heads and bloody noses.[18]

Near Donnybrook we saw something on the summit of a hill which appeared like a round stone tower. It was probably sixty feet in circumference and twenty-five feet high.

[18] This visit to Ireland was made during Tom Thumb's first trip abroad (1844–1847). The Donnybrook fair was discontinued in 1855. [Ed.]

"I would like to know what that is," said Sherman.

I advised him to inquire of the first coachman that came along, but, with a forced smile, he declined my advice.

"It can't be a lime-kiln, at any rate," continued Sherman; "it must be a castle of some description."

The more we looked at it the more mysterious did it appear to us, and Sherman's castle-hunting propensities momentarily increased. At last he exclaimed: "A man who travels with a tongue in his head is a fool if he don't use it; and I am not going within a hundred rods of what may be the greatest curiosity in Ireland, without knowing it."

With that he turned our horse's head towards a fine-looking mansion on our right, where we halted. Sherman jumped from the carriage, opened the small gate, proceeded up the alley of the lawn fronting the house, and rang the bell. A servant appeared at the door; but Sherman, knowing the stupidity of Irish servants, was determined to apply at headquarters for the information he so much desired.

"Is your master in?" asked Sherman.

"I will see, sir. What name, if you plaze?"

"A stranger from the United States of America!" replied Sherman.

The servant departed, and in a minute returned and invited Sherman to enter the parlor. He found the gentleman of the mansion sitting by a pleasant fire, near which were also his lady and several visitors and members of the family. Sherman was not troubled with diffidence. Being seated, he hoped he would be excused for having called without an invitation; but the fact was, he was an American traveller, desirous of picking up all important information that might fall in his way.

The gentleman politely replied that no apology was necessary, that he was most happy to see him, and that any information which he could impart regarding that or any other portion of the country should be given with pleasure.

"Thank you," replied Sherman; "I will not trouble you except on a single point. I have seen all that is important in Dublin and its vicinity, and in and about Donnybrook; there is but one thing respecting which I want information, and that is the stone tower or castle which we see standing on the hill, about a quarter of a mile south of your house. If you could give me the name and history of that pile, I shall feel extremely obliged."

"Oh, nothing is easier," replied the gentleman, with a smile. "That 'pile,' as you call it, was built some forty years ago by my father; and

it was a lucky 'pile' for him, for it was the only windmill in these parts, and always had plenty to do: but a few years ago a hurricane carried off the wings of the mill, and ever since that it has stood as it now does, a memorial of its former usefulness. Is there any other important information that I can give you? " asked the gentleman, with a smile.

" Not any," replied Sherman, rising to depart; " but perhaps I can give you some; and that is, that Ireland is, beyond all dispute, the meanest country I every travelled in. The only two objects worthy of note that I have seen in all Ireland are a lime-kiln and the foundation for a windmill! "

Upon resuming his seat in the carriage, Sherman laughed immoderately, although he evidently felt somewhat chagrined by this second mistake in searching for ancient castles.

Calling one day in one of the principal hotels in Dublin, I noticed among the " rules " framed and hung in the coffee-room for the warning, instruction, or entertainment of the guests of the house, the following:

" No Gambling or Politics will be allowed to *take place* in this house, by any parties whatever."

How politics could " take place " in an Irish hotel, or elsewhere, would have been a mystery to me, if I did not remember that the " scrimmages " and rows which often follow the mere discussion of politics seemed to warrant the landlord in classing politics with gambling, or any other dangerous amusement which might take place in the coffee-room of an Irish inn.

* * *

American, or English, or Dutch French is generally quite a different thing from " French French." Thus I could always understand the Dutchmen who spoke to me in French in Amsterdam, and I may add, they could perfectly understand me. We spoke the same *patois*. I wrote to my wife, I remember, from Amsterdam, that I found they spoke much purer French in that city than in Paris!

* * *

I was one evening at the house of my friend, Mr. John Nimmo, in Paris, and while waiting for him and his family to return from the theatre, was entertained for an hour or more by two very agreeable young ladies, to whom I made such reply in French, from time to time, as I could. At last came the inevitable inquiry as to the capacity of the young ladies in the English language:

"Why, bless us, Mr. Barnum," was the reply, "we are Scotch governesses, who are here in Paris simply to learn French!"

The last time I went from France to England, arriving late at night, I stopped in Dover, at the hotel nearest the custom-house, so as to look after my luggage next day. Ringing my bell early in the morning, for shaving-water, half asleep I called out to the serving-maid for "*l'eau chaude*."

"Please, sir," was the reply, "I do not speak French."

"Nor I, either," said I, promptly; "just bring me some hot water, if you please."

But some of the English have a queer way of speaking their own language, and the cockney's management of what he would call the "haspirate" is sufficiently familiar. Crowding into Exeter Hall, London, at an entertainment, one evening, I heard the usher just before me shouting out seats, as he looked at the checks, in this fashion:

"Letter Ha, first row; letter Hef, sixth row; letter He, fifth row; letter Hi, ninth row"; and so on. Seeing that my own check was "L," I showed it to him, and quietly inquired:

"Where do I go to, usher?"

"You go to Hell," was the prompt response; which was not intended to be either profane or impolite.

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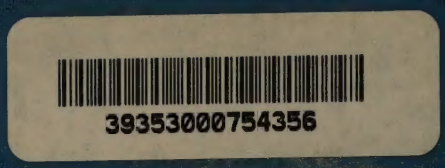
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